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766

PLAUTUS,

V. 2. 1

TRANSLATED INTO

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE,

BY

81619

BONNELL THORNTON.

ASPICE, *PLAUTUS*
QUO PACTO PARTES TUTETUR——
HOR. Lib. II. Epist. I.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

The SECOND EDITION, Revised and Corrected.

LONDON,

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the Strand.

MDCCLXIX.

00081619

THE

TREASURE.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

PROLOGUE, *by* LUXURY *and* POVERTY.
CHARMIDES, *an* Athenian *Merchant.*
CALLICLES, *his Friend.*
MEGARONIDES, *Friend to* CALLICLES.
PHILTO, *an Old Gentleman.*
LESBONICUS, *Son to* CALLICLES.
LYSITELES, *Son to* PHILTO.
STASIMUS, *Servant to* LESBONICUS.
HIRELING, *employed to counterfeit* CHARMIDES.

SCENE, *ATHENS.*

PROLOGUE.

Enter LUXURY *and* POVERTY.

LUXURY.

FOLLOW me, daughter, that you may perform
Your office.

Pov. I do follow; but am ignorant,
Where will our journey end.

Lux. 'Tis here:—behold,
This is the houſe: go in.

[*Exit* POVERTY.

Lux. (*To the Spectators.*) Leſt any of you
Be loſt in error, I'll in brief conduct you
In the right road, provided you will hear.
Firſt then, and who I am, and who ſhe is,
That enter'd here, I'll tell, if you'll attend.
Plautus has given me the name of LUXURY,
The other is my daughter, POVERTY.
Now, at my impulſe why ſhe enter'd here,
Learn, and be all attention, while I tell.
There is a certain youth dwells in this houſe,
Who by my aid has ſquander'd his eſtate.
Since then for my ſupport there's nothing left,
I've given him my daughter, whom to live with.

As for our play, expect not I ſhould tell
The plot. The old men, who are coming hither,
Will ope the matter to you. In the *Greek*
'Tis nam'd *The Treaſure*, which *Philemon* wrote.
Our Poet this tranſlated, calling it
Trinummus; and this name, he begs, may ſtand.
No more.—Farewell.—Be ſilent, and attend.

[*Exit.*

V. 20. *The Treaſure.*] *Theſauro.* No reaſon can poſſibly be given, why our Author ſhould chuſe to reject the original *Greek* title to this play, and to ſubſtitute ſo uncouth an one as *Trinummus*, which ſignifies *three pieces of money*, the ſum given to a perſon who is hired to carry on a deception in one of the Scenes. As this title, I imagine, would ſound but aukwardly to the *Engliſh* ear, I have taken the liberty of changing it for that, which was to the original *Greek* Play.

One cannot but wiſh, that this elegant introduction of the characters of LUXURY and POVERTY, by way of Prologue, had not been ſo ſlightly touched upon by our Author, as they certainly might have offered ſcope for much entertainment as well as inſtruction. *Claudian* has the ſame thought in his Poem on *Rufinus*.

Et Luxus populator opum, cui ſemper adhærens
Infelix humili greſſu comitatur Egeſtas.

And Luxury,
The waſter of men's property,
On whom, a cloſe concomitant,
With humble ſtep waits hapleſs Want.

Our Author has however avoided a fault, which he often falls into, of acquainting the Spectator with too much of the Plot.

THE

THE

TREASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter MEGARONIDES.

'TIS but an irkſome act to taſk a friend,
And rate him for his failings: yet in life
It is a wholeſome and a wiſe correction.—
Now muſt I chide this neighbour-friend of mine,
Howe'er unwilling: juſtice bids me do it.—
Our morals are ſo tainted with corruption,
That our ſouls ſicken with it e'en to death:
And evil manners, like well-water'd plants,
Have ſhot up in abundance; we may gather
A plenteous harveſt of them. Moſt prefer
A private intereſt to the public good,
Which yields to partial favour. This is hurtful
In many points, is ſhocking, and a bar
As well to private as to general welfare.

V. 6. *Our morals*, &c.] *Megaronides*, having entertained a groundleſs opinion, as it afterwards turns out, of his friend's diſhoneſty, falls into reflections upon the corruptneſs of the times; and it may be obſerved in general, that no play of our Author abounds with ſo many excellent moral ſentiments.

SCENE II.

CALLICLES, *in entering.*

See that you deck our God *Lar* with a crown,
And, Wife, do reverence,—that our habitation
With all good fortune may be bleſt,—and you—
(Aſide) That I may ſhortly ſee you in your grave.
MEG. Oh, here he is,—a boy in his own old age,—
Has done a fault, for which he ſhould be chid.—
I'll up to him.
CAL. Whoſe voice is't ſounds ſo near me?
MEG. A friend,—if you are ſuch, as I would wiſh you,—
If otherwiſe,—a foe, enrag'd againſt you.
CAL. Oh, *Megaronides*, my friend, and years-mate,
Save you,—how fare you?
MEG. Save you, *Callicles:*
How do you do? how have you done?
CAL. So, ſo.
MEG. Your wife, how fares ſhe?
CAL. Better than I wiſh.
MEG. Troth I am glad to hear ſhe's pure and hearty.
CAL. You're glad to hear what ſorrows me.
MEG. I wiſh
The ſame to all my friends as to myſelf.

V. 1. *Our God* Lar.] The ancients had in every houſe a tutelary deity, who was ſuppoſed to protect it. See the Prologue to the *Aulularia*, or *Miſer*, in this Volume.

CAL.

CAL. But hearkye—how is your good dame?

MEG. Immortal;
Lives, and is like to live.

CAL. An happy hearing!
Pray heav'n, that ſhe may laſt to outlive you!

MEG. If ſhe were your's, faith I ſhould wiſh the ſame.

CAL. Say, ſhall we make a ſwop? I take your wife,
You mine? I warrant you, you would not get
The better in the bargain.

MEG. Nor would you
Surpriſe me unawares.

CAL. Nay, but in troth
You would not even know what you're about.

MEG. Keep what you've got.—The evil that we know
Is beſt—To venture on an untried ill,
Would puzzle all my knowledge how to act.—
Well,—give me a good life, and that's a long one.—
But mind me now, all joking ſet apart,
I came to you on purpoſe.—

CAL. For what purpoſe?

MEG. To rate you ſoundly.

CAL. Me?

MEG. Pray who is here
Beſides us two?

CAL. There's nobody.

MEG. Then why

V. 29. *Give me a good life, and that's a long one.*] *Proinde ut bene vivitur, diu vivitur.* Some editions give this ſentiment to *Callicles*, but it ſeems to be more in character for *Megaronides*, who abounds in moral reflections of the like nature.

D'ye aſk me, if 'tis you I mean to chide?
Except you think myſelf would ſchool myſelf.—
But to the point.—If that the ancient ſenſe
Of truth and honeſty is dead within you,
If evil manners in your diſpoſition
Have wrought a change, and that your diſpoſition
Is chang'd unto thoſe manners, if the old
You keep not, but ſhake off, and catch the new,
You'll ſuch a ſurfeit give to all your friends,
They'll ſicken at your ſight, and loath to hear you.

CAL. How came it in your mind to hold this language?

MEG. For that it doth behove all honeſt men
To keep them both from blame and from ſuſpicion.

CAL. Both cannot be.

MEG. For why?

CAL. Is that a queſtion?
Myſelf of my own boſom keep the key,
To ſhut out miſdemeanour; but ſuſpicion
Is harbour'd in another's. Thus if I
Suſpect you to have ſtol'n the crown of *Jove*,
From where he ſtands in the high *Capitol*,
What though you have not done it, I am free
However to ſuſpect you, nor can you
Prevent me.—But I long to know your buſineſs,
Whate'er it be.

MEG. Have you a friend, or any one,
Whoſe judgment you can truſt?

CAL. I'll tell you fairly;
There are, I know are friends; there are, I think ſo;
There are, whoſe diſpoſitions and whoſe minds
I cannot

I cannot know, or whether to enroll them
Among my friends or foes. But you I hold
Of all my faſt friends the moſt faſt.—Then tell me,—
If you do know of any thing by me
Unwittingly, or wrongfully committed,
If you accuſe me not, then you yourſelf
Will be to blame.

MEG. I know it; and 'twere juſt,
If I for any other cauſe came hither.

CAL. I wait for what you'll ſay.

MEG. Then, firſt of all,
The general report ſpeaks ill of you:
Our townſmen call you *Gripe-all*; and with ſome
You go by th' name of *Vulture*; friends or foes,
They ſay you little reck, whom you devour.

CAL. As to this matter, *Megaronides*,
I have it in my power, and have it not.
Report is none of mine; but, that report
May be unmerited, is in my power.

MEG. How ſay you? Was not *Charmides* your friend,
The owner of this houſe here?

CAL. Was, and is.—
To win belief let this tranſaction ſpeak.—
When by his ſon's extravagance and waſte
He ſaw his fortune ſhatter'd, and himſelf
Drawn nigh on poverty, his only girl
Grown up, his wife (her mother) dead beſides,
Departing for *Selucia*, to my charge
He left his whole eſtate, and with it too

Gripe-all.] The original is *Turpilucricupidum.*

The maid his daughter, and that rake his ſon.
Had he not been my friend, he ſcarce, I truſt,
Had truſted me.

MEG. That youth, you knew a rake,
Committed to your truſt and confidence,—
Do you reform him? force him to be frugal?
That, that indeed it had been fitter far
For you to work,—to make him, if you can,
Of fairer reputation,—not that you
Should to the ſelf-ſame infamy with him
Be acceſſary, with his vile diſhonour
Mixing your own.

CAL. How have I acted?

MEG. Like
A villain.

CAL. Sir, that name is none of mine.

MEG. Did you not buy this houſe—What, no reply?—
Where now you dwell?

CAL. I bought it, gave the money,
'Twas forty *Minæ*, gave it to the youth.

MEG. You gave the money?

CAL. Yes, nor do repent me.

MEG. O ward committed to untruſty guard!
Have you not giv'n him by this act a ſword
To ſtab himſelf withal?—Can it be other?—
A fond intriguing ſpark, young, weak in mind,

V. 87. *He ſcarce, I truſt,—Had truſted me.*] *Credo, haud crederet.*

V. 100. *Forty* Minæ.] According to *Cooke*, 129*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* of our money.

To

To give him money, wherewith to build up
His folly to the height, already founded.
CAL. Should I not then have paid him?
MEG. No, you ſhould not;
Nor bought of him, nor ſold him any thing,
To put it in his power to be worſe.—
Have you not gull'd one to your truſt confided,
And outed from his houſe, who gave the truſt?
Brave care indeed! a pretty guardianſhip!
Be you the young man's ward: he'd manage better.
CAL. I am ſo overcome with your reproaches,
That what was truſted to my faith and ſilence,
Not to impart to any, or divulge,
I'm now of force compell'd t' entruſt you with.
MEG. Truſt me, and you ſhall have it on demand.—
CAL. Look all about you,—ſee if no one's by;
Look round.
MEG. There's no one near,—I hearken to you.
CAL. Peace then, and I will ſpeak. When *Charmides*
Went hence abroad, he ſhew'd me in this houſe
A Treaſure, in a certain cloſet lodg'd—
But look, look all around.

V. 106. *To build up his folly.*] *Qui exædificaret ſuam incboatam ignaviam.*

V. 111. *Gull'd.*] *Inconciliaſti. Inconciliare*, according to *Feſtus*, means *per dolum decipere.*

V. 114. *Be you the young man's ward: he'd manage better.*] The original differs in ſome editions, but I have followed *Lambin's* reading and interpretation.

Crede huic tu te; tuam jam melius rem geſſerit.

V. 119. *You ſhall have it on demand.*] The original is,

Mihi quod credideris, ſumes, ubi poſiveris.

MEG.

MEG. Here's no one near.

CAL. Three thouſand *Philippeans*.—He and I
Being alone, with tears he did beſeech me
By friendſhip and by faith, that I'd not truſt
His ſon, or any other, who might let
The ſecret out. Now, if he ſafe return,
His own will I reſtore him; ſhould he die,
Why then I've wherewithal to portion out
My charge his daughter, and to ſee her plac'd
In ſuch a ſtation as is worthy of her.

MEG. Good heav'ns! how ſoon, and little ſaid, you've made
Another man of me! I came to you
Quite other.—But, proceed, as you begun.

CAL. What ſhall I tell you more? the father's caution,
My faithfulneſs, this ſecret, the ſad ſon
Had near o'erthrown from the foundation.

MEG. How?

CAL. Being ſix days in the country, in my abſence,
Without my knowledge, not conſulting me,
He ſet the houſe to ſale.

V. 126. *Philippeans.*] See the Note on Act IV. Scene VI. v. 32. of *Amphitryon*.

V. 131. *Should he die.*] The original is, *Si quid eò fuerit*. It is remarkable, that the ſuperſtition of the ancients deterred them from mentioning in expreſs terms, that any one was *dead*, as it was accounted ominous. The *Romans* uſed therefore to ſay on theſe occaſions, *abiit, is departed*; or *abiit vitâ, departed* (as we ſay) *this life*; *vixit, has lived*; *fuit, has been*, &c.

V. 143. *He ſet the houſe to ſale.*] *Ædes venales inſcribis literis.* So in the *Self-Tormentor* of *Terence*.—*Inſcripſi illicò edes mercede.*

MEG. The wolf! his ſtomach
Was ſharper ſet: he watch'd the dog aſleep,
To ravage the whole flock.

CAL. And he had done it,
But that the dog firſt ſmelt him out.—And now
I fain would aſk you in my turn, what was it
My duty then to do? give me to know.
Had it been fitter I had ſhewn the ſon
This treaſure, againſt which the father pray'd me?
Or ſhould I have permitted, that this houſe
Should own another maſter, and the gold
Devolve to him that bought it? I myſelf
Choſe rather to become the purchaſer;
Paid down the caſh, this treaſure to preſerve
Untouch'd, and render back unto my friend.
I bought not for myſelf, or for my uſe;
But for my friend this houſe I purchas'd, paid
For him my money. Was this right, or wrong?
Say, *Megaronides*,—I confeſs the fact.
Theſe, theſe are my miſdoings, this my avarice!
For theſe are ſlanders on me ſpread abroad!

MEG. No more,—the chider's chid.—You've tied my tongue,
And nothing can I anſwer.

CAL. Aid me now,
I pray you, with your counſels;—let this be
One common care to both of us.

MEG. Agreed.

CAL. Where ſhall I find you a while hence;

We are told, that the method was, by fixing a bill upon the houſe, according to the modern practice, with an inſcription, *Ædes locandæ, Ædes vendundæ, an houſe to be let, an houſe to be ſold.*

MEG.

MEG. At home.

CAL. Any commands?

MEG. Be truſty.

CAL. Do not doubt me.

MEG. But hark ye.—

CAL. What is it you want?

MEG. The ſpark,
Where lives he now?—

CAL. Oh,—when he ſold the houſe,
The back part he reſerv'd unto himſelf.

MEG. That's what I wiſh'd to know.—Now, Sir, your ſervant.—
But hearkye.

CAL. Well, what now?

MEG. The maiden, ſhe's
With you?

CAL. She is, and I do tender her
Ev'n as my own.

MEG. 'Tis well done in you.

CAL. Would you
Command me farther, ere I go?

MEG. Your ſervant.

[*Exit* CALLICLES.

SCENE III.

MEGARONIDES *alone.*

In troth there cannot be more errant dolts,
More barefac'd fibbers, and more prating puppies,
Than theſe officious fools, the Buſy-Bodies.
And I too ſhould rank with them, thus to credit

V. 3. *Buſy-Bodies.*] *Quos* Scurras *vocant.*

Their

Their groundleſs ſuppoſitions. Ev'ry thing
They will pretend to know, yet nothing know.
They'll dive into your breaſt, and learn your thoughts
Preſent and future: nay they can diſcover
What the king whiſper'd in her highneſs' ear,
And tell what paſt in *Juno*'s chat with *Jove*.
They know what never was, nor ever will be:
Whether they praiſe or diſpraiſe right or wrong,
They care not, but invent whate'er they pleaſe.—
This *Callicles*, for inſtance—Men's report
Pronounc'd him for ſociety unfit,
For that he ſpoil'd a young man of his fortunes.
I, prompted by their ſcandal, ſallied forth
To chide my friend, though blameleſs.—Ill reports,
Trac'd to their root, unleſs it will appear
What ground and what authority they have,
Should turn on thoſe that ſpread them.—Public good
Requires it ſhould be ſo.—Theſe idle chatterers,
That know what they don't know, I fain would leſſen,
And ſhut up their fools tongues within their teeth.

[*Exit* MEGARONIDES.

*** The opening of this Play is admirable for its conduct. The ſtory, on which the whole turns, is contrived to be related very naturally and affectingly, without the appearance of a dull, unintereſting recital; and the Spectator is prepared for what is to follow, without being informed of any particular that is to happen; – a fault, that our Author too often falls into, either in his Prologues, or addreſſes to the audience from the characters of the Drama.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter LYSITELES.

WHAT miſery to myſelf do I create,
On many things thus inward ruminating!
I teaze me, fret me, weary out my mind,
Which ſchools me, as it were, like a ſtrict maſter.
It is not plain, nor have I weigh'd ſufficiently,
What life 'twere beſt to follow, whether rather
Attend to thrift, or yield me up to Love.
I cannot tell, which is moſt pleaſurable,
Nor am I rightly ſatisfied.—Suppoſe
We try both fairly:—in the cauſe I'll be
Both judge and culprit.—Good! it likes me well,
I'll do ſo.—Firſt then we'll diſcourſe of Love.—
Love only ſeeks to draw into his toils
The eaſy, willing natures; theſe he courts,
Subtly cajoles, and ſeeks occaſions apt
To win them to him. Love's a gentle flatterer,
An hook that grapples hearts, an errant fibber,
A dainty-mouth'd, a nice, a greedy niggard.
A filcher of affections, pimp to thoſe
That play at bo-peep, ſkulk in hiding holes;
A pryer into ſecrets,—laſt, a beggar.

V. 4. *Like a ſtrict maſter.*] Magiſter *mihi* exercitor *animus eſt.* In alluſion to the inſtructors in the *gymnaſtic* exerciſes.

He

He that is ſtricken with ſharp-pointed kiſſes,
Will find his ſubſtance in a trice decay.
" My ſweet, my honey, if you love me, if
" You have the ſpirit, won't you give? do now."
Then inſtantly the gudgeon—" Eh! I will,
" My eyes, my own dear eyes,—aye, that and more,
" If you require it."—Thus ſhe ſtrikes the fool,
For more and more ſtill aſking. Nor is this
Sufficient; ſomething more muſt ſtill be added,
For entertainments, feaſtings and carouſings.
Grants ſhe the favour of a night? She brings
Her whole retinue with her, ſuch a train
Of waiting-women, ſuch a tribe of dreſſers,
Minſtrels, and lacqueys, all ſuch huge devourers,
Such waſters of his ſubſtance, that the lover

V. 22. *Sharp-pointed kiſſes.*] *Saviis ſagittatis.*

V. 26. *The Gudgeon.*] The original is, *Culcuus*, a *Cuckow*.

V. 28. *She ſtrikes the fool.*] *Ferit.* So in the *Phormio* of *Terence*. ---*Geta* ferietur *alio munere*.---Geta will *ſtruck* for more.---As Mr. *Colman* has obſerved, " the familiar *Latin* phraſe exactly anſwers " to the *Engliſh* one;" and indeed there are numberleſs paſſages in our Author, where the idiom of both languages minutely correſpond.

V. 33. *Her whole retinue*, &c.] It was impoſſible to preſerve the exact ſenſe of the original in the tranſlation with any grace.

Ducitur familia tota:
Veſtiſpicæ, unctor, auri cuſtos, flabelliferæ, ſandaligerulæ,
Cantrices, ciſtellatrices, nuncii, renuncii.———

This paſſage demonſtrates, in what prodigious ſtate and ſplendour the courteſans of old were maintained.

There is an admirable deſcription concerning this very circumſtance, and not unlike our Author's, in the *Self-Tormentor* of *Terence*, Act III. Scence II. which I forbear to tranſcribe on account of its length.

From his extreme complacence is undone.
When I reflect within me, and conſider,
How cheap they hold one who is little worth,
Love, get thee gone—I like thee not—Away—
I hold no converſe with thee.—Although ſweet
His feaſtings and carouſings, Love has yet
A ſmatch of bitter to create diſguſt.
Love ſhuns the noiſy buſtle of the bar,
Drives off relations, and oft baniſhes
Himſelf from his own ſight. There's no one, who

V. 43. *A ſmatch of bitter.*] The ſame ſentiment with this and the foregoing lines is finely expreſſed by *Lucretius* in his Fourth Book.

Adde, quòd abſumunt vires pereuntque labore;
Adde, quòd alterius ſub nutu degitur ætas.
Labitur interea res, et vadimonia fiunt,
Languent officia atque ægrotat fama vacillans.
— — — — —
— — — *medio de fonte leporum*
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipſis floribus angat.

They waſte their ſtrength in the venereal ſtrife,
And to a woman's will enſlave their life;
Th' eſtate runs out, and mortgages are made,
All offices of friendſhip are decay'd,
Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd.
— — — — — — —
For in the fountain, where their ſweets are ſought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poiſons all the draught.

DRYDEN.

V. 45. *Baniſhes—Himſelf from his own ſight.*] *Fugat ipſe ſe a ſuo contuitu.* The beſt comment on this paſſage are the following lines in *Shakeſpeare's Romeo and Juliet.*

But all ſo ſoon as the all-chearing ſun
Should, in the furtheſt Eaſt, begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from *Aurora's* bed,

Away

Would wooe him for companion. Thouſand ways
Love ſhould be held a ſtranger, kept at diſtance,
Wholly abſtain'd from. Hapleſs, into Love
Who plunges headlong; greater his deſtruction,
Than to have leapt down toppling from a rock.—
Love, get thee gone then,—I divorce thee from me,
Nor ever be thou friend of mine.—Go, torture
Thoſe that are bound unto thee.—I am bent
Henceforward to apply my mind to thrift,
Although the toil be great. Hence good men gather
Gain, eſteem, credit, reputation: This
The price of virtue.—'Tis my choice to herd
With good men rather than the vain and diſſolute.

SCENE II.

Enter PHILTO.

PHIL. Where has he ta'en himſelf?

LYS. I'm here, my father.
Command me what you will, nor ſhall there be
In me reluctance. Think not that I ſkulk,
Or hide me from your ſight.

PHIL. You will do well,

> Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
> And private in his chamber pens himſelf,
> Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
> And makes himſelf an artificial night.

V. 52. *I divorce thee from me.*] *Tuas res tibi habe.* This was the formulary uſed in divorces. See *Amphitryon*, Act III. Scene II. v. 61.

And like your other actions, to obſerve
Due reverence to your father. O my ſon!
I would not have you with the profligate
Hold any converſation, in the Forum,
Or in the ſtreet. The manners of this age
I know: Bad men would fain corrupt the good,
And make them like themſelves: Our evil manners
Confound, diſorder every thing: The greedy,
The envious, turn what's ſacred to profane,
The public good to private intereſt.—
They gape for gain, like the parch'd earth for ſhowers.---
This grieves me; this torments me; night and day
I ring the ſame peal, bidding you beware.
Theſe plunderers only can refrain their hands
From what they cannot touch. The word elſe with them
Is, touch and take. O but to ſee theſe villainies,
Draws tears from me; to think my life prolong'd
To ſuch a race!—O that I had but follow'd
Thoſe that are gone before me!—Our vile moderns
Commend the ancient manners, but withal
Defile what they commend. O then, my ſon,
Be not enamour'd of their arts, nor taint
Your diſpoſition with them. Live like me,

V. 15. *They gape*, &c.] The original is, *hiulea gens.*

V. 20. *Touch and take.*] This expreſſes the ſenſe of the original, though it is not exactly the ſame. *Cætera, rape, trahe, late.*

V. 23. *Thoſe that are gone before me.*] Ad plures *penetravi.*—*Ad plures* ſignifies *the dead*, which are more in number than the living. The *Grecians* uſed the ſame expreſſion, πλειονες.

V. 25. *Defile.*] *Lutulant.*

Follow-

Following our ancient manners. Do what I
Adviſe you. For theſe vile and filthy manners,
Which good men muſt diſhonour, I diſdain them.
LYS. Sir, from my youth up to my preſent age
I've bound me to your precepts and commands.
Though free from birth and breeding, to your bidding
I hold me ſtill a ſlave, and deem it juſt
My will ſhould bend to yours.
PHIL. Suppoſe a youth
To combat with his will, whether 'twere beſt
To be, as beſt his will ſhould think, or rather
Such as his parents and relations wiſh him:
If the will maſters him, all's over with him:
By it he'll be enſlav'd: but if his will
He maſters, while he lives he ſhall be ſtiled
A conqueror of conquerors. If your will
You've vanquiſh'd, you not vanquiſh'd by your will,
You've reaſon to rejoice. 'Tis better far
You ſhould be as you ſhould be, than be ſuch as
Your will would have you. Fairer their repute,
The will who conquer, than thoſe conquer'd by it.
LYS. This prudence, as a buckler to my youth,
I ever had: I ſtudiouſly forbore
To go, where vice was plotted as in council,

V. 42. *A conqueror of conquerors.*] *Victor victorum.* We find the ſame ſentiment in *Plato*'s firſt Book, *Of Laws.*---To conquer one's ſelf is the firſt and beſt of all victories: but to be conquered by one's ſelf is the greateſt diſgrace and calamity.---*Valerius Maximus* likewiſe obſerves, that it is much more difficult to conquer one's ſelf than an enemy. *Multò ſeipſum, quàm hoſtem ſuperâſſe operoſius eſt.*

V. 50. *Where vice was plotted as in council.*] The original is, *Ubi eſſet damni conciliabulum.*

To roam the ſtreets at mid-night, to defraud
Another of his right, or to beget
Vexation, Sir, to you, who are my father.
I've ever kept your precepts as a rule
To regulate my conduct.

PHIL. Wherefore this?

What's right you've acted for yourſelf, not me:
My days are almoſt paſt: 'Tis your concern then.
That man's an upright man, who don't repent him,
That he is upright; he, who ſeeks alone
Self-ſatisfaction, merits not that title:
The man, that thinks but meanly of himſelf,
Shews there's a juſt and honeſt nature in him.
Still follow up good actions with good actions,
Heap'd on each other.

LYS. For this purpoſe, father,

V. 57. *My days are almoſt paſt.*] It is remarkable, that *Cicero* quotes this very paſſage in an Epiſtle to *Brutus—Sed de hoc tu videris. De me poſſum dicere idem quod Plautinus pater in Trinummo:* Mihi quidem ætas acta fermè eſt—As for that matter, it is your concern. For my own part I may ſay with the old father in *Plautus's Treaſure,—My days are almoſt paſt.*

V. 61.] The two lines of the original in all the Editions ſtand thus.

Benefacta benefactis aliis pertegito, ne perpluant.
Qui ipſus ſe contemnit in eo eſt indoles induſtriæ.

I cannot but be of opinion, that theſe lines are tranſpoſed, as the laſt line is naturally connected with the ſentiment contained in the foregoing lines, and the firſt is entirely detached from it, but very properly precedes what *Lyſiteles* ſays directly after.

V. 63. *Still follow up good actions.*] The original is,—*Benefacta benefactis aliis pertegito, ne perpluant.* Literally, *Cover good actions with good actions, leſt it rain through.*

I would

I would entreat a certain favour of you.

PHIL. What is it? tell me, for I long to grant it.

LYS. There is a youth here of a noble family,
My friend, and of my years, who his affairs
Too heedleſsly has manag'd, too unthinkingly.
I'd fain do him a kindneſs, if that you
Refuſe not.

PHIL. What, from your own purſe?

LYS. From mine.
For what is your's is mine, and mine is your's.

PHIL. Is he in want?

LYS. In want.

PHIL. Had he a fortune?

LYS. He had.

PHIL. How loſt he it? at ſea? by commerce?
In the ſlave trade? by traffick?

LYS. None of theſe.

PHIL. How then?

LYS. In ſooth by gentle living, Sir:
Something too much in pleaſure has he ſquander'd.

PHIL. In troth you ſpeak of him as of an intimate:
A man forſooth, whoſe fortunes were not ſhatter'd
By any good demeanour;—he's a friend,
A fine one for you, with ſuch qualities!

LYS. I would relieve the wants of one diſtreſt,
One that is free from fault,

PHIL. The beggar's thanks
He ſcarce deſerves, who gives him wherewithal
To buy him meat and drink; for what is given
Is loſt, and only ſerves to lengthen out
A life of miſery.—I ſay not this,

For that I would not do moſt willingly
What you deſire, but in the way of caution,
That I might ſhew you, not to pity others,
So as yourſelf to others may become
An object too of pity.

LYS. 'Twere a ſhame
To leave, not help him in adverſity.

PHIL. 'Twere better *ſhame* than *blame*, though both are ſpelt
With nearly the ſame letters.

LYS. Thanks to th' Gods,
Our anceſtors wiſe care, and your's, my father,
We have an handſome fortune: then to ſhew
A kindneſs to a friend, is not to *blame*;
'Twere a *ſhame* rather not to do it.

PHIL. Tell me,—
If from a ſum how large ſoever you
Subſtract a part, remains there more or leſs?

LYS. Leſs ſurely. But you know, what people cry
To niggardly curmudgeons.—"May you have not
"That which you have, and have what you have not,—
"Misfortune; ſince you will not let yourſelf,
"Or others have enjoyment."

V. 94. *Better* ſhame *than* blame.] The original is,
Pol pudere *quàm* pigere *præſtat totidem litteris.*
The oppoſition between *pudere* and *pigere* alſo is kept up in what follows; which I have endeavoured to preſerve in the beſt manner I could think of.

V. 104. *May you have not*, &c.]
Quod habes, ne habeas; et illud, quod nunc non habes, habeas malum.

PHIL.

PHIL. Right;—but verily,
He that has nothing, ſon, is fit for nothing.
LYS. Thanks to the Gods, Sir, we have wherewithal
T' enjoy ourſelves, and ſpare for friendly uſes.
PHIL. I can deny you nothing you would have.
Whoſe wants would you relieve?—Come, tell your father:
Speak boldly to me.
LYS. 'Tis young *Leſbonicus*,
Charmides' ſon, who lives here at this houſe.
PHIL. He, who has eat up all he had, and more!
LYS. Do not reproach him, Sir: ſince many things
Befall a man, both wiſh'd for, and unwiſh'd.
PHIL. You are miſtaken, ſon, nor judge aright
In what you ſay. A wiſe man is the maker
Of his own fortune, and except he prove
A bungling workman, little can befall him,
Which he would wiſh to change.
LYS. Sure, in this kind
Of workmanſhip much labour there doth need
One's life to frame and faſhion with repute.
But *Leſbonicus*, Sir, is young,—conſider.
PHIL. 'Tis not by years that wiſdom is acquired,
But waits on diſpoſition. Wiſdom is
The food of age, which lends to wiſdom reliſh.
But ſay, what would you give him?
LYS. Nothing, Sir,

V. 119.] What follows is tranſlated agreeably to the tranſpoſition of the lines in the original recommended by *M. Limiers*, as it ſeems to me to make the ſenſe clearer than it is in the other editions.

So you permit me from his hands to accept
A gift moſt rare.

PHIL. What, *thus* relieve his wants?

LYS. This very way.

PHIL. I fain would learn the manner.

LYS. I'll tell you.—Know you not, what family
He's of?

PHIL. I know: of good and reputable.

LYS. He has a grown-up ſiſter: her, my father,
I would fain take to wife.

PHIL. Without a portion?

LYS. Without a portion.

PHIL. Marry her?

LYS. 'Tis ſo;—
And you no loſer. Thus you will beſtow
A ſpecial favour on him, neither can you
By any other means aſſiſt him more.

PHIL. And ſhall I ſuffer you to take a wife
Without a portion?

LYS. You muſt ſuffer me;
And by it to our family you'll add
Increaſe of honour.

PHIL. I could here pour forth
A budget-full of ſayings, learned ſaws,
And antique ſtories, which my age would warrant;
But ſince I ſee your purpoſe is to add
New friendſhips, new connections to our houſe,
E'en though I were averſe to the alliance,
I'd give you my permiſſion,—aſk her, marry her.

V. 131. *A gift moſt rare.*] *Lyſitiles* means the ſiſter of *Leſbonicus*.

LYS. The Gods preſerve you to me!—Do but add
To this one favour more.

PHIL. That one, what is it?

LYS. I'll tell you: go to him yourſelf, yourſelf
Procure her for me.

PHIL. Hey-day! I a pimp?

LYS. 'Twill ſooner be tranſacted, and by you
Done firm: one word in this affair from you
Will weigh more than an hundred words from me.

PHIL. I'm willing to oblige you.—I'll about it.

LYS. My moſt ſweet father!—here he lives—this houſe—
His name is *Leſbonicus*—do this thing
Effectually.—I'll wait for you at home.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

PHILTO *alone.*

This is not for the beſt, nor do I think
'Tis right, but yet 'tis better than if worſe.
I have this conſolation to my mind:—
Who thwarts the inclinations of his ſon
In every point, ſave thoſe in which himſelf
Alone has ſatisfaction, is a fool,

V. 154. Procure *her for me.*] The word in the original is, *Concubes*, which bears a double ſenſe, a good or a bad one; and we are informed by the commentators, that a joke was here intended upon that account. I have accordingly preſerved it in the tranſlation; though it does not ſeem to me to be abſolutely certain, that any ſuch joke was deſigned by our Author.

Plagues

Plagues his own ſoul, nor is the better for it;
And ſtirring up a ſtorm that's out of ſeaſon,
Makes the hoar winter of old age more ſharp.
But the door opens, whither I was going;
And *Leſbonicus*, he himſelf comes forth
Moſt aptly with his ſervant. I'll aloof.
[*Retires at a diſtance.*

SCENE IV.

Enter LESBONICUS *and* STASIMUS,

'Tis under fifteen days, ſince forty *Minæ*
You did receive from *Callicles* for this houſe.
Is it not, *Staſimus*, as I ſay?

STAS. Methinks
On due conſideration I remember,
That ſo it is.

LÆS. What has been done with them?

V. 7. *Nor is the better for it.*] *Factius nihilo facit.*

V. 12. *I'll aloof.*] I have taken the liberty to add this to the text for the ſake of perſpicuity with reſpect to the modern reader, who cannot be too often reminded, that the extent of the ancient ſtage allowed of circumſtances, which in the preſent times could not be admitted as in any degree probable. Among the other inconveniences, which the ancients laboured under on account of their ſtrict attention to the preſervation of the *Unity of Place*, may be fairly reckoned the abſurdity of keeping ſome of the characters of the Drama at a diſtance, while others were engaged in a converſation, perhaps foreign to the buſineſs; when at the ſame time theſe very characters ought rather to have made immediate advances. This is apparently the caſe in the beginning of SCENE IV. that follows.

STAS.

STAS. Eat, drank, anointed, waſhed away in bagnios,
Cooks, butchers, poulterers, fiſhmongers, confectioners,
Perfumers, have devour'd them;—gone as ſoon,
As is a grain of corn thrown to an ant.

LES. Why, all theſe muſt have coſt leſs than ſix *Minæ*.

STAS. But what you gave your miſtreſſes?

LES. I count
Six more for that.

STAS. What—I have cheated?

LES. Oh,
In that indeed my reckoning is moſt heavy.

STAS. You cannot eat your cake and have it too;—
Unleſs you think your money is immortal.
The fool too late, his ſubſtance eaten up,
Reckons the coſt.

LES. Th' account is not apparent.

STAS. Th' account's apparent, but the money's gone.
You did receive of *Callicles* forty *Minæ*;
He by aſſignment had your houſe.

LES. 'Tis true.

V. 9. *A grain of corn.*] The original is, *Papaverem.*

V. 14. *Eat your cake,* &c.] I have taken the liberty of ſubſtituting a common *Engliſh* ſaying to expreſs the ſenſe of the original, which is———

Non tibi illud apparere, ſi ſumas, poteſt.

V. 18. *The money's gone.*] There is a ſingularity in the original. Inſtead of a *Latin* word, a *Greek* one is introduced.—*Argentum* οιχεται.—May we not ſuppoſe, that this *Greek* term might poſſibly be familiar and current in our Author's time, as ſome *French* words are with us?

V. 20. *By aſſignment.*] *Mancupio.*

PHIL.

PHIL. *(Overhearing.)* Our neighbour then, it ſeems,
has ſold his houſe:
And when his father from abroad returns,
He muſt e'en lodge him in the ſtreet, except
He creep into the belly of his ſon.

STAS. Count to the Banker due *Olympic Drachms* 25
A thouſand.

LES. I engag'd for.

STAS. Threw away,
Say rather.—You ſtood bound for a wild ſpark,
Who, you declared was rich.

LES. 'Tis true, I did ſo.

STAS. 'Tis true, the money's gone.

LES. It is indeed.—
I ſaw him in diſtreſs, and pitied him. 30

STAS. For others you've compaſſion, for yourſelf
You've neither ſhame nor pity.

PHIL. *(At a diſtance.)* It is time

V. 23. *Lodge him in the ſtreet.*] The original is,—*In* Portâ *eſt locus.* Some commentators explain *Porta* to mean the *Metian Gate.* See Vol. I. *The* CAPTIVES, Act I. Scene I. v. 27. *Note.* Some Editions read *Ponte.*

V. 24. *Belly of his ſon.*] *Niſi fortè in ventrem filio correpſerit.* The meaning is obvious.

V. 25. *Olympic Drachms.*] For the value of theſe, ſee *Cook*'s Table prefixed to Volume I.

V. 31. *For others—you've compaſſion,* &c.] This is agreeable to the caution given by old *Philto* to his ſon *Lyſiteles,* Act II. Scene II. v. 91.

That I might ſhew you, not to pity others,
So as yourſelf to others may become
An object too of pity.

I ſhould

I ſhould make up to him.

LES. Is not that *Philto*,
Who's coming hither? Sure, 'tis he himſelf.

STAS. I wiſh he were my ſlave with all his property.

PHIL. To *Leſbonicus* and to *Staſimus*,
The maſter and the ſervant, *Philto* wiſhes
All happineſs and health.

LES. Heav'n grant you, *Philto*,
All that you wiſh and want! How does your ſon?

PHIL. You've his beſt wiſhes.

LES. He has mine,---'tis mutual.

STAS. Beſt wiſhes! what avails that phraſe, unleſs
Beſt ſervices attend them?—I may wiſh
To have my liberty, but wiſh in vain;
My maſter, to be frugal,—all in vain.

PHIL. My ſon has ſent me to you, to propoſe
A bond of friendſhip 'twixt you, and alliance.
Your ſiſter he would marry, and I hold
The ſame opinion, wiſh it.

LES. Oh, I know you;
Your cruel mockery I perceive:—becauſe
You have an ample and right good eſtate,
You come to flout and jeſt at my misfortunes.

V. 35. *My ſlave with all his property.*] *Meum fieri ſervum cum ſuo peculio.* It ſhould be noted, that *Peculium* ſignifies the property a ſlave was allowed to have of his own; and by which he was oftentimes enabled to purchaſe his freedom.

V. 41. *Beſt wiſhes*, &c.] In the original,

Nequam illud verbum eſt, benè vult, niſi quod benè facit.

PHIL.

PHIL. As I'm a man,—as you are,—the great God
So love me,—as I came not to deride:—
Nor do I think you worthy.—What I ſaid,
Is true:—My ſon beg'd me to aſk for him
Your ſiſter, Sir, in marriage.

LYS. My affairs,
How they are circumſtanc'd, I can't be ignorant:—
My fortunes are not to be match'd with yours.—
Then ſeek another, and more fair alliance.

STAS. Art mad? art in your ſenſes? to reject
This proffer'd match?—Why you have found a friend,
Will help you at a pinch.

LES. Away, you raſcal!

STAS. Were I to budge a foot, you'd bid me ſtay.

LES. (*To Phil.*) Would you ought elſe, Sir?—
You have got my anſwer.

PHIL. I truſt that you will ſhew to me more favour
Than now I have experienc'd. Or in word
Or deed to play the trifler, would ill ſuit
One of my years.

STAS. Faith, what he ſays is true.

LES. Add but another word, I'll tear your eyes out.

STAS. Do—I will ſpeak, though blind.

PHIL. You tell me now,
We are not on a footing; that your means
Don't equal ours.

V. 61, 62. *A friend---Will help you at a pinch.*] The original is, *Ferentarium amicum.* This is in alluſion to thoſe ſoldiers, who were called *Ferentarii*, and who, as they were lightly armed and accoutered, were the more ready to come immediately to the aſſiſtance of thoſe, that were in danger of being overpowered by the enemy.

LES.

LES. I ſay ſo.

PHIL. What of that?—
If you were preſent at a public feaſt,
And haply ſome great man was plac'd beſide you,
Of the choice cates ſerv'd up in heaps before him
Would you not taſte, but at the table rather
Sit dinnerleſs, becauſe he neighbour'd you?

LES. Sure I ſhould eat, if he forbade me not.

STAS. And I, ev'n if he did;—ſo cram myſelf,
I'd ſtuff out both my cheeks:—I'd ſeize upon
The daintieſt bits before him, nor give way to him
In matters that concern'd my very being.
At table no one ſhould be ſhy or mannerly,
Where all things are at ſtake, divine and human.

PHIL. Faith, what you ſay is right.

STAS. I'll tell you fairly.
Your great man if I meet, I make way for him,
Give him the wall, ſhew him reſpect, but where
The belly is concern'd, I will not yield
An inch,—unleſs he box me into breeding.
To me a feaſt is an inheritance
Without incumbrance.

V. 73. *A public feaſt.*] *Cœna, quam popularem vocant.* This, in the original, means an entertainment, ſuch as was uſed to be given to the populace upon any public rejoicing, as at a triumph, for example, as we learn from *Suetonius*'s Life of *Julius Cæſar.*

V. 80. *I'd ſtuff out both my cheeks.*] *Ambabus malis expletis vorem.*

V. 83. *Mannerly.*] The original is, *Verecundari neminem apud menſam decet.*

V. 90. *An inheritance—Without incumbrance.*] This is ſomething like the meaning, though not the direct ſenſe, of the original.—

Sine

PHIL. Ever bear in mind
This maxim, *Leſbonicus*. The beſt policy
Is to be perfect in all good;—if that
We can't attain to, to be next to perfect.
The match that I propoſe for your conſent,
Why will you not agree to?—What are riches?—
The Gods alone are rich: to them alone
Is wealth and pow'r:—but we poor mortal men,
When that the ſoul, which is the ſalt of life,
Keeping our bodies from corruption, leaves us,
At *Acheron* ſhall be counted all alike,
The beggar and the wealthieſt.

STAS. *(To Phil.)* I believe,
Your wealth you'll carry with you, that, when dead,

Sine Sacris Hæreditas. The ſame expreſſion occurs in *The Captives* of our Author, for the explanation of which, ſee Vol. I. Act IV. Scene I. v. 14.

V. 99. *The ſoul, which is the ſalt of life,* &c.] *Salillum animæ.* There have been various interpretations of this paſſage; but I have followed that of *Taubman*, who ſuppoſes, *Plautus* deſigned by it, "that the ſoul was to the body like ſalt; for as the fleſh "of dead animals will putrify without ſalt, ſo our bodies, when "the ſoul is gone, are expoſed to corruption." This perhaps may be thought a fanciful explanation; it is, however, not inelegant, and ſuitable to the ſerioufneſs of the whole ſentence.

Lambin, however, informs us, that in ſome MSS. he has found *Tantillum* inſtead of *Salillum*, which poſſibly may have been the true reading; agreeably to *Horace's* expreſſion, *Divinæ* particulam *auræ*.

V. 101. *Counted all alike.*] In the original, *Æquo cenſetur cenſu.* This alludes to the cuſtom of *aſſeſſing* the people among the *Romans* according to their different ranks and ſtations. See Vol. I. *The* CAPTIVES. Prologue. V. 19. *Note.*

You

You may behave there as your name imports.

PHIL. That you may know it is not wealth we seek,

But value your alliance, I do ask
Your ſiſter for my ſon without a portion.
Succeſs attend it!—Is't agreed?—Why ſilent?

STAS. O ye immortal Gods, a rare propoſal!

PHIL. Do but ſay, *done*.

STAS. Why how now? when he could Get nothing by the bargain, he could ſay *Done firſt*; and now he's ſure to win, he's ſilent.

LES. That you eſteem me worthy your alliance, I am moſt thankful; but although my folly Has caſt me down thus low, I've yet a farm

V. 104. *As your name imports.*] There is ſome obſcurity in the original of this whole paſſage.

Mirum, ni tu illuc tecum divitias feras.
Ubi mortuus ſis, ita ſis ut nomen cluet.

For want of a better, I have been obliged to be content with the interpretation of *Piſtorius*. "I verily believe, that you mean "to carry your riches with you to *Acheron*, where you may act "at length after your death agreeably to the ſenſe and import of "your name *Philto*, which ſignifies *benevolent*; for in this world "you are quite the reverſe, and a very miſer."

V. 108. *Succeſs attend it*, &c.] *Quæ res bene vertat!* &c. Theſe and the like expreſſions, which occur in this Scene, are agreeable to the formulary, which was uſed upon theſe occaſions.

V. 112. *Done firſt.*] As the humour of *Stafimus*'s anſwer in the original depends upon the double meaning of the word *Spondeo*, I have been obliged to give it another turn in the tranſlation.

PHIL. *Quin fabulare*, "*Dii bene vortant!* Spondeo."
STAS. *Eheu! ubi uſus nihil erat dicto*, "Spondeo"
Dicebat: nunc hic, cum opus eſt, non quit dicere.

Spondeo ſignifies to *betroth* or *promiſe* in marriage, and alſo to *engage*, or *promiſe* to pay.

Near to the town here: this will I beſtow
Upon my ſiſter for her portion; this
Is all, through my imprudence and my folly,
That I have left me now beſides my life.
PHIL. I want no portion.
LES. I'm reſolv'd to give it.
STAS. Dear maſter, would you part then with our nurſe,
That feeds us? our ſupport? think what you're doing.
How ſhall we eat in future?
LES. Hold your tongue.
Am I accountable to you?
STAS. We're ruin'd
Paſt all redemption, if I don't invent
Some ſham.—I have it.—*Philto*, a word with you.
PHIL. What would you?
STAS. Step aſide this way a little.
PHIL. I will. (*They retire.*)
STAS. The ſecret I ſhall now unfold
Let not my maſter know, nor any other.
PHIL. Me you may ſafely truſt.
STAS. By Gods and men
I do conjure you, let not this ſame farm
Come into your poſſeſſion, or your ſon's,
The reaſon will I tell.
PHIL. I fain would hear it.
STAS. Firſt then, whene'er the land is plough'd, the oxen
Ev'ry fifth furrow drop down dead.
PHIL. Fye on it!
STAS. A paſſage down to *Acheron*'s in our field.

The

The grapes grow mouldy as they hang, before
They can be gather'd.

LES. He is, I ſuppoſe,
Perſuading him:—though he's an errant rogue,
To me he's not unfaithful.

STAS. Hear what follows.
When that the harveſt promiſes moſt fair,
[illegible]ey gather in thrice leſs than what was ſown.
[illegible]IL. Nay!—then methinks it were a proper place
[illegible]en to ſow their wild oats, where they would not
Spri[illegible]up.

STAS. There never was a perſon yet,
That ever own'd this farm, but his affairs
Did turn out to bad:—ſome ran away, ſome died,
Some hang'd themſelves.—Why, there's my maſter now,
To what ſad ſtraits is he reduc'd!

PHIL. O keep me
Far from this farm!

STAS. You'd have more cauſe to ſay ſo,
Were you to hear the whole.—There's not a tree,
But has been blaſted with the lightning: more—
The hogs are eat up with the mange; the ſheep

V. 144. *Their wild oats.*] This familiar expreſſion in our language is agreeable to the meaning of the original.

Hem! iſtic oportet obſtei mores malos,
Si in obſtrendo poſſint interfieri.

Interfieri is from *interficio*, and properly ſignifies *to be ſlain*, or to *die*.

V. 153. *The hogs are eat up with the mange.*] The original is, *Sues moriuntur anginâ.*—The hogs die of a ſwelling in the throat. —This we are told by *Pliny*, is a common diſtemper among hogs.

Pine with the rot, all ſcabby as this hand?
And no man can live there ſix months together,
No, not a *Syrian*, though they are moſt hardy,
The *Influenza* is to all ſo fatal.

PHIL. I do believe it true: but the *Campanians*
The *Syrians* far outgo in hardineſs.—
This farm is a fit ſpot, as you've deſcribed it,
Wherein to place bad men: And as they tell us,
That in thoſe iſlands ſtill *The Fortunate*
Aſſemble th' upright, and the virtuous liver
So ſhould the wicked here be thruſt together
Since 'tis of ſuch a nature.

STAS. 'Tis th' abode
Of miſery. But, without more words,—whatever
Evil you'd ſearch for, you might find it here.

PHIL. You may go ſeek it there, or where you will.

STAS. Be cautious how you tell what I have told you.

PHIL. You've told it to no babbler.

STAS. Now my maſter
Would gladly part with it, could he but find
A gudgeon to his purpoſe.

PHIL. I'll have none of it.

STAS. If you are wiſe indeed, you will not have it.

V. 157. *The* Influenza.] *Solſtitiali morbo.* Commentators are divided about the particular diſeaſe here deſigned. *Turnebus* imagines it to mean the diſorder that is common in the hotteſt part of ſummer, and which is to this day called in *Italy*, the *Influenza*.

V. 172. *A gudgeon.*] The original is, *Cujus os ſublinat*, that is, *whom he can deceive.*

(Aſide.)

(*Aſide.*) So—I have frighten'd this old hunks moſt rarely
From taking of this farm: if that were gone,
We've nothing to ſubſiſt on.

PHIL. *Leſbonicus,*
I now return to you.

LES. I prithee tell me,
What has he ſaid?

PHIL. Think you?—The fellow wants
For liberty, but has not wherewithal
To purchaſe it.

LES. And I too would be rich,
But cannot.

STAS. (*Aſide.*) Once you might have been, if then
You had choſe it; now you cannot, ſince you've nothing.

LES. What was it you was muttering to yourſelf?

STAS. Concerning what you ſaid.—You had been rich,
If it had been your pleaſure heretofore;
'Tis now too late to wiſh it.

PHIL. For this portion,
I can determine nothing; with my ſon
You'll ſettle it, and to your liking.—Well then,—
Your ſiſter I requeſt for him in marriage.
Succeſs attend it! What? ſtill ſcrupulous!

LES. Well, ſince you'll have it ſo, heav'ns bleſſing on it!
I here betroth her to him.

PHIL. Never did

A father joy more in a new-born ſon,
Than I, when you brought forth that word, *betroth.*
STAS. Heav'ns proſper this agreement!
PHIL. 'Tis my prayer.
LES. Go, *Staſimus*, to my ſiſter, and relate
To *Callicles* this tranſaction.
STAS. I'll be gone.
LES. Congratulate my ſiſter.
STAS. To be ſure!
PHIL. Go with me in, Sir, where this compact we'll
Confirm, and for the nuptials fix a day.
LES. *(to Staſ.)* Do as I bade you.—I'll be here
this inſtant.—
Tell *Callicles* to meet me.—
STAS. Prithee go!
LES. To fix the portion.—
STAS. Go.—
LYS. For I'm reſolv'd
A portion ſhe ſhall have.
STAS. Now pray be gone!
LES. Nor will I ſuffer her to loſe—
STAS. Go, go!—
LES. By my neglect.—
STAS. Be gone now.—
LES. 'Tis but juſt
For my offences.—
STAS. Will you not be gone?
LES. That I alone ſhould ſuffer.—
STAS. Go—be gone.
LES. My father! ſhall I never ſee you more?
STAS. Go, get thee gone! be gone! begone! be gone!

[*Exeunt* LESBONICUS *and* PHILTO.

SCENE

SCENE V.

STASIMUS *alone.*

At length I have prevail'd on him to go.
Ye gods! from wrongly we ſhall manage right,
If we but keep this farm: and yet I have
Some doubt concerning what will be the iſſue.
[illegible] be once made over to another,
'Tis over then with me: I muſt abroad,
[illegible] a knapſack, helmet, ſword and target:
He [illegible]y the city when the wedding's o'er,
And will enliſt him ſomewhere for a ſoldier,
In *Aſia* or *Cilicia*.—But I'll go,
Where maſter bade me; though I hate this houſe,
Ever ſince he, who bought it, turn'd us out.

V. 6. *'Tis over then with me.*] *Actum eſt de collo meo.*

V. 9. *He will enliſt him for a ſoldier.*] *Ibit latrocinatum.* See the laſt note on Act I. of the *Braggard Captain*. *Terence* in the *Self-tormentor* mentions the ſame circumſtance, Act I. Scene I. v. 65.

In Aſiam *ad regem miliatum abiit*, Chreme,
Went off to ſerve the king in *Aſia*, *Chremes*. COLMAN.

So likewiſe in the *Brothers*, where *Demea* is lamenting his ſon's extravagance and debauchery, Act III. Scene III. v. 30.

Videre videor jam diem illum, cùm hinc egens
Profugiet aliquò militatum.

I think I ſee the day when *Æſchinus*
Shall fly for want, and liſt himſelf a ſoldier COLMAN.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter CALLICLES *and* STASIMUS.

CALLICLES.

HOW ſaid you, *Staſimus?* that your maſter's
Young *Leſbonicus*, has betroth'd his ſiſter

STAS. The ſame.

CAL. To whom?

STAS. To *Philto's* ſon, *Lyſiteles*,
Without a portion.

CAL. How? without a portion
Married in ſo rich a family? What you ſay
Is not to be believ'd.

STAS. I cannot help
Your incredulity, if you don't
Believe, I ſhall believe that—

CAL. What?

STAS. You hold me
Of no account.

CAL. Tell me, how long ago,
And where was this tranſacted?

STAS. Here,—before

V. 1. *Your maſter's ſon.*] The original, *noſtrum herilem filium*, has been a ſtumbling block to ſome of the commentators, who have propoſed to read *veſtrum* inſtead of *noſtrum*. *Herilis filius* was a common phraſe, ſignifying the *heir* or *eldeſt ſon* of the family; and *Callicles* might with propriety call *Leſbonicus* "*noſtrum*," as he was his guardian.

This

This very door,—now, at this very inſtant.

CAL. Has *Leſbonicus* prov'd a better manager,
Now that his fortune's ſhatter'd, than when whole?

STAS. Nay, what is more, Sir, *Philto* came himſelf
A ſuiter for his ſon.

CAL. It were a ſhame
To ſend the maiden dowerleſs: this concerns me:
I ſtraight to my corrector, and will aſk
Counſel. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

STASIMUS *alone.*

Aye, I ſmell it out, I gueſs,
Why he does ſpeed him thither: his intent is
To get the farm too, as he got the houſe,
From *Leſbonicus*. O my maſter *Charmides!*
How has your abſence your affairs diſtracted!
Would I could ſee you ſafe return'd, to wreak
Due vengeance on your foes, and ſo reward me,
As I have been, and am, your faithful ſlave.
'Tis very difficult to find a friend
More than in name, to whom your near concerns
Having entruſted, you may ſleep at eaſe.
But ſee—our ſon-in-law, *Lyſiteles*,
Comes this way with his neighbour *Leſbonicus*.

V. 11. *Now, at this very inſtant.*] In the original there is a ridicule on the inhabitants of *Præneſte*, a city near *Rome*, on account of their inelegant idiom.—*Tam modò, inquit Præneſtinus.*

V. 17. *Corrector.*] Meaning *Megaronides*, who had taken him to task in the Firſt Act.

Some

Some difference, what I know not, is between them.
They walk with haſty ſteps: one holds the other
Faſt by the cloak: and now they ſtop abruptly.
I'll ſtep aſide here; for I long to liſten
The converſation of theſe neighbour-youths.
[*Retires to a diſtance.*

SCENE III.

Enter LYSITELES *and* LESBONICUS.

Lys. Stay prithee, don't oppoſe me, do not ſtrive
To hide thee from me.
Les. Can't you let me go,
Where I intend?
Lys. I would, if it appear'd
It were for your advantage, fame, or honour.
Les. Indeed, you do it with ſuch eaſe.
Lys. Do what?
Les. You give your friend offence.
Lys. That's far from me;
And ſuch behaviour I am yet to learn.
Les. How learn'd without a maſter! What would you
Have done, had you been ſchool'd, to plague me more?
While kindneſs you pretend, you do me wrong.
Lys. I?
Les. You.
Lys. How do you wrong?
Les. In doing that
Diſpleaſes me.
Lys. I mean it for your good.

Les.

LES. Are you then friendlier to me, than myſelf
Am to myſelf? I underſtand ſufficiently,
And for myſelf can ſpy out my advantage.
LYS. Is this a proof of underſtanding in you,
To ſlight a proffer'd benefit from one,
Who's your well-wiſher?
LES. Nothing can I deem
[illegible]benefit, if it diſpleaſes him
[illegible] whom it is beſtow'd. I know my duty:
[illegible]'ll that you can utter will not ſhield me
Fr[illegible]men's report.
LYS. How ſay you? (for I can
No longer be with-held from talking to you,
As you deſerve,) the reputation, which
Your fore-fathers to you deliver'd down,
Was it for this, that what their virtue got,
You by exceſs ſhould loſe? Your father, grandfather,
Had oped for you a plain and eaſy road,
To lead you to renown: you've made it hard
Through vice, and indolence, and ſhameleſs manners.
Love you have choſe, your love you have prefer'd
Before your honour: and can this, believe you,
Cover your faults? ah! no, it is not ſo.
Take virtue to your mind, be indolence
Expell'd thence: in the Forum dedicate
Your ſervice to your friends, and not in bed
To a ſhe-friend, a miſtreſs, as you're wont.
Moreover, I moſt earneſtly entreat you

V. 37. *She-friend.*] This is agreeable to the *antitheſis* in the original.
In foro amicis operam des, haud in lecto amicæ, ut ſolitus es.

Not

Not to relinquiſh this ſame farm, but keep it
For your ſupport, that thoſe who are your enemies
May not reproach you with extremeſt want.

LES. All you have ſaid I know, could ſign and ſeal to,—
That I have waſted my inheritance,
Tarniſh'd the glory of my anceſtors,—
Knew how I ſhould have acted, but alas!
I could not do it; by the pow'r of love
Subdued, by idleneſs held captive, readily
I fell into the ſnare. And now to you,
As you deſerve, I owe my utmoſt thanks.

LYS. I cannot bear to loſe my labour thus—
That you ſhould ſlight my counſels! and it grieves me,
You have ſo little ſhame. In fine, except
You ſtill to me, and act as I adviſe,
Screen'd as it were by folly you'll lie hid,
That honour cannot find you: baſe obſcurity
Will ſhrowd your brightneſs, which ſhould blaze abroad.
The faſhion of your mind full well I know,
How uninform'd:—I know, that you have err'd
Not of yourſelf, nor of your own accord,

V. 41. *Could ſign and ſeal to.*] The original is, *vel exſignavere.*

V. 45. *Knew how I ſhould have acted, but alas!*
I could not do it.]

Scibam ut eſſe me deceret: facere non quibam miſer.
This is agreeable to the ſentiment in Ovid,
Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora ſequor.
I ſee, and I approve the better way,
But the worſe following I ſtill go aſtray.

But

But love has blinded you;—and all his ways
To me are manifeſt.—It is with Love,
As with a ſtone whirl'd from a ſling;—it flies,
Nothing ſo quick.—Love makes a man a fool,
Hard to be pleas'd.—What you'd perſuade him to,
He likes not, and embraces that, from which
You would diſſuade him.—What there is a lack of,
That will he covet;—when 'tis in his power,
He'll none on't.—Whoſo bids him to avoid
Any thing, invites him to it; interdicts,
Who recommends it.—'Tis the height of madneſs,

V. 6[illegible] *It is with Love,*
As with a ſtone whirl'd from a ſling; it flies,
Nothing ſo quick.] The original is,

Ita eſt Amor, baliſta ut jacitur: nihil ſic celere eſt, neque volat.

Baliſta was an engine made uſe of in war, to caſt or ſhoot ſtones or darts. *Shakeſpeare* has very finely illuſtrated the ſame ſentiment by a ſimilar image in his *Romeo* and *Juliet*, where it is ſaid, that Love is

Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,
Ere we can can ſay it lightens.

V. 63. *Love makes a man a fool, &c.*] There is a jingle in the original, which our author is too apt to indulge in. *Is* mores *hominum* moros *et* moroſos *efficit.*

V. 64.] There is ſomething very much in the manner of our author, and like the preſent paſſage, in the play of *Shakeſpeare* above mentioned, where he ſpeaks of the contradiction in the nature of Love.

Love—heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms! &c.

I forbear quoting the whole paſſage, as I cannot think it one of the moſt ſhining altogether.

Ever

Ever to take up your abode with Love.—
But I adviſe you,—think and think again,
How you ſhould act: for if you ſtill go on
So as you ſeem to promiſe, you'll at once
Deſtroy the reputation of your houſe:
You'll ſet it, as it were, on fire; and then
Will you want water, to extinguiſh it;
Which when you've got, (as is the way of lovers
They are ſo wondrous cunning,) you'll not leav
A ſingle ſpark to light it up again.
Les. That's eaſy to be found; and if you a
Your very enemy will give you fire.—
But, while you rate me for my miſdemeanour,
Yourſelf would urge me to a viler courſe.—
My ſiſter you would have, and would perſuade me
Without a portion to beſtow her: but
It is not fit, that I, who have run out
So large a patrimony, ſhould be rich,
And own a farm, while want is all her portion;
So ſhould I juſtly be her ſcorn and hatred.

V. 71. *To take up your abode with love.*] The original is,
Inſanum eſt malum in hoſpitum devorti ad Cupidinem.

V. 76. *You'll ſet it, as it were, on fire.*] The metaphor in the original is rather dark and confuſed, neither can it appear very elegant to the modern reader.

Si iſtuc, ut facis indicium, conâre, tuum incendes genus.
Tum igitur tibi aquæ erit cupido, genus quî reſtinguas tuum.
Atque erit, ſi nactus, proinde ut corde amantes ſunt cati,
Nè ſcintillam quidem relinques, genus qui conglíſcat tuum.
Les. *Facile eſt inventu: datur ignis tametſi ab inimicis petas.*

Who

Who bears him gently to his own relations,
Will ne'er ſhew hard to others.—As I've ſaid,
I'll do,—no longer then oppoſe me in it.
LYS. And is it better you ſhould ſuffer want
By reaſon of your ſiſter, and that I
Should have the farm rather than you, wherewith
You might repair your ſhatter'd fortune?
LES. No,
My poverty ne'er think on; let me be
Diſtreſt, not infamous; nor let them ſay,
That in beſtowing her without a portion
I gave her into keeping, not in marriage.
I ſhould be held a raſcal, no one greater;
And ſuch report would give a grace to you.
But ſully me, if portionleſs you took her:—
You would gain honour, I ſhould meet reproach.
LYS. By giving me the farm, you'd fain be ſtil'd

V. 91. *Who bears him gently to his own relations,*
Will ne'er ſhew hard to others.]
Nunquam erit alienis gravis, qui ſuis ſe concinnat levem.

V. 97. *Repair your ſhatter'd fortune.*] *Tua quî toleres mœnia.* For *mœnia* ſome read *munia*, and interpret it,—*wherewith you may ſupport yourſelf*; but I rather prefer the other reading, and the metaphorical ſenſe, in which I have rendered it.

V. 101. *I gave her into keeping, not in marriage.*] The original is,

Me germanam meam ſororem in concubinatum *tibi*
Sic ſine dote dediſſe, magìs quàm in matrimonium.

This is a very elegant thought, eſpecially if it be conſidered, that it was reckoned diſhonourable among the ancients for a maiden to be given in marriage without a portion. On this circumſtance the force of many paſſages in this play depends.

A Man

A Man of Honour!

LES. 'Tis not in my thoughts:
This, this is honour to an honeſt man
For ever to be mindful of his duty.

LES. In ſooth I know the purpoſe of your heart;
I ſee it all, I ſcent it, I perceive it.
Soon as the bond of near affinity
Is knit betwixt us,—when you've given the farm,
And nothing left you here for your ſupport,—
The marriage ended,—ſtraight you'll fly the city
A needy wanderer, deſert your country,
Relations, friends; and they will ſay, my avarice
Had frighted you away: then think not, I
Shall ſuffer it.

STAS. *(advancing)* I can't help crying out,
Bravo! bravo! *Lyſiteles*, encore!
You've won the prize with eaſe; your play's the beſt;
The ſubject better manag'd, and the lines

V. 107. *A Man of Honour!*] The exact and literal meaning of the original could not be intelligibly expreſſed in the tranſlation. Says *Lyſiteles*,

Quid? te Dictatorem *cenſes fore, ſi abs te agrum acceperim.*

"What? do you think, that you ſhould attain to the *honour* "*of the* Dictatorſhip, if I were to accept of this farm from you?" This is ſpoken in raillery, in anſwer to what *Leſbonicus* had ſaid to his friend before.

V. 120. *Encore!*] My adopting a *French* term is, I hope, juſtifiable, as our author himſelf introduces a *Greek* one, παλιν, in the ſame ſenſe, and which, it is probable, was applied in the *Roman* theatre in the ſame manner as the modern word is uſed by us.—The whole ſpeech is in alluſion to the rewards and puniſhments beſtowed of old upon theatrical performers; for an account of which, ſee the Prologue to *Amphitryon*, v. 39, and 103, with the Notes, Vol. I. of this tranſlation.

Are better.--How then? *(to Leſb.)* Are you ſuch an oaf
Still to diſpute it?—Think you of the fine.
LES. Who bid you meddle, and what brought you hither,
To join our councils?
STAS. That which brought me hither
Shall carry me away. *(retires.)*
LES. Come with me home,
Lyſiteles, where we will talk together
More of theſe matters.
LYS. Nothing am I wont
To do in private, I'll now ſpeak my mind.—
If, as I think you ought, you'll give your ſiſter
In marriage to me, and without a portion;
Nor you yourſelf will after go abroad;
What's mine is yours.—But if you're other minded,
All good betide you!—On no other terms
I'll hold you for a friend.—So I'm reſolv'd.
[*Exit* LYSTELES; *and* LESBONICUS *goes off directly after.*

SCENE IV.

STASIMUS *alone.*

He's gone.—D'ye hear, *Lyſiteles?*—I want you.—
My maſter, he is gone too.—*Staſimus*, thou
Art left alone then.—What now ſhall I do?
Why, ſtrap my knapſack tight together, fit
My buckler to my back, order my ſhoes

V. 5. *Order my ſhoes to be new ſoal'd.*] *Fulmentas jubeam ſuppingi, ſoccis.*

To be new ſoal'd:—we cannot ſtay.—I ſee,
That I muſt ſhortly be a ſoldier's ſkip:
My maſter for ſupport will throw himſelf
Into the ſervice of ſome prince or other.
Faith he will prove himſelf the beſt of warriors—
In a retreat;—he'll fall an eaſy prey,
To any one who chances to oppoſe him.
For me,—when with a bow I'm ſtrongly arm'd,
A quiver ſtuck with arrows, on my head
An helmet,—in the tent I'll ſleep at eaſe.
Now will I to the Forum, and demand

V. 7. *A ſoldier's ſkip.*] *Caculam militarem.*

V. 8. *For his ſupport.*] *In ſaginam.* This means, in general, *good living.* Others read, *ſagena*, which ſignifies a *weel to catch fiſh in.* See this latter explained in the Note to the *Braggard Captain*, Act II. Scene XVIII. v. 49.

V. 10. *Faith he will prove himſelf the beſt of warriors,—*
In a retreat:—he'll fall an eaſy prey,
To any one, who chances to oppoſe him.]

The original is,

Credo ad ſummos bellatores acrem fugitorem fore,
Et capturum ſpolia ibi illum, qui meo hero adverſus venerit.

There does not appear to me, either in the text, or in any of the commentators, any foundation for the turn given to the laſt line by *Limiers*, though it muſt be confeſſed to be an humourous one:

Null auſſi pour piller *ne ſera plus d'exploits.*

V. 15. *In the tent I'll ſleep at eaſe.*] This humour is of a piece with that of *Soſia*, in *Amphitryon*, who aſks *Mercury*,

If you are Socia,—*tell me,—while the armies*
Were in the heat of battle, what did you
Do in the tent? Tell that, and I knock under.

See the whole paſſage, Act I. Scene I. v. 377.

The

The talent, which I lent ſix days ago;
That with me I may have ſomething withal
To bear my travelling charges on the way. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter MEGARONIDES *and* CALLICLES.

MEGARONIDES.

As you relate th' affair, it cannot be
By any means, but that a portion muſt
Be given with the maid.

CAL. It cannot be
Right honeſt in me ſure to let her wed
Without a portion, when I've wherewithal
At home in my poſſeſſion for that purpoſe.

MEG. You have a portion, true;—unleſs you chuſe
To wait, 'till ſhe's diſpos'd of by her brother
In marriage without dower: then yourſelf
May go to *Philto*, tell him that you'll give
A portion, that you do't by reaſon of
Your friendſhip with her father. Yet I fear
This very proffer might perhaps involve you
In foul report and ſcandal with the people:
That you were friendly to the girl, they'd ſay,
Was not without a reaſon, and the dower,
They will pretend, was giv'n you by her father,
To give to her; with that you were ſo generous.
Nor even that, would they believe, that you
Had giv'n her whole, and nothing had ſubſtracted.

Now, if the coming you would wait of *Charmides*,
The time is very long, and all the while
No portion to the man that marries her.

CAL. In troth all this has come into my mind.

MEG. Think you 'twould be more uſeful to our purpoſe,
For me to go to *Leſbonicus*, and
Inform him of the matter?

CAL. How? diſcover
The treaſure to a wild young ſpark, brimful
Of love and wantonneſs? No, by no means:
For I do know for certain, he could eat up
That, and the very place too, where 'tis hid:
Where I'm afraid to dig, leſt he ſhould hear
The ſound, and at a word ſpoke of the portion
Smell out the very thing.

MEG. What's to be done then?

CAL. The treaſure may be dug up privately,
When opportunity is found: mean while
I'll borrow ſomewhere of ſome friend or other
What money's needful.

MEG. Can you any where
Prevail upon a friend to lend it?

CAL. Surely.

MEG. No, no,—you'll find they have an anſwer ready:

V. 23. *No portion to the man that marries her.*] Two interpretations have been given, *ducenti intereà abſceſſerit.* The one ſuppoſes *voluntas* to be underſtood, and then it would mean, that *Lyſiteles* might perhaps change his mind: but the other ſenſe, which I have followed, ſeems to me the leaſt forced.

" Indeed

"Indeed I have it not, I cannot lend it,"

CAL. Were they ſincere in this, I'd rather hear it,
Than have their money.

MEG. Hold—I have a thought;—
See, if it likes you.

CAL. What's your thought?

MEG. A brave one,
At leaſt in my opinion.

CAL. Say, what is it?

MEG. Let there be forthwith hired, as ſoon as can be,
Some man to perſonate a ſtranger.

CAL. What
Is he to do then?

MEG. Let his dreſs be ſhap'd
Exactly to the foreign mode; his face
Unknown, an impudent and lying knave.

CAL. What after?

MEG. To our ſpark then let him come
As from his father, from *Seleucia*;
Salute him in the old man's name, aquaint him,
That he is well, and purpos'd to return
Forthwith: two letters he muſt likewiſe bring,
Which we will forge, as coming from the father;
One for the ſon, the other, he muſt ſay
To you he would deliver.

CAL. Well,—go on.

MEG. Moreover, from the father let him ſay
He has brought money for the maiden's portion,
Which he has orders to deliver you.—
Do you conceive me now?

CAL. Moſt thoroughly,

And hear with pleaſure.

MEG. You will give the youth
This money, when the maid ſhall be diſpos'd
In marriage.

CAL. A moſt admirable thought!

MEG. By this, when you have dug the treaſure up,
You will remove ſuſpicion from the youth,
Who'll think the money brought you from his father:—
You'll take it from the treaſure.

CAL. Very good:—
Though at theſe years I am aſham'd to play
A double part.—But hold—When he ſhall bring
The letters ſeal'd, for ſeal'd they muſt be brought,
Do you not think, the ſpark's acquainted with
Th' impreſſion of his father's ring?

MEG. No more:
You'll find an hundred reaſons:—he has loſt
That which he us'd to have, and got a new one:—
What if indeed they were not ſeal'd at all,
This might be ſaid, that they were open'd, and
Inſpected at the Cuſtoms.—But in troth
To wear the day in prating of this buſineſs,
Is merely idleneſs, and waſte of time:—
Though we could ſpin our talk out ere ſo long.
Go to the treaſure privily,—remove
Your ſervants, men, and maids,—and hearkye—

CAL. What?

V. 70. *To play—A double part.*] The original is, *ſycophantari pudet.*

V. 74. *Th' impreſſion of his father's ring.*] *Annuli paterni ſignum.* The ancients had their ſeals ſet in rings.

V. 79. *At the Cuſtoms.*] The original is, *apud Portitorem.*

MEG.

MEG. See, you conceal it even from your wife:--
For there is nothing ſhe can keep a ſecret.
Why do you ſtand? why do you loiter now?
Why don't you hence? Dig, open, and draw forth
What ſum's ſufficient for the purpoſe, then
Cloſe up again;—but do it privately,
As I directed:—turn out all your people.

CAL. I'll do ſo.

MEG. But we talk too long: the day
Is waſting, while there's need of haſte. Believe me,
You've nought to fear about the ſeal: th' excuſe
I mention'd is a rare one,—that they were
Inſpected at the Cuſtoms. And beſides,
Do you not ſee the time of day? What think you
One of his nature, of his diſpoſition,
Can be about? he has been drunk long ſince.
He will agree to what you pleaſe: and then,
What makes moſt for us, he that we ſhall hire
Will bring, not aſk for money.

CAL. I am ſatisfied.

MEG. I'll to the Forum, hire a Counterfeit,
And ſend him with two letters to the youth
Fully inſtructed.

CAL. I then will go in,
And ſtraight about the buſineſs. You'll take care
Of your's.

MEG. It ſhall be done, or I'm a fool elſe.

V. 103. *A Counterfeit.*] In the original, *Sycophanta.*

The End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter CHARMIDES.

TO the high ruler of the ſea, *Jove*'s brother,
And to his *Thetis*, I give praiſe and thanks
With joy and gratitude; to the ſalt floods,
That having in their pow'r my life, my all,
From their dread realms reſtor'd me to my country.
To you, great *Neptune*, above other Gods,
I pay my utmoſt thanks.—Men call you cruel,
Rude, and ſevere, of greedy diſpoſition,
Blood-thirſty, fierce, unſufferable, outrageous:
But I have prov'd you other; in the deep
I found you of an eaſy clement nature,
And mild as I could wiſh.—I've heard before
This commendation of you, and from great ones,
That you were wont to ſpare the indigent,
And cruſh the wealthy.—I applaud your juſtice
In treating men according to their merits.—
'Tis worthy of the Gods to have reſpect
Unto the poor.—I know you may be truſted,
Though they proclaim you treacherous: for without
Your aid, your wild attendants in the deep
Had maul'd me ſorely, ſcatter'd all I have,

V. 2. *His Thetis.*] *Nerei Neptuni*, that is, *Thetis*, the daughter of *Nereus*.

V. 9. *Blood-thirſty.*] *Spurcificum*, which *Nonius* explains, by *ſævum ſanguinarium*.

All

All mine, and me too, through the azure plains.
Fierce hurricanes beſet the ſhip, like dogs:
Rain, winds, and waves had broke the maſts and yards,
And ſplit the ſails, if with propitious peace
You had not been at hand.—Away then: I'm
Reſolv'd henceforth to give me up to eaſe.—
I've got enough.—O with what troubles have I
Struggled, in ſeeking riches for my ſon?
But who is this, that's entering now our ſtreet?—
A ſtranger in appearance, and in dreſs.—
Well,—though I needs muſt long to be at home,
I'll wait awhile, and ſee what he's about.

SCENE II.

Enter THE COUNTERFEIT *at a diſtance.*

I'll name this day the Feſtival of Three Pieces,
On which I've let my art out for that ſum.

V. 32. *Muſt long to be at home.*] Nothing indeed can appear more unnatural than that *Charmides*, juſt returned home from a voyage, ſhould wait in the ſtreet out of curioſity on the appearance of a ſtranger, only to know his buſineſs. I cannot help thinking, but that this ſeeming abſurdity might have been removed, if the *Counterfeit* had come in firſt, and *Charmides* had met him, as he was going to his houſe. There is alſo the ſame kind of abſurdity at the concluſion of the next ſcene, where *Charmides* again ſtops to know the buſineſs of another perſon, whom he ſees coming in a hurry.

V. 1. *The Feſtival of Three Pieces.*] The original is,

Huic ego diei nomen Trinummo dicam.

See the note on the Prologue to this Play, v. 21.

Here am I, from *Seleucia* juſt arriv'd,
Arabia, *Aſia*, *Macedon*,—which I never
Saw with my eyes, nor ever once ſet foot on.—
Behold, what troubles will not poverty
Bring on a needy wretch!—For thoſe three pieces
Am I compell'd to ſay, that I receiv'd
Theſe letters from a man, of whom I'm ignorant,
Who he may be; nor do I know indeed,
If ſuch an one was ever born.

CHARM. In troth
This fellow's like a muſhroom: he's all head.—
His countenance beſpeaks him an *Illyrian*,
His garb too, of that country.

COUNT. He, who hired me,
Brought me home with him, told me what he wanted,
Gave me inſtructions how and what to do:
If of my own head I ſhould throw in more,
Our plot will thrive the better.—I'm apparell'd,
As he would have me:—Money 'tis, that does it:—
My garb he hired from the Play-houſe.---Now
If my diſguiſe ſucceed, I'll prove myſelf
No common cheat.

CHARM. The more I ſee his looks,
The leſs I like them.—He's ſome night-adventurer,

V. 12. *Like a muſhroom: he's all head.*] *Fungino genere eſt; capite ſe totum tegit.*

V. 20. *From the Play-houſe.*] In the original,—*A Chorago.*

V. 23. *Night-adventurer.*] The original is, *Dormitator*, which is ſaid to mean, *one who ſleeps in the day, that he may rob at night.*

Or

Or cut-purſe ſurely.—How he looks about him,
How he ſurveys the place, and of my houſe
Takes ſpecial note!—Why ſure he marks the place,
To come and rob it by and by.—'Twere beſt
To watch him cloſe what he's about:—I'll do ſo.

COUNT. This is the ſpot my hirer pointed out,
And this the houſe, where I'm to play my part.
I'll knock then at the door.

CHARM. The fellow makes
Directly to my houſe.—Egad, I fancy
I muſt keep watch to-night, though juſt arriv'd.

COUNT. Open the door there—Open—Where's the porter?

CHARM. What do you want, young man?—Why knock you here?

COUNT. Prithee, old grey-beard, I have giv'n account
Already, when examin'd at the Cuſtoms.—
I want a young man,—ſomewhere hereabout
He dwells,—one *Leſbonicus*,—and another
With a white pate as yours is;—he, from whom
I had theſe letters, ſaid his name was *Callicles*.

CHARM. (*Aſide*) 'Tis *Leſbonicus* my own ſon he ſeeks,

V. 24. *Cut-purſe.*] *Sector Zonarius.* The ancients carried their purſes hanging at their girdles, or put their money into the girdles themſelves, as is the practice with ſome to this day.

V. 34. *Where's the porter?*] *Ecquis his foribus tutelam gerit?*

V. 37. *When examin'd at the Cuſtoms.*] The original is, *Cenſus cùm* Juratori *rationem dedi.*—*Jurator*, or *Conjurator*, the commentators tell us, was an officer, to whom all perſons coming from abroad were obliged to give in their names, their country, and their buſineſs.

And

And *Callicles* my friend too, in whoſe charge
I left my means and children.—
COUNT. If you know,
Moſt rev'rend Sire, inform me where they dwell.
CHARM. Why do you want to find them out?—
Who are you?
Whence are you? where d'you come from?
COUNT. Hey!—You aſk
So many queſtions in a breath, I know not
Which to reſolve you firſt: but if you'll put them
Gently and ſingly, one by one, my name
I'll tell, and wherefore I have journey'd hither.
CHARM. Well,—as you pleaſe. Come,—tell me
firſt your name.
COUNT. You aſk an arduous taſk.
CHARM. Why ſo?
COUNT. Becauſe,
Should you ſet out, before the day began,
With the firſt part and foremoſt of my name,
The night would go to bed ere you had reach'd
The hindmoſt of it.
CHARM. He had need of torches
And of proviſions, whoſo undertakes
To journey through it.
COUNT. I've another name though;
A tiny one,—no bigger than an hogſhead.

V. 56. *The night would go to bed.*] *Concubium ſit noctis.*

V. 57. *He had need of torches—And of proviſions.*] *Opus face eſt et viatico. Charmides* means by this,—"if your name is ſo long, "that one cannot in pronouncing it get through it in a day, "one has need to take care, that lights and proviſions may not "be wanting."

CHARM.

CHARM. This is a rogue in grain!—But hearkye—

COUNT. What?

CHARM. What want you with thoſe perſons you enquire for?

COUNT. The father of the young man *Leſbonicus*, Gave me theſe letters.—He's my friend.

CHARM. *(Aſide)* I have him,— He's taken in the manner.—He pretends, Myſelf did give him letters,—I will have Rare ſun with him.

COUNT. Attend, and I'll proceed.

CHARM. I am attentive.

COUNT. He commiſſion'd me To give one letter to young *Leſbonicus*, His ſon, the other to his friend, to *Callicles*.

CHARM. A pretty joke, i'faith!—I'll keep it up. Where was he?

COUNT. He has manag'd matters well.

CHARM. Where?

COUNT. In *Seleucia*.

CHARM. You had letters of him?

COUNT. With his own hands he gave them into mine.

CHARM. What ſort of man?

COUNT. He's taller than yourſelf By half a foot.

CHARM. *(Aſide)* Faith he has gravell'd me, To find that I was taller when away, Than now I'm here.—You knew him, did you not?

COUNT. Knew him? A fooliſh queſtion!—We were us'd

V. 64. *Taken in the manner.*] An old *Engliſh* phraſe, ſignifying *caught in the act*. The original is, *teneo hunc manifeſtarium*.

To

To meſs together.

CHARM. Say then, what name bore he?

COUNT. A fair one verily.

CHARM. I'd hear his name.

COUNT. *(Heſitating)* It's--it's--ah me!—his name is—

CHARM. What's the matter?

COUNT. I've ſwallow'd it this inſtant unawares.

CHARM. How? ſwallow'd, ſay you? troth, I like him not,
Who holds his friends inclos'd within his teeth.

COUNT. I had it at my tongue's end but juſt now.

CHARM. *(Aſide)* 'Twas opportune my coming here to-day
Before this raſcal.

COUNT. *(Aſide)* I am caught moſt plainly.

CHARM. Have you yet found the name?

COUNT. 'Fore Gods and men I own myſelf abaſh'd.

CHARM. Behold, how much
You knew him!

COUNT. As myſelf.—It happens oft,
That what we hold in hand, and have in ſight,
We look for as if loſt.—I'll recollect it
Letter by letter.—It begins with C.

CHARM. Is it *Callicias?*

COUNT. No.

CHARM. *Callippus?*

COUNT. No.

CHARM. Is't *Callidemides?*

COUNT. No.

CHARM. *Callinicus?*

COUNT. No.

CHARM.

CHARM. Is't *Callimarchus?*

COUNT. 'Tis in vain to ſeek it,
Nor do I heed it much, ſo my own name
I don't forget.

CHARM. But there are many here
Call'd *Leſbonicus*; and, unleſs you tell
The father's name, I cannot ſhew them to you,
Whom you enquire for.—What is't like?—We'll try,
If we can hit upon it by conjecture.

COUNT. 'Tis like *Char.*

CHARM. Is it *Chares? Charidemus?*
Or *Charmides?*

COUNT. Oh, that.—The Gods confound him!

CHARM. 'Tis fitter you ſhould bleſs a friend than curſe him.

COUNT. A worthleſs fellow, to have lain perdue thus
Within my lips and teeth.

CHARM. You ſhould not ſpeak
Ill of an abſent friend.

COUNT. Why did the knave
Then hide him from me?

CHARM. He had anſwer'd, had you
But call'd him by his name.—Where is he now?

COUNT. Truly I left him laſt at *Rhadamanth*
In the *Cecropian* Iſland.

CHARM. *(Aſide)* Can there be
A greater ſimpleton than I, to aſk

V. 111. At *Rhadamanth.*] This is a fictitious name, and alludes to *Rhadamanthus*, one of the three judges of the infernal regions.

Where

Where I myſelf am? But no matter.—Tell me,—

COUNT. What?

CHARM. Let me aſk, what places have you been at?

COUNT. Moſt, wondrous ones.

CHARM. I ſhould be glad to hear,
If 'tis not too much trouble.

COUNT. I'm impatient
To give you an account.—Then firſt of all,
We came to *Araby* in *Pontus*.

CHARM. How?
Is *Araby* in *Pontus?*

COUNT. Yes, it is;
But not that *Araby*, where frankincenſe
Is grown, but where ſweet-marjoram, and wormwood.

CHARM. *(Aſide)* 'Tis the completeſt knave!—More fool am I though,
To aſk him whence I came, (which I muſt know,
He cannot,) but that I've a mind to try,
How he'll get off at laſt.—What is your name,
Young man?

COUNT. 'Tis *Touchit*;—that, Sir, is my name,
A common one.

CHARM. A very knaviſh name;
As though you meant to ſay, if any thing
Was truſted to you, *touch it*, and 'tis gone.—
But harkye,—whither did you further travel?

COUNT. Attend, and I'll relate. We journey'd on

V. 127. *Touchit.*] The original is, *Tax*, from *tangere*, to *touch*, or to *ſteal*, to which *Charmides*'s anſwer alludes.

Quaſi dicas, ſi quid crediderim tibi, Tax, *periiſſe illicò.*

Beneath

To the river's head that riſes out of heaven
Beneath the throne of *Jove.*

CHARM. The throne of *Jove?*

COUNT. I ſay it.

CHARM. Out of heav'n?

COUNT. Aye, from the midſt on't.

CHARM. How! you aſcended up to heav'n?

COUNT. We did;
In a ſmall cock-boat were we carried thither
Againſt the ſtream.

CHARM. Oh ho!—And ſaw you *Jove?*

COUNT. The other Gods inform'd us he was gone
Unto his villa to diſpenſe proviſions
Among his ſlaves.—Moreover—

CHARM. Pſha! moreover
I want to hear no more.

COUNT. Nay, I have done,
If you are tired.

CHARM. How ſhameleſs! who pretends,
That he has mounted up from earth to heaven.

COUNT. I'll let you go then, ſince I ſee you chuſe it:—
But ſhew me where they live whom I enquire for,
Where I may bear theſe letters.

CHARM. Hearkye now,
If haply you ſhould ſee this *Charmides,*
The ſame that you pretend gave you thoſe letters,
Say, ſhould you know him?

COUNT. Think you I'm a beaſt,
As not to know a man I've paſt my life with?
Or, can you think, would he be ſuch an oaf,
To truſt me with a thouſand *Phillippeans,*

Enjoining me to bear them to his ſon
And *Callicles* his friend, to whom, he told me,
He had conſign'd the charge of his affairs?
Would he, I ſay, have truſted me, except
We had been well acquainted with each other?

CHARM. *(Aſide)* Now would I trick this trickſter,—if I could
But cozen him of thoſe thouſand *Phillippeans*,
He ſaid I gave him! though I know him not,
Nor ever ſaw him till this day.—What, I
Truſt him with gold? who would not even give
A dump of lead to ſave him from an hanging.—
I muſt go cunningly to work.—Hoa, *Touchit*,
Three words with you.

COUNT. Three hundred, if you pleaſe.

CHARM. Have you the money you received of *Charmides?*

COUNT. In *Phillippeans*, told upon the nail,
A thouſand pieces.

CHARM. You receiv'd them, did you,
Of *Charmides* himſelf?

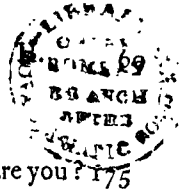
COUNT. It had been wondrous,
Had I receiv'd them of his grandſire truly,
Or his great-grandſire,—who are dead.

CHARM. Young man,
Prithee give me the gold.

COUNT. Give you what gold?

CHARM. That which you own'd you did receive of me.

V. 164. *A dump of lead.*] *Nummum plumbeum.*
V. 168. *Told upon the nail.*] *Numeratum in menſâ.*



COUNT. Receiv'd you?

CHARM. I ſay it.

COUNT. Who are you?

CHARM. Who gave to you the thouſand pieces:—I Am *Charmides*.

COUNT. You're not, nor ever ſhall be,
I mean, the maſter of this gold.—Away,—
You are a knowing one!—you'd take me in!—
But I too am a knowing one.

CHARM. I'm *Charmides*.

COUNT. You may be, but in vain.—I bring no money.
You've crept upon me in the very nick
Moſt ſlily. When I ſaid I had brought gold,
You then was *Charmides*;—before you was not,
Till I made mention of the gold.—'Twon't do.—
So prithee, as you've taken up the name
Of *Charmides*, e'en lay it down again.

CHARM. Who am I, if I am not that I am?

COUNT. What's that to me? Be whom you pleaſe, you're welcome,

V. 179. *Knowing one.*] The original is,

Ab iſis, nugator! nugari nugatori poſtulas.

Nugari, and *nugator*, is commonly uſed by our author to ſignify *cheating* or *impoſing upon*.

V. 185.] The original is,

Ut charmidatus es, rurſum recharmida.

There appears to me no reaſon for the refined ſuppoſition of ſome of the commentators, that an alluſion is here made to the derivation of the name of *Charmides* from the *Greek*. It ſeems rather a mere banter, as I have endeavoured to expreſs it in the tranſlation.

So you are not the perſon I'd not have you.
Before, you was not who you was; and now,
You are who then you was not.

CHARM. Come, diſpatch.

COUNT. How? what diſpatch?

CHARM. Give me the money.

COUNT. Sure
You dream, old gentleman.

CHARM. Did you not own,
That *Charmides* had giv'n it you?

COUNT. I did,—
In writing,—not in ſpecie.

CHARM. Prithee hence,
And leave the place this inſtant, e'er I order you
An hearty drubbing.

COUNT. Why?

CHARM. Becauſe myſelf
Am that ſame *Charmides* that you've invented;—
Who you pretend has giv'n you letters.

COUNT. How!
I pray you, are you he?

CHARM. Yes, I am he.

COUNT. What ſay you? are you he?

CHARM. I am, I ſay.

COUNT. Himſelf?

CHARM. I ſay, I'm *Charmides*,—himſelf.

COUNT. And are you he himſelf?

CHARM. His very ſelf.—
Out of my ſight;—Be gone then.

V. 196. *In writing.*] *Scriptum quidem.*

COUNT.

COUNT. Now, becauſe
Your coming was ſo late, I'll have you beaten
At the new Ædiles' and my own award.
CHARM. What! you abuſe me?
COUNT. All the gods confound you
For your arrival! I had little car'd,
If you had periſh'd firſt.—I've got at leaſt
The money for my trouble.—Ill betide you!
And now, or who you are, or who you are not,
I value not a ſtraw.—To him I'll go,
Who hir'd me for three pieces, and acquaint him,
How that his money's thrown away.--I'm gone.--
Farewell?—Fare ill!—May all the gods confound you,
For coming from abroad,—you, maſter *Charmides!*
[*Exit.*

V. 207. *Ædiles.*] *Taubman* and others of the Commentators confeſs, that the meaning of this paſſage is very obſcure; and their explanations ſeem to me far from ſatisfactory.

The ſituation in this Scene is highly comic. Mr. *Colman*, in the Preface to his Tranſlation of *Terence*, takes notice, that he does not recollect ever to have ſeen it obſerved, that the diſguiſe of the Pedant in *Shakeſpeare's Taming of the Shrew*, his aſſuming the name and character of *Vincentio*, together with his encountering the real *Vincentio*, ſeem to be evidently taken from this Scene in our Author.—An incident of the ſame kind we meet with in the old Play of *Albumazar*, Act IV. Scene VII. which appears likewiſe to be palpably borrowed from this place.

SCENE III.

CHARMIDES *alone.*

Now he is gone, I've opportunity
And time more freely to debate this matter.---
I am perplex'd, I'm ſtung at heart, to think
What buſineſs he could have now at my door.—
Thoſe letters that he talk'd of fill my mind
With apprehenſions;—and thoſe thouſand pieces,
What could he mean by them?—The bell doth never
Clink of itſelf: unhandled, and unmov'd,
'Tis dumb.---But who is this, that down the ſtreet
Comes running hither?---I've a mind to watch
What he's about.---I'll ſtep aſide. [*Retires.*

SCENE IV.

Enter STASIMUS *running, at a diſtance.*

STAS. *(to himſelf)* Run, *Staſimus,*
Be quick, and hie thee with what ſpeed thou canſt
Home to thy maſter, or thy ſluggard folly
Will make thy ſhoulders ſhrug for fear.---Then haſte thee,
Quicken thy pace;---thou haſt been gone from home

V. 3. *Stung at heart.*] *Pectus pungit aculeus.*

V. 7. *The bell,* &c.] This is a ſhrewd conjecture in old *Charmides,* that the *Counterfeit* muſt have been ſet on by ſomebody, and affords perhaps a tolerable plea for his remaining on the ſtage, when *Staſimus* comes running on in the next Scene.

A long

A long while.—Have a care then that the laſh
Smack not upon thee, if thou ſhould'ſt be abſent,
When that thy maſter make for thee enquiry.—
Run, run then without ceaſing.—*(Stopping)* Hold thee,—*Staſimus*,
What a ſad fellow art thou, to forget
Thy ring, and leave it at the tippling-houſe,
Where thou hadſt warm'd thy gullet?—Back again,
And aſk for't ere too late.—

CHARM. Whoe'er he be,
He ſkips and friſks about, as if an horſe-fly
Had him to break, and taught him the menage.

STAS. Art not aſham'd, to loſe thy memory
In drinking but three pottles?—or didſt think
The men thou drank'ſt with were ſuch honeſt ſouls,
They'd keep their hands from picking. There was *Theruchus*,
Cerconicus, *Crinnus*, *Cercobulus*, *Collabus*,

V. 6. *The laſh—ſmack not upon thee.*] The original is, *Ne bubuli in te cottabi crepent. Cottabus* properly ſignifies the noiſe made by the drop in the bottom of a drinking cup, which the ancients were uſed to throw out ſmartly upon the pavement. *Cottabus bubulus* is therefore uſed metaphorically by our author to ſignify the ſmack of a whip, when jerked upon the back of the perſon puniſhed.

V. 11. *Ring.*] *Condalium*, a kind of ring, worn by ſlaves.

V. 14. *An horſe-fly*, &c.] The original is,

Huic, quiſquis eſt,
Curculio eſt exerciter: is hunc hominem curſuram docet.

Curculio, we are told, ſignifies a little worm that eats out the pitch of corn, called a weevil. I have taken the liberty to give this paſſage another turn, as being more intelligible.

A race of broken-ſhin'd and black-eyed bruiſers,
Knights of the chain, and ſquires o'th' whipping-poſt.
And canſt thou hope then from among ſuch fellows
To get thy ring, when one of them did ſteal
A racer's ſhoe off in his utmoſt ſpeed?
CHARM. 'Fore heav'n, a finiſh'd thief!
STAS. What's beſt to do?
Shall I, in ſeeking what is gone for ever,
Add loſs of labour too?—What's gone, is gone.—
Then tack about, and hie thee to thy maſter.
CHARM. This is no run-away rogue, that having ſtray'd
Forgets to find his way home.
STAS. Would to heav'n!
That the old manners, and the ancient thrift,
Were held in greater honour now-a-days
Than the baſe faſhion of our times.
CHARM. Good heavens!
How gravely and how ſolemnly he talks!
The old, the old he praiſes, he is all
For the old manners.
STAS. Modern uſes teach us
To do what beſt we like, not what is beſt.
Ambition is by cuſtom ſanctified.
Freed from the law's reſtraint:—To throw away

V. 21. *Broken-ſhin'd and black-eyed bruiſers*, &c.] *Oculicrepidæ, cruricrepidæ, ferriteri, maſtigiæ.*

V. 25. *A racer's ſhoe*, &c.] This hyperbole is only to be excuſed by ſuppoſing that ſuch extravagancies were allowable and even aplauded in our author's time.

29. *Tack about.*] *Cape verſoriam. Verſoria* means, a cord uſed to turn the ſails of a ſhip.

One's ſhield, and turn one's back upon the foe,
Is licens'd by our manners: to make vice
The ready road to honour, is the practice.
CHARM. Villainous manners!
STAS. To neglect the brave,
And paſs them by unheeded, is the cuſtom.
CHARM. 'Tis infamous!
STAS. Theſe manners have o'erpower'd
The laws themſelves, and hold them in ſubmiſſion
With more authority than children now
Are us'd to ſway their parents. The poor ſtatutes
With iron nails are fix'd againſt the walls:
But it were fitter our degenerate manners
Were ſtuck up in their ſtead.
CHARM. I have a mind
To join, and enter into talk with him,
I hear him with ſuch pleaſure: but I fear,
If I addreſs him, the diſcourſe he'll turn
To other matters.
STAS. Nothing now requires
The ſanction of the laws; for theſe are bent
In pliable ſubjection to our manners,
Which in their wild career deſtroy, confound
All ſacred and all public rights.
CHARM. A miſchief
Light on theſe manners!

V. 50. *Fix'd againſt the walls.*] It was the cuſtom formerly to hang up the laws cut in wood or braſs for the public inſpection, which *Staſimus* ſuppoſes to be done by way of puniſhment to them.

STAS.

STAS. Does not this require
The reprehenſion of the public ſtate?
For men of ſuch a ſtamp, ſuch evil habits,
Are univerſal enemies to all;
They injure the whole people, while they break
Through faith and honeſty; nay, they deſtroy
All confidence in thoſe, who nothing merit it,
By rend'ring them ſuſpected like themſelves:
For 'twill be thought that others diſpoſitions
Reſemble theirs.—Now, as for theſe reflections,
How they have chanc'd to come into my mind,
A certain matter that of late concern'd me
Prompted me with them.—What you lend, is loſt;
And when you aſk it of your friend again,
You by your kindneſs make that friend your enemy.
Still would you preſs him further, of two things
You have the choice, either to loſe your loan,
Or loſe your friend.

CHARM. Why ſurely this is *Staſimus*,
My fellow.

STAS. For example,—with the talent.

V. 78. *Loſe your friend.*] This ſame ſentiment is more briefly expreſſed by *Shakeſpeare* in his *Hamlet*; but it reſembles this paſſage ſo nearly, that one could almoſt be tempted to ſuppoſe it taken from our Author.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loſeth both itſelf and friend.
Act I. Scene VI. *Polonius.*

It muſt be confeſſed, that the ſtring of moral reflections, which *Staſimus* here utters, does not ſeem to come in character from this ſlave; and it is rather abſurd, that he ſhould loiter merely for that purpoſe.

I lent

I lent a friend, what did I? why, I bought
Myſelf an enemy, and ſold a friend.—
But I'm a fool to buſy thus my brain
About the public, rather than take heed
To that which moſt concerns myſelf, contrive
How to ſecure my back.—I'll go me home. *(Going)*

CHARM. Hola! you,—ſtop,—hola!—d'ye hear me?
—ſtop.

STAS. Stop?—I'll not ſtop.

CHARM. But prithee—

STAS. What if I
Diſlike your prithee?

CHARM. How now?—*Staſimus*,
You are too ſaucy.

STAS. You had better buy
One that will mind your bidding.

CHARM. I have bought,
And paid for one; but if he heed me not,
What ſhould I do?

STAS. Belabour him moſt heartily.

CHARM. Your counſel's right, and I'm reſolv'd to do ſo.

STAS. Except, indeed, that your are bounden to him
For his good ſervices.

CHARM. If you are good then,
I'll hold me bounden to you; but if otherwiſe,
I'll do as you direct.

STAS. What is't to me,
Whether your ſlaves are good or bad?

CHARM. Becauſe
You have a ſhare in't—in the good or bad.

STAS.

STAS. As to the one, I give it to you all:
The other (that's the good) place all to me.
CHARM. I ſhall, if you deſerve it.—Turn your head,
And look upon me: I am *Charmides.*
STAS. Ha! who makes mention of that beſt of mortals?
CHARM. That beſt of mortals, he himſelf,—'tis I.
STAS. *(turning)* O ſea! O earth! O heav'n! O all ye Gods!
Have I my eye-ſight clear? and is it he?
Or is it not?—'Tis he!—'tis he, for certain!—
'Tis he indeed!—O my moſt wiſh'd-for maſter,
Save you—
CHARM. And you too, *Staſimus.*
STAS. That you're ſafe—
CHARM. *(interrupting)* I know what you would ſay, and do believe you.
Wave other points: reſolve me but in this:
How do my children do, whom here I left,
My ſon and daughter?
STAS. They're alive, and well.
CHARM. Both, ſay you?
STAS. Both.
CHARM. Gods! 'twas your gracious will
To ſave me for them.—What I more would know,
I at my leiſure will enquire within,—
Let's enter.—Follow. *(Advancing to his houſe)*
STAS. Whither are you going?
CHARM. Whither but home?
STAS. You think then we live here?

CHARM.

CHARM. Where elſe can I imagine?

STAS. Now—

CHARM. What now?

STAS. This houſe—is none of our's.

CHARM. What's that you ſay?

STAS. Your ſon has ſold it,—

CHARM. Ruin'd!

STAS. For the *ready*,
Paid on the ſpot.

CHARM. For how much?

STAS. Forty *Minæ*.

CHAM. Undone!—Who bought it?

STAS. *Callicles*, to whom,
While abſent, your affairs you truſted: hither
Has he remov'd, and now abides here; us
He has turn'd out of doors.

CHARM. Where lives my ſon?

STAS. Here in this back part.

CHARM. Utterly undone!

STAS. I thought 'twould grieve you, when you came to hear it.

CHARM. What dangers have I paſt! borne, hapleſs wretch,
Through oceans vaſt, to pirates numberleſs
Expos'd, with hazard of my life!—At length
Preſerv'd, return'd in ſafety, I am loſt,
Here periſh, and through thoſe, for whom alone,
Old as I am, I ſtruggled with misfortunes.—
I'm ſick at heart with grief.—Support me, *Staſimus!*

STAS.

STAS. Shall I fetch water?

CHAR. When my property,—
When oh! that ſicken'd, then you ſhould have pour'd
Your water on it, ere 'twas paſt recovery.

SCENE V.

Enter CALLICLES.

CAL. What noiſe is this I hear before the door?

CHARM. O *Callicles!* O *Callicles!* to whom
Have I intruſted my affairs? ah me!
To what a friend?

CAL. An honeſt and a faithful,
A truſty one, of ſtrict fidelity.— 5
I am rejoic'd to ſee you here return'd
In ſafety.

CHARM. I believe it all, if ſo
You prove yourſelf as you pretend you are.—

V. 137. *When my property*, &c.] The original is,
Adimit animam ægritudo. Staſime! tene me.
STAS. *Viſne aquam Tibi petam?*
CHARM. *Res quum animam agebat, tum eſſe offuſam opportuit.*

I cannot wholly agree with *Limiers* and other criticks, who think that this witticiſm, as they call it, is unnatural, and out of character for *Charmides* in this place. It rather appears to me, that no joke is intended by him, but that he ſeriouſly means to complain, that *Staſimus* had not taken as much care to preſerve his property, as he now ſhews concern about his perſon. In this light the paſſage will perhaps appear truly comic; and there is often great humour in *comic* characters expreſſing the moſt ſerious ſentiments by the moſt ludicrous terms and alluſions.

But

But wherefore thus accoutred?

CAL. I'll inform you.
I have been digging up your treaſure here,
To portion out your daughter.—But within
More fully I'll unfold to you both this,
And other matters. Come along.

CHARM. Here, *Staſimus!*

STAS. Sir!

CHARM. Run with ſpeed unto the haven;—make
One running of it;—there you'll find the ſhip,
That brought me hither: bid *Sangario* ſee
The goods unladen, which I order'd;—go then,—
The impoſt I have paid.

STAS. I'll make diſpatch.

CHARM. Go, get you gone; be back with ſpeed.

STAS. I'm there,
And here too, in a twinkling.

CAL. Will you pleaſe

V. 9. *Thus accoutred.*] *Quis iſte eſt tuus ornatus?* There is nothing in our Author to lead us to gueſs in what particular dreſs, or what accoutrements, *Callicles* makes his appearance. *Lambin* ſays, he had pull'd off his cloaths, and put on a lighter dreſs, [*lenonem ornatum*, it is printed, but it ſhould be, *leviorem*] to dig out the treaſure. It may be ſo: or we may ſuppoſe he comes in with a ſpade, or ſome ſuch inſtrument, which may be deſigned by the word *ornatus*.

V. 14. *The* haven.] *Piræum. Piræus*, the port of *Athens*. *Make—one running of it.*] *Unum curriculum face.*

V. 18. *Impoſt.*] *Portorium.* See Act III. Scene V. v. 79. of this Play.

V. 20. *I'm there,—and here too, in a twinkling.*] *Illic ſum, atque hic ſum.*

To

To enter with me?—Come now.

CHARM. I attend you.

[*Exeunt* CALLICLES *and* CHARMIDES.

SCENE VI.

STASIMUS *alone.*

This is my maſter's friend! the only one,
That has ſtuck firmly to him! he, good man,
Has lov'd him with unchangeable affection!
Oh, he's the only one, I dare be ſworn,
That's faithful to him!—Aye,—he has a view
To ſerve himſelf in ſerving of my maſter. [*Exit.*

V. 1. *This is my maſter's friend!*] The beſt commentators ſuppoſe, that this ſpeech is ironical; and there is the greateſt reaſon to take it in that ſenſe from the concluſion, which I muſt confeſs, indeed, is read differently in different editions of the original. That this is not out of character for *Staſimus*, appears from his ſuſpicions of *Callicles* at the beginning of Scene II. Act III.

———His intent is
To get the farm too, as he got the houſe,
From *Leſbonicus*.

There is a defect in the original, in the middle of this ſpeech, which is variouſly ſupplied by the commentators.

Quanquam labores multos. * * * *

As the ſenſe is not hurt by it, I have intirely omitted taking any notice of it in the tranſlation.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter LYSITELES.

I Am the firſt of men, ſurpaſſing all
In pleaſure and in joy, ſo happily
Does every thing befall me, that I wiſh:
Still one ſucceſs is followed by another
In all I do, and tranſport ſeconds tranſport.
Young *Leſbonicus'* ſervant, *Staſimus*,
Met me juſt now, and told me, *Charmides*
His maſter was return'd here from abroad.
'Tis proper I ſhould meet him with all ſpeed,
That ſo the compact 'twixt his ſon and me
May by the father's ſanction be confirm'd.
I'll go.—But hark, the door I hear is opening:—
This hindrance now is moſt unſeaſonable.

(Retires at a diſtance.

V. 1. *I am the firſt of men.*] The original is, *Hic homo eſt omnium hominum præcipuus*; by which *Lyſiteles* means himſelf.

V. 11. *May by the father's ſanction be confirm'd.*] The original is, *ei rei* fundus *pater ſit potior. Fundus* is interpreted by *Feſtus* to ſignify *Author*, the chief author or actor of a thing; and in that ſenſe it is alſo uſed by *Cicero*.

SCENE II.

Enter CHARMIDES *and* CALLICLES.

CHARM. I cannot think there is a man on earth,
Or ever was a man, or ever will be,
Whose faith and honest firmness to his friend
Can equal thine: had it not been for thee,
He had unhous'd me of my house and home.
CAL. If I have serv'd my friend in any thing,
Or acted tow'rds him with fidelity,
I scarce can seem to merit any praise,
But think; I only have avoided blame.
Whatever we confer upon a friend
To have and hold for ever, is his own;
But what is only lent him for a time,
May be demanded back again at pleasure.
CHARM. 'Tis as you say.—But now, my honest friend,
I cannot enough wonder, that my son
Should have betroth'd his sister in a family
So wealthy as *Lysiteles' Philto*'s heir.
LYS. *(Behind)* My name he mentions.
CHARM. By my troth, the girl
Has got into the best of families.

V. 5. *Unhous'd me of my house and home.*] This is literally the sense of the original, *exædificavisset me ex his ædibus,* meaning his son *Lysiteles.*

V. 16. *In a family—so wealthy.*] *In tam fortem familiam,* which *Nonius* explains, as I have translated it, *divitem, copiosam.*

LYS. Why not addreſs me to them?—Yet 'tis better
To wait awhile; for the diſcourſe concerns me.
CHARM. Ah!
CAL. What's the matter?
CHARM. I forgot indeed
To tell you, while we were within.—Juſt now,
On my arrival here, a certain knave
Accoſted me, a very knave in grain.
He told me, he had brought a thouſand pieces
For you and *Leſbonicus*, of my giving;—
Though who he is, I know not, nor did ever
See him before.—But wherefore do you laugh?
CAL. He came by my direction, as from you
Bringing me ſums of gold, for me to give
In dowry with your daughter; ſo your ſon
On the receipt might think it came from you;
Leſt knowing of the truth, and that the treaſure
Was lodg'd in my poſſeſſion, by our laws
He might demand it as his patrimony.
CHARM. A rare conceit!
CAL. Good *Megaronides*,
Our common friend, devis'd it.
CHARM. I approve,
Applaud his counſel.
LYS. Wherefore do I ſtand,
Fool that I am, alone here, and afraid
To interrupt them in their converſation?

V. 25. *A very knave in grain.*] The original is, *nimis pergraphicus ſycophanta*. *Graphicus* is often uſed by our Author to ſignify *finiſhed* or *complete*.

Why not about the buſineſs I purpoſed?—
I will accoſt them. (*Advances.*

CHARM. Look you,—who is this
Coming towards us here?

LYS. (*Going up*) *Lyſiteles*
Salutes his father-in-law, good *Charmides.*

CHARM. Heav'n grant you all you wiſh!

CAL. And am not I
Worth a ſalute?

LYS. Yes, ſave you! *Callicles.*—
But I muſt give him preference.—My coat,
Dear Sir, is nearer to me than my cloke.

CAL. Heav'n proſper you in all that you deſign!

CHARM. My daughter is, I hear, betroth'd to you.

LYS. If you object not.

CHARM. No, by no means I.

LYS. Your daughter you betroth to me for wife then?

CHARM. I do betroth her, and will give withal
A thouſand *Philippeans* for her portion.

LYS. The portion I regard not.

CHARM. If you like
The maiden, you muſt like the portion too:
In ſhort, you will not have the wife you want,
Except you take the portion which you want not.

CAL. He aſks but juſtice.

LYS. And he ſhall prevail,

48. *My coat—is nearer to me than my cloke.*] The original is, *Tunica propior pallio eſt.* This is a proverbial expreſſion, the meaning of which is obvious.

Since

Since you're his advocate, and judge betwixt us.
On this condition then you do engage
To give your daughter to me for a wife?
CHARM. I do engage.
CAL. I'll anſwer for it too.
LYS. Dear kinſmen, health and happineſs attend you!
CHARM. O *Callicles!* and yet there is a point,
In which I've reaſon to be angry with you.
CAL. What have I done?
CHARM. My ſon!—you've ſuffer'd him
To be debauch'd.
CAL. If wilfully 'twere done,
With my conſent, you would have cauſe indeed
To be moſt angry with me.—But I pray you,
Let me obtain from you this one requeſt,
Which I intreat.
CHARM. What is it?
CAL. You ſhall know.
Whatever he has done imprudently,
Forget it all.—Why do you ſhake your head?
CHARM. I'm ſorely vex'd at heart; and O! I fear—
CAL. What do you mean?
CHARM. I'm vex'd that he ſhould prove
Such as I would not have him,—and I fear,
Should I deny you your requeſt, you'd think
I bore me ſlightingly towards you.—Come,

V. 64. *I engage*] As this and the like expreſſions have been frequently repeated in this place, and in other parts of the Comedy, it may be proper to inform the *Engliſh* reader, that this is agreeable to the formulary uſed by the ancients on theſe occaſions.

I'll not ſtand out, but do as you deſire.

CAL. Now thou'rt a right good fellow:—I will go,
And call him forth.

CHARM. 'Tis hard you will not let me
Take vengeance on him, ſuch as he deſerves.

CAL. Open the door there,—open quick,—call forth
Young *Leſbonicus*, if he be at home.—
The cauſe is ſudden, wherefore I require
His preſence here this inſtant.

SCENE III.

Enter LESBONICUS.

LES. Who is it,
With boiſterous voice, calls on me to come forth
With ſpeed here?

CAL. A well-wiſher, and a friend.

LES. Tell me, is any thing amiſs?

CAL. All's right.—
I am rejoic'd, your father is return'd
In ſafety from abroad.

LES. Who ſays ſo?

CAL. I.

LES. How! have you ſeen him?

CAL. Yes,—and you yourſelf
May ſee him too. *(Pointing to* CHARMIDES.

LES. *(Going up)* My father! O my father!
Heav'n's bleſſings on you.

CHARM.

CHARM. And on you, my ſon!

LES. Any miſchance, good father?

CHARM. Never fear:

Nothing has happen'd: I am ſafe arriv'd;
And well have manag'd my affairs.—O ſon!
If you would but be prudent, *Callicles*
Has promis'd you his daughter.

LES. Sir, I'll take her,
And whomſoever elſe you ſhall command.

CHARM. I could, I am ſo angry—

CAL. Come,—one miſery
For one man's full enough.—

CHARM. Nay, but for him
It is too little; were he for his ſins
To wed an hundred wives, 'twere all too little.

LES. But now henceforward I'll refrain myſelf
From wild and evil courſes.

CHARM. So you ſay:
Would you but do't!

LES. What hinders, but my wife

16. *One miſery—for one man's full enough.*] *Miſeria una uni quidem homini eſt affatim.* I ſhould be ſorry to underſtand this and what follows, with the whole tribe of crabbed commentators, as a deſigned ſarcaſm on the ladies, but am willing to think it thrown out by the old fellow in the beſt humour imaginable as a mere banter; and as ſuch it will appear very lively and agreeable. Yet the grave *Gulielmius* calls it a moſt virulent and bitter ſatire on the fair ſex; and *De L'Oeuvre* (the *Delphin* Editor of our Author) is of the ſame opinion. In ſhort, it cannot poſſibly be conſidered in any other light than as an eaſy, harmleſs joke upon the young fellow, whoſe marriage was concluded on to the ſatisfaction of all parties.

To-morrow I may bring home.

CHARM. It were beſt:

Then be it ſo. (*To* LYSITELES) And you, Sir, be prepar'd

For marriage the day after.—Clap your hands.

*** The art of our Author, in the conduct of this Comedy, is much to be admired. The opening of it is highly intereſting, the incidents naturally ariſe from each other, and the whole concludes happily with the reformation and marriage of *Leſbonicus*. It abounds with moſt excellent moral ſentiments and reflections; and the ſame may be ſaid of it, with equal juſtice, as is ſaid of the preceding Comedy, the *Captives*.

——*Ad pudicos mores facta eſt hæc fabula.*

——This play is founded on chaſte manners.

The End of the TREASURE.

THE

MÈRCHANT.

TRANSLATED BY

GEORGE COLMAN, Eſq;

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

DEMIPHO,
LYSIMACHUS,
CHARINUS,
EUTYCHUS,
ACANTHIO,
COOK,
SERVANTS, *&c.*

DORIPPA,
PASICOMPSA,
SYRA.

SCENE, *ATHENS.*

THE

MERCHANT.

PROLOGUE.

CHARINUS.

'TIS now my purpoſe to diſpatch two things,
The argument and my amours, at once.
Not like ſome other lovers I have ſeen
In Comedy, who to the night, or day,
Or ſun, or moon, relate their miſeries.
For what care They for the complaints of men?
What are our wiſhes, or our fears, to Them?
I therefore rather tell my griefs to You.

V. 1. *'Tis now*, &c.] The critick's have very juſtly cenſured this practice of introducing one of the characters of the piece, who ought to endeavour to give the repreſentation an air of truth, as the ſpeaker of a Prologue confeſſing the whole to be fiction, and as it were dividing his perſon between his real and aſſumed character. Allowing, however, for that impropriety, the common cuſtom of our author's age, and for the digreſſive ſallies of a rich imagination, this Prologue has great merit.

This

This play, in Greek intitled EMPOROS,
And written by *Philemon*, *Marcus Accius*,
Tranſlating it in Latin, ſtiles MERCATOR.
Know then, 'tis now two years I parted hence,
Sent by my father forth to trade at *Rhodes*.
There with a charming fair I fell in love;
And how I was entangled with that love,
Lend but your ears and minds, I will unfold.
—In this too I have ſwerv'd from ancient rules,
By falling roundly on my tale, ere yet
I had obtain'd or aſk'd your leave.—For love
Hath all theſe vices in his train; care, ſpleen,
And elegance refin'd into a fault:
—For not the lover only, but whoe'er
Aims at an elegance beyond his means,
Brings great and heavy evils on himſelf.—
But theſe ills alſo, which are yet untold,
Are incident to love; the wakeful eye,
The troubled mind, confuſion, terror, flight,
Trifling, nay folly, raſhneſs, thoughtleſſneſs,
Madneſs, and impudence, and petulance,
Inordinate deſires, and wanton wiſhes:
Covetouſneſs, and idleneſs, and wrong,
And want, and contumely, and expence,
Babbling unopportune, and ill-tim'd ſilence:
Now talking much, and nothing to the purpoſe,
Things not to have been ſaid, or not ſaid now;

V. 9. *Emporos.*] A *Greek* word, εμπορος, which, as well as the *Latin* one, *mercator*, in the next line but one, ſignifies *a merchant*.

V. 19. *For love—hath all*, &c.] In the beginning of the *Eunuch* of *Terence* there is a celebrated paſſage very ſimilar to this of our author.

And

And then again too mute; for never lover,
However eloquent, e'er utter'd half
That might be ſaid in pleading for his love.
Let not my babbling then offend you now!
Since *Venus* gave it, when ſhe gave me love:
Love! the dear ſubject of my tale, to which
'Tis fitting now I ſtudy to return.
No ſooner was I unto manhood grown,
My boyiſh days and boyiſh ſtudies paſt,
But I became diſtractedly enamour'd
Of a young harlot in this neighbourhood:
Then all my means, without my father's knowledge,
Were ſquander'd upon Her; for ſhe was held
In ſlavery by a hungry pimp, whoſe palm
Still itch'd, and tongue ſtill crav'd, for ſordid gain.
On this my father urg'd me night and day,
Painting the wrongs, the perfidy, of pimps;
Inſiſting, that his fortunes ran to waſte,
To ſwell the tide of theirs. All this aloud:
Anon he growl'd and mutter'd to himſelf,
Refus'd to enter into converſe with me,
Nay, would deny me for his ſon; then ran,
Bawling and raving, to warn all the town,
To give no credit, and advance no money;
Crying, that the extravagance of love
Had ruin'd thouſands;—that I paſt all bounds;
And was a ſpendthrift and a libertine,
Who drew, by ev'ry means I could deviſe,
His wealth and ſubſtance from him;—that 'twas vile,
To waſte and diſſipate in vicious love,

What

What he by care and labour had acquir'd ;—
That he had nurtur'd a domeſtick ſhame,
Whom nothing but repentance could redeem,
And render fit to live ;—that at my years
He did not, like myſelf, devote his time
To idleneſs, and indolence, and love,
—Nor could indeed have done it, ſo ſevere
And ſtrict a hand his father held on him—
But toil'd and moil'd for ever in the country ;
Once in five years allow'd to viſit town,
And then, as ſoon as he had ſeen the ſhew,
Dragg'd by his father back into the country,
Where he work'd moſt of all the family ;
His father crying all the while, " Well done !
" 'Tis not for me, but for yourſelf, my boy,
" You plough and harrow, ſow and reap ; your toil
" Will end in joy and happineſs at laſt ;"—
That when his father died he ſold the farm,
And purchas'd with the money rais'd from thence
A veſſel of three hundred ton ; with which
He traded to all quarters of the globe,
And made the fortune which he now poſſeſt ;
—That it behov'd me then to do the ſame,

V. 77. *As ſoon as he had ſeen the ſhew.*] *Ut ſpectaviſſet peplum.* The ſhew alluded to in the original was the ceremony of the *Panathenaica Magna*, the great feaſts of *Minerva*, which were celebrated but once in five years. The *peplus* or *peplum* was a ſacred habit worn on theſe occaſions.

V. 86. *Three-hundred ton.*] *Metretas trecentas.* According to the commentators, the exact amount of a *metreta* of wine was an hundred weight.

And

And ſhew that I was worthy of his love,
By following ſo worthy an example.—
I therefore, ſeeing that I was become
The object of my father's hate—my father,
Whom I was bound to pleaſe—tho' mad with love,
Subdued, however hard the taſk, my mind,
And told him I was ready to go forth
To traffick, and determin'd to renounce,
So he were pleas'd withal, all thoughts of love.
He thank'd me, prais'd me for my good intention,
But fail'd not to exact my promiſe of me:
Builds me a veſſel, purchaſes a cargo,
Embarks it ſtraight, and pays me down a talent.
With me he ſends a ſlave too, who had been
A tutor to me in my infancy,
By way of governor. We hoiſted ſail,
And ſoon arriv'd at *Rhodes*; where I diſpos'd
Of all the merchandize that I had brought,
Much to my gain and profit, much beyond
The rate at which my father valued it.
Having thus rais'd much money, I encounter'd
An old acquaintance at the Port, who knew me,
And aſk'd me home to ſupper: home I went,
And ſat me down; was handſomely receiv'd,
And merrily and nobly entertain'd.
Going to reſt at night, behold, a woman,

V. 101. *Builds me a veſſel.*] *Ædificat navem cercurum.* Called *Cercurus*, from *Corcyra* or *Cercyra*, an iſland famous for ſhip-building; whence *Cercurus* became a general name for all veſſels.

V. 102. *A talent.*] The *Attick* talent amounted to ſixty minæ, making about 193 *l.* 15 *s.* of our money.

A hand-

A handſomer was never ſeen, came to me!
Sent by my hoſt's command to ſleep with me.
Judge too how much ſhe pleas'd me! for next day
I begg'd my hoſt to ſell her to me, ſwearing
I would be grateful, and requite his kindneſs.
In ſhort I bought her, and but yeſterday
I brought her hither. Yet would I not chuſe
My father ſhould diſcover I have brought her.
Her and a ſlave I've left on board the ſhip.—
But how's this? Is't not he that I ſee yonder,
My ſlave, that's running hit her from the Port,
Altho' I charg'd him not to leave the ſhip?
I dread the reaſon of it.

SCENE II.

Enter ACANTHIO *haſtily.*

ACAN. Do your utmoſt,
Try all your force, uſe all your ſkill, to ſave
Your poor young maſter! Stir yourſelf, *Acanthio*;
Away with wearineſs; beware of ſloth;—
Plague on this panting! I can ſcarce fetch breath.—
Drive all you meet before you; puſh them down,
And roll them in the kennel!—Plague upon't;
Tho' the folks ſee one breathleſs and in haſte,
None have the manners truly to give place.

SCENE II.] As the Prologue relates part of the fable, and *Charinus* acts in his dramatick character, the entrance of *Acanthio* conſtitutes the beginning of the ſecond ſcene: and it is ſo marked in the *Variorum* edition of the original.

And ſo one's forc'd to do three things at once;
To run and fight, and quarrel all the way.
CHA. *(behind)* What can it be that aſks ſuch wondrous haſte?
I long to know what news he brings.
ACAN. I trifle.
The more I ſtop, the more we are in danger.
CHA. He ſpeaks of ſome misfortune.
ACAN. My knees fail me.
Oh, how my heart keeps thumping in my boſom!
My breath's gone! I ſhould make a woful piper!
CHA. *(behind)* Plague! take your mantle, and wipe off the ſweat.
ACAN. Not all the baths on earth can take away
This laſſitude.—But where's *Charinus* now?
Is he abroad? or to be found at home?
CHA. Oh, how I doubt what this affair can be!
I'll know immediately, to eaſe my pain.
ACAN. Why do I ſtand thus? why do I not beat
Our door to ſhatters?—Open ſomebody!
Ho! is *Charinus*, my young maſter, here?
Or is he gone abroad?—What! nobody
To anſwer to the door?
CHA. Ho! here am I,
You're looking for, *Acanthio!*
ACAN. *(not ſeeing him)* Such a ſchool
For ſervants, as our houſe!
CHA. What miſchief now? *(Going up.)*

16. *Oh, my heart,* &c.] *Seditionem facit lien: occupat præcordia. Lien* properly ſignifies the ſpleen.

ACAN. Much miſchief to yourſelf and me, *Charinus*.
CHA. What is the matter?
ACAN. We're undone, *Charinus*.
CHA. Be that the fortune of our enemies!
ACAN. But 'tis *your* fortune.
CHA. Well, whate'er it be,
Tell me this inſtant.
ACAN. Softly! I want breath.
I've burſt a vein already for your ſake,—
And I ſpit blood.
CHA. Take ſome *Ægyptian* roſin
Mix'd with a little honey: that will cure you.
ACAN. Plague! drink hot pitch, and that will eaſe *your* pain.
CHA. I never ſaw ſo paſſionate a fellow.
ACAN. Nor I one ſo provoking.
CHA. But why ſo?
Becauſe that I adviſe you for your health?
ACAN. Plague take the health that's bought with ſo much pain!
CHA. Was ever good without ſome little ill?
And would you loſe the firſt to 'ſcape the laſt?
ACAN. I don't know that: I'm no philoſopher,
And don't deſire the good that's mix'd with evil.
CHA. Give me your hand, *Acanthio*.
ACAN. Here then, take it.
CHA. Will you obey me? ay, or no, *Acanthio*.
ACAN. Judge by experience; when I've burſt myſelf
In running up and down to ſeek you out,
That you might know the news more ſpeedily.

CHA.

CHA. Within theſe few months I will make you free.

ACAN. Ah, how you ſtroak me!

CHA. Do you think 'tis falſe? Before I ſpeak, you know if I would lie.

ACAN. Ah! your words weary me ſtill more: you kill me.

CHA. Is't thus that you obey me?

ACAN. What's your pleaſure?

CHA. Do as I'd have you.

ACAN. Well, what *would* you have?

CHA. I'll tell you.

ACAN. Tell me.

CHA. Softly, in your ear.

ACAN. Are you afraid to wake the ſleeping audience?

CHA. Plague take you!

ACAN. I have brought you from the Port—

CHA. What have you brought me? tell me.

ACAN. Force, and fear, Torture, and care, and ſtrife, and beggary.

CHA. Death! what a ſtore of evils haſt thou brought! I'm ruin'd then?

ACAN. You are.

CHA. And I'm a wretch?

ACAN. Ev'n ſo: I'll ſay no more.

V. 60. *Are you afraid*, &c.] Another inſtance of impropriety, not uncommon in our author, of breaking into the ſeeming reality of the repreſentation by addreſſes or alluſions to the ſpectators.

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CHA. What is this miſchief?
ACAN. Nay, never aſk: the heavieſt misfortune!
CHA. Ah prithee, good now, eaſe me of my pain:
You keep my mind too long in this ſuſpence.
ACAN. Softly! I've many things to aſk of you
Before I'm beaten.
CHA. Faith, you *ſhall* be beaten,
Unleſs you ſpeak, or run away.
ACAN. See there!
See, how he coaxes! no man upon earth
So gentle, when he gives his mind to it.
CHA. I beg you, I intreat you, tell me quickly;
Since I muſt turn a ſuppliant to my ſlave.
ACAN. Am I unworthy on't?
CHA. Oh no: moſt worthy.
ACAN. I thought ſo.
CHA. Is the ſhip loſt?
ACAN. Safe: ne'er fear.
CHA. And all the cargo?
ACAN. Safe and ſound.
CHA. Then tell me,
Why you ran over the whole town to ſeek me?
ACAN. You take the words out of my mouth.
CHA. I'm dumb.

V. 69. *You keep my mind too long in this ſuſpence.*] He does indeed; and it is to be feared that this trifling of *Acanthio*, though not deſtitute of humour, will prove as tireſome to many readers of *Plautus* as it ſeems to *Charinus*.

ACAN.

ACAN. Be dumb then: ſurely if I brought glad tidings
You would be wondrous preſſing, ſince you urge me
Thus beyond meaſure to tell evil news.

CHA. I do beſeech you, let me know the worſt.

ACAN. I will then, ſince you challenge it.—Your father—

CHA. What of my father?

ACAN. Has ſeen—

CHA. What?

ACAN. Your miſtreſs.

CHA. My miſtreſs! Oh, ill fortune!—But inform me—

ACAN. Of what?

CHA. How could he ſee her?

ACAN. With his eyes.

CHA. But how?

ACAN. By opening them.

CHA. Away, you raſcal!
To trifle when my life's at ſtake.

ACAN. How trifle?
Did not I give an anſwer to your queſtion?

CHA. Is't certain he has ſeen her?

ACAN. Ay, as certain
As I ſee you, or you ſee me.

CHA. But where?

ACAN. On board the ſhip, where he ſtood cloſe beſide her,
And ſpoke with her.

CHA. You have undone me, father!

And you, you raſcal, wherefore did not you
Prevent his ſeeing her? How comes it, ſirrah,
You did not ſhut her up, to hinder it?

ACAN. Becauſe we were employ'd about our buſineſs,
And buſy with the tackling. The mean while
Your father came 'long-ſide us with a boat,
And no ſoul ſaw him till he was on board.

CHA. In vain have I eſcap'd loud ſtorms at ſea:
Now, when I thought myſelf ſecure on ſhore,
I feel myſelf the ſport of angry waves,
And daſh'd upon the rocks.——Proceed: what follow'd?

ACAN. Soon as he ſaw the woman, he enquir'd
Whom ſhe belong'd to,

CHA. What did ſhe reply?

ACAN. I ran directly up, and breaking in,
Said you had bought her as a ſerving-maid,
To wait upon your mother.

CHA. Did he ſeem
To credit this?

ACAN. Entirely.—But the rogue
Began to toy with her.

CHA. With *her*, d'ye ſay?

ACAN. Why, do you think he'd toy with *me?*

CHA. My heart
Melts away drop by drop in briny tears,
Like ſalt diſſolv'd in water. I'm undone.

ACAN,

ACAN. That's true enough: and yet 'tis fooliſh too.

CHA. What ſhall I do?—If I ſhould tell my father
I bought this woman for my mother's uſe,
He'll not believe it: and 'tis ſhameful too
To tell my father lies. He'll not believe it;
Nor is it credible I ſhould have purchas'd
So ſweet a creature to attend my mother.

ACAN. Ridiculous! Have done: he *will* believe it:
For he believ'd my ſtory.

CHA. How I dread
His catching ſome ſuſpicion of the truth!
Tell me, *Acanthio!*

ACAN. What is't I muſt tell you?

CHA. Did he appear to have the leaſt ſuſpicion
She was my miſtreſs?

ACAN. Not the leaſt: but ſwallow'd
All that I told him.

CHA. So you might imagine.

ACAN. Nay, but I'm ſure he did.

CHA. Confuſion! ruin!
—But wherefore waſte I my time here in grieving?
Why don't I ſeek the veſſel?—Follow me.

ACAN. Go *that* way, and you're ſure to meet your father:
Who, when he ſees you fearful and diſmay'd,

Will ſtraight take hold of you, and queſtion you,
Where 'twas you bought her, what you gave for her,
And overwhelm you in your fright.

CHA. Why then,
I'll go this other way.—D'ye think my father
Has left the Port?

ACAN. It was the very reaſon
I ran before to ſeek you out, for fear
He ſhould fall on you unawares, and worm
The ſecret out of you.

CHA. 'Twas bravely done.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

DEMIPHO.

HOW many ways the Gods make ſport of men!
How ſtrangely do they fool us in our ſleep!
As I laſt night experienc'd in my dream.
Methought I bought a beautiful ſhe-goat;
But leſt ſhe ſhould offend another goat,
I had before at home; or leſt the two,
Together in one place, ſhould diſagree,
Methought I gave her to the cuſtody
Of an old ape; who not long after came,
Full of complainings and reproaches, to me:
Saying, that by receiving this new gueſt,
He had ſuſtain'd much injury and wrong;
For the ſhe-goat I truſted to his care
Had ſeiz'd on his wife's dowry. Strange! ſaid I,
A ſingle goat ſhould ſeize an ape's wife's dowry!
Still he inſiſted on it; and in ſhort,
Unleſs I took the goat directly thence,
Threaten'd to bring her home unto my wife.

15. *A ſingle goat*, &c.] *Ut una illæc capra uxoris ſimiæ dotem ambadederit.* The intended wit and humour of this paſſage in the original depends on a play of words between *una* and *ambadederit*; a poor conceit, neither capable nor worthy of being preſerved in the tranſlation.

I doat-

I doating, as I thought, on this young goat,
No friend at hand to take her to his care,
Was tortur'd with diſtreſs and doubt. Mean while
A kid, methought, accoſted me, and told me,
That he had carried off the goat, and laugh'd;
While I lamented and bewail'd her loſs.
To what this dream ſhould point, I can't deviſe:
Altho' indeed I half ſuſpect already
The meaning of that little young She-goat:
For, having finiſh'd all my buſineſs here,
I went this morning early to the Port,
Where I beheld a veſſel come from *Rhodes*,
In which my ſon arriv'd but yeſterday;
It came, I know not how, into my head,
To viſit it; I got into a boat,
And went from thence on board the ſhip; wherein
I ſaw a woman of exceeding beauty,
Intended by my ſon to ſerve his mother.
Ev'n at firſt ſight I fell in love with her;
Not ſoberly in love, but to diſtraction.
In former days, 'tis true, when I was young,
I've been in love indeed; but never thus.
Oh how I rave! with no more ſenſe than this,
To know that I am mad, and die for love.
Ay marry, this is the She-goat, I warrant;
But what the Ape and Kid portend, I fear.
But peace! I ſee my neighbour coming forth.

44. *But what the Ape*, &c.] I cannot ſay I much approve of this figurative relation of the antecedent and ſubſequent parts of the fable in the ſuppoſed dream of *Demipho*. With how much more

SCENE II.

Enter LYSIMACHUS *and* SERVANT.

LYSIM. *(to* SERVANT) Now by my troth, I'll have
that old goat gelt,
That gives me ſo much trouble in the country.
DEM. *(behind)* Oh horrid omen! dreadful augury!
I wiſh my wife don't treat me like this Goat,
And act the part of that ſame Ape I dreamt of.
LYSIM. *(to* SERVANT) Go you directly to my
country-houſe,
And ſee that you deliver up thoſe rakes
Into my farmer *Piſtus* his own hands.
Let my wife know, ſhe is not to expect me,
As I have buſineſs keeps me here in town;
Say, I've three cauſes coming on to-day.

more beauty and art has *Shakeſpeare* introduced a circumſtance of the like nature, where he repreſents *Romeo* as deluded by a flattering dream juſt before he receives news of *Juliet*'s death!

If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's lord ſits lightly on his throne,
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes on my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy!

Go, and remember.

SERV. Nothing elſe, Sir?

LYSIM. Nothing. [*Exit* SERV.

DEM. *(coming up)* Save you, *Lyſimachus!*

LYSIM. Ha, *Demipho!*

Save you: how is't? how goes it?

DEM. Wretchedly.

LYSIM. The Gods forbid!

DEM. 'Tis the Gods' doing.

LYSIM. What?

DEM. I'd tell you, if I ſaw you were at leiſure.

LYSIM. Nay, tho' I'm buſy, tell me, *Demipho:*

I've always leiſure to aſſiſt my friend.

DEM. I know your friendly nature by experience.

—How old do I appear to you?

LYSIM. So old,

That you have one foot in the grave; quite aged;

Tottering beneath the weight of years; decrepid.

DEM. You're blind: I am a child, *Lyſimachus,*

A child of ſeven years old.

LYSIM. Of ſev'n years old!

You're mad.

DEM. 'Tis true.

LYSIM. Oh, now I gueſs your meaning.

When a man reaches the laſt ſtage of life,

" *Sans* ſenſe, *ſans* taſte, *ſans* eyes, *ſans* every thing,"

They ſay that he is grown a child again.

DEM. Nay, nay, but I'm in better health than ever.

LYSIM. Oh brave! I'm glad on't.

DEM. And if you knew all.

My

My eyes are better than they ever were.

LYSIM. Very well!

DEM. Very ill, Sir.

LYSIM. Very ill then.

DEM. But may I dare to tell you?

LYSIM. Boldly.

DEM. Hear then!

LYSIM. I'm all attention.

DEM. On this very day
I've been to ſchool to learn the alphabet.
I know four letters?

LYSIM. What four letters?

DEM. LOVE.

LYSIM. Love, you old fool! with that grey head, you dotard!

DEM. Grey head, or red head, or black head, I love.

LYSIM. You mean to play upon me, *Demipho.*

DEM. Cut off my head, if what I ſay be falſe:
Or, that you may be certain that I love,
Take a knife, cut my finger, or my ear,
My noſe, or lip; and if I ſhrink, or wince,
Or feel that I am cut, *Lyſimachus*,
I'll give you leave to kill me for my love.

LYSIM. If you have ever ſeen, or wiſh to ſee
The *picture* of a lover, this is he.
For in my mind an old, decrepid, dotard
Is but a painted ſign upon a wall.

DEM. This, I ſuppoſe, is meant to puniſh me.

LYSIM. I puniſh you!

DEM. I don't deſerve reproof.

Many great men have done the ſame before.
'Tis natural to all mankind to love:
'Tis natural to all mankind to pardon.
Upbraid me not; I love againſt my will.
LYSIM. I don't upbraid you.
DEM. Nay, but do not hold me
The leſs in your eſteem on this account.
LYSIM. Ah! heav'n forbid I ſhould!
DEM. Take care!
LYSIM. I will.
DEM. But certainly?
LYSIM. You peſter me.—This man
Is mad with love.—Would you aught elſe?
DEM. Your ſervant!
LYSIM. I'm going to the Port: I've buſineſs there.
DEM. A pleaſant walk to you!
LYSIM. Farewel.
DEM. Farewel!
[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.

SCENE III.

DEMIPHO *alone.*

I have ſome buſineſs at the Port myſelf:
I'll thither.—But I ſee my ſon. Good! good!
I'll wait his coming; and I muſt conſider

Exit LYSIMACHUS.] This Scene, though at firſt ſight not conducive to the action, is far from inartificial; as it very naturally prepares the part which *Lyſimachus* afterwards takes in the fable.

Which

Which way I ſhall endeavour to perſuade him
To ſell this wench, not give her to his mother,
For whom I hear he bought her as a preſent.
But it behoves me to be wary, leſt
He find I've ſet my heart upon the girl.

SCENE IV.

Enter at a diſtance CHARINUS.

CHA. Never, I verily believe, was man
So miſerable as myſelf, ſo croſs'd.
Whate'er I undertake, I can't effect;
Whatever wiſh I form, I can't accompliſh:
Some evil fortune comes acroſs me ſtill,
Deſtroying my beſt counſels.—What a wretch!
I purchas'd me a miſtreſs to my liking,
Thinking I could conceal her from my father.
He has diſcover'd, ſeen her, and undone me.
Nor have I yet determin'd what to ſay,
When he enquires; ſo many different thoughts
Fight in my breaſt, I have not pow'r to chuſe,
But my care's doubled by uncertainty.
Sometimes I like my ſervant's counſel well;
And then again I like it not; and think
My father never can believe I purchas'd
This woman to attend upon my mother.
Then if I tell the real truth, and own
I bought the girl upon my own account,
What will he think of me? He'll rob me of her,
And ſend her back beyond ſea to be ſold.

I am not now to learn his cruelty,
Too well convinc'd on't e'er I went from home.
—And is this love then? better plow, than love.
He thruſt me forth from home againſt my will
To trade abroad; and there this evil ſeiz'd me.
What joy's in that, whoſe pain exceeds the pleaſure?
In vain I hid, conceal'd, and kept her ſecret.
My father, like a fly, is every where,
Enters all places, ſacred, or profane:
And I have loſt all confidence, all hope.

DEM. *(behind)* What is't my ſon is muttering to himſelf?

He ſeems uneaſy.

CHA. *(ſeeing him)* Ha! my father here!
I'll go and ſpeak to him. *(Going up)* How do you, Sir?

DEM. Whence come you? Why are you ſo flutter'd, ſon?

V. 24. *Better plow, than love.*] ARARE *mavelim quam* AMARE. Another jeſt, whoſe merit conſiſts more in ſound than ſenſe.

V. 29. *My father, like a fly,* &c.] The impertinence of the fly was proverbial. Curious men were called *Muſcæ*, which was alſo the general term of reproach for Paraſites. Our own *Jonſon*, who was a profeſt imitator of the ancients, has accordingly diſtinguiſhed one of the principal characters in the *Fox* by that appellation. *Shakeſpeare* has taken a very natural occaſion of introducing this familiar image in his *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

> More validity,
> More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
> In carrion flies, than *Romeo:* they may ſeize
> On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s hand,
> And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips.

CHA. Nothing.

DEM. I'm glad to hear it.—But what now?
You turn pale.—Are you ſick?

CHA. A little, Sir.
I did not ſleep extremely well laſt night.

DEM. Having been out ſo long at ſea, your head
Turns round now you're on ſhore.

CHA. I fancy ſo.

DEM. Ay, ay, that's it, but it will ſoon go off.
That is the reaſon of your turning pale:
Go home then, if you're wiſe, and reſt yourſelf.

CHA. I have not time: I've buſineſs to look after.

DEM. Do that to-morrow, or ſome other day.

CHA. I've often heard you ſay, Sir, that wiſe men
Should take care to diſpatch their buſineſs firſt.

DEM. Well, follow your own way: I'll not oppoſe you.

CHA. *(Aſide)* Let him but ſtick to that, I'm ſafe enough.

DEM. *(Aſide)* What is it he's conſulting by himſelf?
I'm not afraid of his diſcovering me;
Since I've done nothing fooliſh or abſurd,
As men in love are apt to do.

CHA. *(Aſide)* I'm ſafe.
'Tis plain that he knows nothing of my miſtreſs:
For if he did, he would talk otherwiſe.

DEM. *(Aſide)* I'll ſpeak to him about her.

CHA. *(Aſide)* I'll walk off.
(Aloud) I'll go and execute my friends' commiſſions.

DEM. Stay, ſon; not yet: I want to aſk you ſomething
Before you go.
CHA. What is your pleaſure, Sir?
DEM. *(after heſitating)* How have you had your health ſince you've been gone?
CHA. Very well, all the time I was abroad:
But coming into Port, turn'd ſtrangely ſick.
DEM. Sea-Sickneſs, I ſuppoſe: 'twill ſoon away.
—But prithee tell me, have not you brought home
A ſlave from *Rhodes* to wait upon you mother?
CHA. I have.
DEM. And is ſhe beautiful?
CHA. Not ugly.
DEM. And well behav'd?
CHA. Extremely well, I think.
DEM. Why truly, when I ſaw her, ſo ſhe ſeem'd.
CHA. What! have you ſeen her, father?
DEM. I have ſeen her;
But ſhe'll not do for *us*, ſhe's not the thing.
CHA. Why ſo?
DEM. Her perſon is too delicate.
We want a luſty ſervant-wench, to weave,
Grind corn, cut wood, ſpin, ſweep the houſe, be cudgel'd,
And cook the dinner for the family.
This girl's not fit for any of theſe uſes.
CHA. The very reaſon that I purchas'd her,
As a genteeler preſent for my mother.

DEM.

DEM. No, no: don't give her; do not ſay you've brought her.

CHA. Heav'n favours me! *(Aſide)*

DEM. I ſhake him by degrees. *(Aſide)*

(To CHA.) Beſides, tho' I forgot to mention it,
Such an attendant could not decently
Follow your mother, nor will I allow it.

CHA. Why ſo?

DEM. Becauſe it would be ſcandalous
To ſee a girl ſo handſome in the ſtreet,
After the miſtreſs of a family.
The folks would gaze, and ſtare, and wink and beckon,
Hiſs her, and twitch her by the ſleeve, call to her,
Grow rude, ſing catches underneath her window,
And ſcrawl her praiſe with coal upon our doors.
And as the world is given to detraction,
They'd ſay my wife and I were turn'd procurers.
Now where is the occaſion for all this?

CHA. You're in the right: I'm quite of your opinion.
—But how ſhall we diſpoſe her then?

DEM. I'll tell you.

V. 89. *Her praiſe with coal.*] *Elogiorum carbonibus.* Some underſtand theſe words as alluding to defamatory, rather than commendatory verſes; alledging that praiſe was written in chalk, and ſcandal in coal. *Illa prius* CRETA, *mox hæc* CARBONE. I have followed, however, the opinion of other commentators, who ſuppoſe that in theſe caſes chalk, or coal, or lighted torches, were uſed indiſcriminately, according to the colour of the ground: as a Poet would write a panegyrick in black ink upon white paper, or a Lover delineate the name of his miſtreſs with the ſmoke of a candle on a white-waſhed cieling.

I'll buy your mother a ſtout ſtrapping wench,
Some *Syrian* or *Ægyptian*, plain and homely,
Fit for the miſtreſs of a family;
And ſhe ſhall grind, and ſpin, and take a whipping,
And bring no ſhame or ſcandal to our door.

CHA. Suppoſe then I return this girl to him,
Of whom I purchas'd her?

DEM. On no account.

CHA. He ſaid he'd take her back, if not approv'd of.

DEM. There's no occaſion for it; no occaſion.
I would not make a difference betwixt you,
Nor have your faith and honour call'd in queſtion:
And I would rather, if 'twere neceſſary,
Endure ſome little loſs, than have this woman
Bring a diſgrace and ſcandal on our houſe.
But I believe that I can ſell her for you,
And make a tolerable market too.

CHA. At no leſs price than I paid for her, father.

DEM. Peace! an old gentleman of my acquaintance
Commiſſion'd me, ſome little time ago,
To purchaſe for him ſuch a girl as this.

CHA. But a young man of my acquaintance, Sir,
Commiſſion'd me to purchaſe one for *him*.

DEM. I think, I can have twenty *Minæ* for her.

CHA. But, if I pleas'd, I could have ſev'n and twenty
Paid down immediately.

DEM. But I—

CHA. But I—

DEM.

DEM. Peace! you don't know what I was going to ſay:
I can bid up three *Minæ* more; that's thirty..
(Looking on one ſide.
CHA. Whom are you turning to?
DEM. The purchaſer.
CHA. Where is the gentleman?
DEM. I ſee him yonder:
He bids me add five *Minæ* more.
CHA. Plague take him,
Whoe'er he be! *(Apart)*
DEM. He nods to me again:
Six *Minæ* more!
CHA. Sev'n more!—I am reſolv'd
He ſhan't exceed me. My chap bids the faireſt.
DEM. Bid what he will, I'll have her.
CHA. Mine bid firſt.
DEM. No matter.
CHA. He bids fifty.
DEM. For a hundred
He ſhall not have her. Why d'ye bid againſt me?
You'll have a noble bargain; the old man,
For whom I purchaſe her, is ſuch a dotard:
He's mad for love of her; and you ſhall have
Your price, aſk what you will.
CHA. Indeed, indeed, Sir,
The youth, for whom I buy, is dying for her.
DEM. The old man, if you knew him, is much fonder.

CHA. The old man never was, and never will be,
More mad for love than this young fellow, Sir.
DEM. Have done: I'll manage this.
CHA. What mean you?
DEM. How!
CHA. I did not take this woman as a ſlave.
DEM. But *he* will take her as a ſlave; ſo let him
CHA. You have no right to ſet her up to ſale.
DEM. I'll mind that matter.
CHA. Then too ſhe belongs
To me in common with another man:
And how am I to judge of his intentions,
Whether he means to part with her, or no?
DEM. I know he will.
CHA. But I know one that won't,
DEM. What's that to me?
CHA. Becauſe he has a right
To challenge the diſpoſal of his own.
DEM. What do you ſay?
CHA. I ſay that ſhe is mine
In common with another, not now preſent.
DEM. You anſwer me, before I aſk the queſtion.

V. 140. *As a ſlave.*] This refers to the practice of ſlave-merchants, who, if they warranted the men or women whom they ſold to be ſlaves, were obliged to reimburſe the buyer, if he was afterwards defeated of his purchaſe by their proving to be free. In alluſion to this cuſtom, *Charinus* here tells his father that ſhe was not warranted a ſlave to him. Which objection is over-ruled by *Demipho*, who replies that his friend will run that riſque.

CHA.

CHA. You buy my ſlave, before I ſell her, father:
I don't know if my friend and partner in her
Chuſes to part with her, or no.
DEM. How then
Can t'other man commiſſion you to purchaſe,
When *he* don't chuſe to ſell? You trifle with me.
No man ſhall have her but the man I mean,
I am reſolv'd,
CHA. You are reſolv'd?
DEM. I am,
Moreover, I'll directly to the ſhip,
And there ſhe ſhall be ſold.
CHA. Shall I go with you?
DEM. No.
CHA. You don't chuſe it?
DEM. You had better ſtay,
And look to the commiſſion you are charg'd with.
CHA. You won't allow me?
DEM. No. Excuſe yourſelf,
And tell your friend that you have done your beſt.
But come not to the Port, I charge you,
CHA. No, Sir.
DEM. *(Aſide)* I'll to the Port myſelf, and leſt my ſon
Diſcover my proceedings, uſe great caution,
I will not purchaſe her myſelf; but truſt
My friend *Lyſimachus* to buy her for me.
He ſaid that he was going to the Port.
I'll to him, without further loſs of time, [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

CHARINUS *alone.*

Death and confuſion! ruin'd and undone!
They ſay, the Bacchanals tore *Pentheus* piece-meal;
Ah, he was never half ſo torn as I am!
Why do I live? why, why am I not dead?
I'll go and ſeek out an apothecary,
And kill myſelf with poiſon; being robb'd
Of that, for which alone I wiſh to live. *(Going.*

SCENE VI.

Enter EUTICHUS.

EUT. Hold, hold, *Charinus!*

CHA. Who calls?

EUT. *Eutychus.*

V. 3. *Ah, he was never,* &c.] The intended *pathos* in this and ſome other paſſages in this Play, uttered by *Charinus* in his diſtreſs, rather borders upon the ridiculous.

Pentheus was a king of *Thebes*, ſaid to be torn to pieces by his mother *Agave*, and the reſt of the prieſteſſes of *Bacchus*, for attempting to be preſent at the celebration of their ceremonies.

V. 5. *An apothecary.*] *Ibo ad* MEDICUM, *atque ibi me toxico morti dabo.* The word *Medicus* is uſually ſuppoſed to ſignify a phyſician; but as it here refers immediately to the vender of drugs, I ventured to tranſlate it an apothecary. It is not unlikely, that the reſolution of *Charinus* may put many readers in mind of *Shakeſpeare's Romeo.*

Your

Your friend, companion, neighbour, *Eutychus*.

CHA. Ah! you don't know the griefs I labour under.

EUT. I do: from our door I have heard it all. I know the whole affair.

CHA. What is't you know?

EUT. Your father means to ſell—

CHA. You're right.

EUT. Your miſtreſs—

CHA. You're but too well inform'd,

EUT. Againſt your will.

CHA. You know too much: but how did you diſcover She was my miſtreſs?

EUT. You acquainted me Yourſelf but yeſterday.

CHA. I had forgot it.

EUT. No wonder.

CHA. Come, inſtruct me, *Eutychus*; Tell me, which way I ſhall deſtroy myſelf.

EUT. Peace! never talk thus!

CHA. What then ſhall I talk of?

EUT. Shall I impoſe upon your father?

CHA. Ay; With all my heart.

EUT. And ſhall I to the Port?

CHA. On wings, if poſſible.

EUT. And buy the girl?

CHA. Ay; with her weight in gold.

EUT. But where's the gold?

CHA.

CHA. I'll beg *Achilles* to lend *Hector*'s ranſom.

EUT. You're mad.

CHA. True: were I in my perfect mind,
I ſhould not aſk your help as my phyſician.

EUT. Shall I pay down whatever price he aſks?

CHA. More than he aſks; a thouſand pieces more.

EUT. Peace; and conſider where you'll get the money,
When you're to ſettle with your father.

CHA. Somewhere;
Anywhere; ſomething ſhall be thought of.

EUT. Pſha!
I am afraid that *ſomething* will be *nothing*.

CHA. Can't you be ſilent?

EUT. I am dumb.

CHA. But are you
Sufficiently inſtructed?

EUT. Prithee think
Of ſomething elſe.

CHA. It is impoſſible.

EUT. Farewell!

CHA. I can't *fare well*, till you return.

EUT. Pity, you're mad!

CHA. Go, thrive, and ſave my life!

EUT. I'll do it: do you wait for me at home!

CHA. And you return with ſpeed, and bring the ſpoil! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter LYSIMACHUS, *with* PASICOMPSA.

LYSIMACHUS.

I'VE acted by my neighbour neighbourly,
And bought this piece of goods at his requeſt.
You're mine now. (*To* PAS.) Follow me:—Nay, do not weep;
You are to blame to ſpoil thoſe pretty eyes,
And you ſhall find more cauſe to laugh than cry.

PAS. Good Sir, inform me!

LYS. Aſk whate'er you pleaſe.

PAS. What did you buy me for?

LYS. For what?—To do
Whate'er I order you; and in return
I'll do whatever you ſhall order me.

PAS. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Sir.

LYS. My orders will not be extremely painful. (*Smiling.*

PAS. Indeed, Sir, I've not learnt to carry burdens,
Nor to tend cattle, nor take care of children.

LYS. Be a good girl, and you ſhall be well treated.

PAS. Then I am miſerable.

LYS. Why?

PAS. Becauſe

I came

I came from whence bad people were beſt treated:
Nor would I ſpeak what all folks know already.
LYS. 'Fore heaven, that ſpeech alone is well worth more
Than I paid for her.—You'd inſinuate
That there is no ſuch thing as a good woman!
PAS. Indeed I don't ſay *that*, Sir.
LYS. Give me leave
To aſk you one thing.
PAS. Aſk it: I'll reply.
LYS. Acquaint me with your name then.
PAS. *Paſicompſa.*
LYS. It ſuits your form.—But tell me, *Paſicompſa*,
Could you, if there were an occaſion for it,
Weave a fine woof?
PAS. I could.
LYS. It follows then
Undoubtedly that you could weave a coarſer.
PAS. I fear no woman of my age for weaving.
LYS. Ay, a good girl, I warrant you, and honeſt;
And of an age to know your duty well.
PAS. Indeed I have been well inſtructed, Sir;
And will not let my work be call'd in queſtion.
LYS. Well, that's the very thing; you'll do, I find:
I'll give you for your own peculiar uſe

V. 23. *Paſicompſa.—It ſuits your form.*] *Paſicompſa* is a name compounded of two *Greek* words, and of much the ſame import with the name of *Ann Lovely* in one of our *Engliſh* comedies.

A ſheep

A ſheep of ſixty years of age.

PAS. So old, Sir?

LYS. Of the true *Grecian* breed, extremely fine;
And you will ſheer it moſt incomparably.

PAS. Whatever honour's done me, I'll be grateful.

LYS. Now, child, to undeceive you, you're not mine.
Do not imagine it.

PAS. Whoſe am I then?

LYS. You're purchas'd for your maſter's uſe again;
And I've now ranſom'd you at his requeſt.

PAS. Ah! I revive, if he be true to me.

LYS. Be of good cheer! he'll give you liberty.
'Fore heaven, girl, he loves you to diſtraction:
You charm'd him at firſt ſight to-day.

PAS. To-day?
'Tis now two years that we have been connected:
For ſince I find you are his friend, I'll truſt you.

LYS. How! have you been two years connected?

PAS. Ay:
And bound each other by a mutual oath,
Never to know a man or wife beſide,
Or yield to an adulterous embrace.

LYS. Good heav'n! has he no commerce with his wife?

PAS. His wife! He is not, nor will e'er be married.

LYS. Would he were *not!* He is a perjur'd man.

30. *A ſheep*, &c.] Meaning *Demipho*. Much the ſame kind of conceit occurs in the next ſcene but one, where *Lyſimachus* calls *Demipho* bellweather.

PAS.

PAS. I love no man on earth like that dear youth.

LYS. A youth, you ſimpleton!—Not long ago
His teeth fell out.

PAS. Whoſe teeth?

LYS. No matter whoſe.
Follow me in: he has intreated me
To give you entertainment at our houſe
For one day; ſince my wife is out of town.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

DEMIPHO *alone.*

I have concerted this intrigue at laſt,
And purchas'd, by my neighbour's help, a miſtreſs,
Without the knowledge of my wife and ſon.
I'll recollect old ſaws, and pleaſe my humour:
My race near run, the reſt of my career
Shall be fill'd up with pleaſure, wine, and love:
For to indulge and ſate the appetite
In this laſt ſtage of life is very meet.
While you are luſty, young, and full of blood,
You ought to toil and labour for a fortune;
But in old age, be happy, while you may,
And render all your latter years clear gain.
I by my deeds will prove theſe maxims true.
But mean while I muſt call at home: my wife,
I warrant you, is almoſt ſtarv'd with waiting,
And has expected me at home long ſince.
—Yet if I go, ſhe'll kill me with her ſcolding:

No:

No: come what may, I'll not go home at preſent,
But find my neighbour firſt, and give him charge
To hire me ſome apartments for my miſtreſs.
But ſee! he's coming forth.

SCENE III.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

LYS. *(ſpeaking to* PAS. *within)* I'll bring him to you Directly, if I find him.

DEM. *(behind)* Meaning me.

LYS. *(turning about) Demipho!*

DEM. Is the woman at your houſe?

LYS. What do you think?

DEM. What if I go and ſee? *(Going.*

LYS. Whither ſo faſt? hold, hold! *(Stopping him.*

DEM. On what account?

LYS. Think what you ought to do.

DEM. And wherefore think?
To enter here is what I ought to do.

LYS. And would you enter, you old bellweather?

DEM. Why ſhould not I?

LYS. Be rul'd by me, and learn
Certain precautions I think needful firſt.
For ſhou'd you enter now, you'd run directly
Into her arms, and talk to her, and kiſs her.

DEM. You know my mind: I ſhould do even ſo.

LYS. You would do wrong then.

DEM. Wrong, with her I love?

LYS.

LYS. More and more wrong with her you love.—
What you!
A goat of an old fellow, rank, and faſting,
Go with your ſtinking breath to kiſs a wench?
Your fondneſs will but make the woman ſick.
'Fore heaven, you muſt doat indeed to think on't.
DEM. Suppoſe then (ſince 'tis ſo) we get ſome cook
To dreſs a ſupper for us at your houſe
Againſt the evening.
LYS. Well ſaid! now you've hit it.
Now you talk gallantly, and like a lover.
DEM. Why do we ſtand then? Let's go inſtantly,
And cater for a jovial entertainment!
LYS. I'll follow you; but mark, I give you warning,
To look out for a lodging for this wench.
She cannot ſtay with me beyond to-day;
For fear my wife ſhould come to town to-morrow,
And find her here.
DEM. I've ſettled that. Away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

CHARINUS *alone.*

Now am not I a wretch, a wretch indeed,
To whom no place can miniſter repoſe?
If I'm at home, my mind is gone abroad:
If I'm abroad, my mind remains at home.
Love in my breaſt and heart ſo fiercely burns,

Did

Did not a ſluice of tears defend my eyes;
My head would be in flames.—Some hope remains;
Safety is fled; if ever to return,
As yet I am uncertain. If my father
Should ſeize, as he has threaten'd, *Paſicompſa*,
Safety is gone for ever. If my friend
Return ſucceſsful, he brings ſafety with him.
And yet had that ſame tardy *Eutychus*
Been crippled with the gout, he might have been
Here from the Port ere now.—Oh, he is ſlow,
When I could wiſh him nimble as my thoughts.
—But who comes running hither?—Ha! 'tis he!
I'll meet him.—And Oh Thou, who ſeeſt all deeds
Of Gods and men, the ſovereign governeſs
Of every mortal accident, I thank thee
For bringing me this hope!—But may I hope?
Ah, I'm undone! His aſpect likes me not.
Mournful he comes.—My boſom burns; I doubt;
—He ſhakes his head.—Well, friend!

V. 7. *My head would be in flames.*] When *Plautus* affects pathos, he is very apt (as has been before obſerved) to fall into the ridiculous; and there are few more glaring inſtances of it, than the paſſage before us.

V. 19. *Sovereign governeſs.*] Implying the goddeſs Fortune. The ſame addreſs occurs to her in the fifth Act.

SCENE V.

Enter EUTYCHUS.

EUT. Alas, *Charinus!*

CHA. Ere you take breath, deliver but one word.
Where am I? with the living, or the dead?

EUT. With neither.

CHA. Then I'm ſafe. I am immortal.
He has redeem'd her, and o'er-reach'd my father.
—There's no ſoul living that can ſooner put
His purpoſe into act.—Come, prithee ſpeak!
If neither here, nor with the dead, where am I?

EUT. No where.

CHA. Confuſion! this dull trifling kills me.
When you ſhould ſpeak directly to the point,
To beat about the buſh thus, is provoking.
Whate'er thy news, tell me the ſum of all.

EUT. Firſt, we are ruin'd then.

CHA. Nay, that's no news.
Inform me ſomething I don't know.

EUT. Your miſtreſs
Is torn away from you.

CHA. Ah, *Eutychus!*
You're guilty of a capital offence.

EUT. Of what?

CHA. Of murder: for you put to death
A friend, companion, and free citizen.

EUT. Heaven forbid!

CHA. You've cut my throat. I fall.

EUT. Abandon not your mind unto deſpair!
CHA. I have no mind to be abandon'd. I—
Come, ſpeak the reſt of your ill news: for whom
Has ſhe been purchas'd?
EUT. That I cannot tell.
She was adjudg'd a ſlave, and carried off,
Before I reach'd the Port.
CHA. Ah me! you throw
Mountains of fire upon me with theſe news.
Proceed, and torture, executioner,
Since you have once begun.
EUT. Alas, my friend,
This troubles me as ſorely as yourſelf.
CHA. Tell me, who bought her.
EUT. I don't know.
CHA. See there!
Is that diſcharging buſineſs like a friend?
EUT. What could I do?
CHA. The very thing, that now
You've ſeen Me do; have died, but have diſcover'd
What kind of man he was, who purchas'd her:
And poſſibly that way have trac'd the woman.

V. 20. *Abandon not*, &c.] There is a hardneſs in the turn of words in this line and the next not well ſuited to our language, and not very elegant in the original.

Quæſo, hercle, animum ne DESPONDE.
CHA. *Nullus eſt, quem* DESPONDEAM.

V. 24. *Adjudg'd a ſlave.*] Not only criminals, but ſlaves alſo, were formally condemned as ſuch, before the purchaſers had a right to carry them off as their property.

EUT. Alas! *(Weeping.*

CHA. Weep not the miſchiefs you have done.

EUT. What have I done?

CHA. Deſtroy'd me; broke your faith.

EUT. The Gods are witneſſes I'm not to blame.

CHA. Away! ne'er call upon the abſent Gods.
Give me a living witneſs of your truth.

EUT. I have proofs worthy your belief, proofs worthy
To be produc'd by me.

CHA. You're quick and apt
At diſputation; to diſcharge your truſt
Lame, blind, dumb, ſenſeleſs, weak and impotent.
You promis'd to cajole my father. I,
Fool that I was! believ'd you capable:
But now I find you a mere block, a ſtone.

EUT. What could I do?

CHA. What could you do?
Have aſk'd, enquir'd, who? whence he was? what figure?
A citizen, or foreigner?

EUT. They told me,
That he was an *Athenian* citizen.

CHA. You might at leaſt diſcover his abode,
If not his name.

EUT. No creature could inform me.

CHA. His figure then you might have aſk'd at leaſt.

EUT. I did.

CHA. And how did they deſcribe him to you?

EUT.

EUT. Juſt thus: bald-pated, bandy-legg'd, pot-bellied,
Wide-mouth'd, ſhort, blear-ey'd, lanthorn-jaw'd, ſplay-footed.
CHA. This is not the deſcription of a man,
But a mere bundle of deformities.
Know you ought more about him?
EUT. Nothing more.
CHA. Death! his vile lanthorn jaws have ruin'd me!
I can't endure it. I will fly my country;
And only doubt what city I ſhall ſeek,
Eretria, *Megara*, *Corinth*, *Chalcis*,
Crete, *Cyprus*, *Gnidus*, *Sicyon*, *Zacynthus*,
Or *Leſbia*, or *Bœotia*.
EUT. Why d'ye think on't?
CHA. Becauſe I'm croſs'd in love.
EUT. And what of that?
Suppoſe you gain your place of deſtination,
If there you chance again to fall in love,
And be again ſucceſsleſs, will you fly
That country too? Another and another,
Upon the like occaſion?—You will ſet
No bounds to exile; know no end of flight;
What country, what abode can then be certain?
Suppoſe you quit this city, d'ye ſuppoſe

V. 61. *His lanthorn jaws have ruin'd me.*] *Ille oblongis* MALIS *dedit mihi magnum* MALUM. The original here affords another of thoſe innumerable puns with which the works of *Plautus* abound; puns, which though no tranſlation can render, no reader has occaſion to regret.

You leave love here behind you? If you think ſo,
If you're convinc'd on't, how much better were it,
To go into the country, and live there,
Till this ungovern'd paſſion wears away?

CHA. You've ſaid?

EUT. I have.

CHA. In vain: for I'm reſolv'd,
I'll home, and pay my duty to my parents;
And then, without their knowledge, fly my country,
Or take ſome other ſtep as deſperate. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

EUTYCHUS *alone.*

How ſuddenly he took himſelf away!
Wretch that I am! if he ſhould fly his country,
They'd ſay that my remiſſneſs was the cauſe.
I will aſſemble all the publick criers,
And find this woman out by proclamation.
If that ſhould fail, I'll to the Prætor, beg him
To grant ſearch-warrant officers, and raiſe
An hue and cry in ev'ry ſtreet in town.
For theſe I think the only means are left me,

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

DORIPPA, SYRA *following.*

MY huſband having ſent to let me know
He could not follow me into the country,
Like a true woman, I return'd to *Athens*,
In queſt of him, who ſeems to fly from me.
—But where's our *Syra?*—I don't ſee her.—Heav'n!
How ſlow ſhe comes!

Enter SYRA.

Why don't you follow faſter?

SYR. Good faith, I can't, with all the load I carry.

DOR. A load! what load?

SYR. Why fourſcore years and four:
Which, with fatigue, and ſlavery, and thirſt,
Weigh me quite down.

DOR. Well, give me ſomething, *Syra*,
To offer at our neighbour-altar.

V. 11. *At our neighbour-altar.*] VICINI *noſtri aram. Apollinis* underſtood. So in the *Bacchides*, Act II. Scene I. *Saluto te, vicine Apollo.* It was uſual for the *Athenians* to have at their doors an altar ſacred to *Apollo* or *Bacchus*, whom they conſidered as guardian to the family. And it is evident, from many paſſages in *Plautus* and *Terence*, as well as from *Donatus*, that theſe altars always made a part of the theatrical decorations.

SYR. Take
This branch of laurel.
DOR. Now go in.
SYR. I go. *(Goes in.*
DOR. *(at the altar) Apollo!* I beſeech you to grant peace,
And health and ſafety to our family;
And to my ſon proſperity!
SYR. *(within)* Ah me!
Ah well-a-day! ah woeful day! ah me!
DOR. Why, how now? are you mad? what means this howling?
SYR. *(entering) Dorippa!* ma'am! *Dorippa!*
DOR. Why d'ye bawl thus?
SYR. Here's a ſtrange woman in the houſe.
DOR. What woman?
SYR. A harlot-woman.
DOR. Is it poſſible?
SYR. Troth, you were very wiſe to come to town,
She were a fool indeed, who could not ſee
This woman was your pretty huſband's miſtreſs.
DOR. My mind miſgives me, you are in the right.
SYR. In then with me, my *Juno!* and behold
Your harlotry *Alcmena!*
DOR. In, in, *Syra!*
I follow you as faſt as poſſible. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

LYSIMACHUS *alone.*

Is't not enough that *Demipho*'s in love,
But he muſt be extravagant beſides?
Had he invited ten grandees to ſupper,
He has prepar'd too laviſhly; and then
He follows up the cooks, as earneſtly
As pilots urge the ſailors in a ſhip.
I hir'd the maſter-cook myſelf; and wonder
He is not come according to my order.
—But our door opens: who is this comes forth?

SCENE III.

Enter at a diſtance DORIPPA.

DOR. *(to herſelf)* There never was, never will be a wife
More wretched than myſelf. Ah, what a huſband!
Unhappy that I am! From this time forth
Be cautious, women, whom ye truſt in marriage.
What, I! who brought a fortune of ten talents!
That I ſhould ſee, and ſuffer ſuch affronts!
LYS. *(behind)* Ha! I am loſt: my wife is come to town,
And has found out this wench, I warrant you.
—But

—But at this diſtance I can't hear.—I'll nearer.

DOR. Ah, woe is me!

LYS. And me.

DOR. Undone!

LYS. And I.

No doubt but ſhe has ſeen her.—All the Gods
Confound you, *Demipho!*

DOR. Ay, this it was
Prevented him from coming out of town.

LYS. I'll go and ſpeak to her. *(Goes up)* Good-morrow, wife!
—Our town-folks grow mere ruſticks.

DOR. But they act
More modeſtly, than thoſe who don't grow ruſticks.

LYS. What! have the ruſticks been in fault?

DOR. Much leſs
Than folks in town, and do themſelves leſs miſchief.

LYS. Prithee, what miſchief do the folks in town?

DOR. What wench is that within?

LYS. You've ſeen her then?

V. 15. *Our town-folks grow mere ruſticks.*] This paſſage is ſomewhat obſcure, but is thus explained by the commentators. *Lyſimachus* bids his wife good-morrow; but ſhe, being out of humour, pouts at him, and makes no return to the ſalutation; on which he obſerves, that the town-gentry are grown as unmannerly as the country bumpkins. This explanation does not appear to be ſtrained or unnatural; but there is certainly an uncouthneſs in the dialogue, as it ſtands at preſent, which a word or two from *Lyſimachus*, by way of comment on his wife's ſilence, would have rendered clear and eaſy.

DOR.

DOR. I've ſeen her.

LYS. And, "Who is ſhe," do you aſk?

DOR. Ay, to be ſure; and I'll know too. *You* know.

LYS. You'd have me tell you "who ſhe is" you ſay? She—ſhe—Confuſion! what ſhall I reply? *(Aſide.*

DOR. What! do you falter?

LYS. I've not ſeen her.—

DOR. Tell me!

LYS. Give me but leave, I will.

DOR. You ſhould ere now.

LYS. You preſs me ſo, it is impoſſible:
You queſtion me, as if I were to blame.

DOR. Oh, to be ſure, you're not at all to blame! *(ironically.*

LYS. Say what you pleaſe.

DOR. Speak *you!*

LYS. I will.

DOR. Then ſpeak!

LYS. She's—Would you have me tell her name?

DOR. You trifle.
I've catch'd you. You're in fault.

LYS. What fault? She is—

DOR. Who is ſhe?

LYS. *(heſitating)* She—

DOR. See there!

LYS. Plague take her name!
Did not I long to tell it, I ſhould hit on't.

DOR. You don't know who ſhe is then?

LYS. Very well.

I am

I am her judge.

DOR. Her judge! Oh! now I have it.
You've call'd her here to be your counſellor.
(ironically.

LYS. No; ſhe is left with me, as arbiter.

DOR. *(ironically)* I underſtand.

LYS. Nay, not as you imagine.

DOR. You clear yourſelf too ſoon. *(ironically.*

LYS. This bitter buſineſs
Has prov'd too much for me, I'm quite aground.
(Aſide.

SCENE IV.

Enter the COOK, *with* SERVANTS.

COOK. Quick! quick! make haſte! for I muſt dreſs a ſupper
For an old gentleman in love.—Tho' truly
'Tis for *ourſelves* we dreſs it, not for *him*.
For give a lover but his paramour,
He feaſts on Her; to languiſh, and embrace,
To kiſs, and chat, is meat and drink to him.

V. 36. *I am her* JUDGE.—*You've call'd her here to be your* COUNSELLOR.—*She is left with me, as* ARBITER.] Theſe paſſages relate to ancient uſages, and are interpreted thus. The property of *Paſicompſa* was ſuppoſed to be in diſpute, and *Lyſimachus*, by mutual conſent, appointed *judge* to decide between the contending parties. On theſe occaſions, it was uſual for the perſon ſo appointed to call in ſome friends as *counſellors*, to adviſe him in his determination; and the thing in diſpute was always left in his cuſtody.

But we, I truſt, ſhall go well loaded home.
This way!—But here's th' old gentleman that hir'd us.

LYS. The Cook here too! Undone again!

COOK. (*to* LYS.) We're come.

LYS. Go back again.

COOK. Go back again!—Why ſo?

LYS. Hiſt! get away, I tell you.

COOK. Get away!

LYS. Be gone.

COOK. What! don't you want a ſupper, Sir?

LYS. We've ſupp'd already.—Now I'm quite undone. (*Aſide.*

DOR. What! have the folks, who choſe you arbiter, Order'd in theſe proviſions too?

COOK. Is this Your miſtreſs, that you told me of at market?

LYS. Huſh!

COOK. A good pretty tidy wench enough: And her mouth waters at a man, I warrant.

LYS. Hence, raſcal!

COOK. Faith, ſhe's not amiſs.

LYS. Confuſion! (*Aſide.*

COOK. And, I dare ſay, a charming bedfellow!

LYS. Won't you be gone?—It was not I that hir'd you.

COOK. Not you? 'Fore heaven, your own ſelf.

LYS. Undone! (*Aſide.*

COOK. By the ſame token too, you let me know

Your

Your wife was in the country, whom you loath'd
Worſe than a ſerpent.

LYS. Did I tell you ſo?

COOK. Ay, that you did.

LYS. So help me, *Jupiter*,
As I ne'er utter'd ſuch a word, ſweet wife!

DOR. Can you deny it?

COOK. No; he did not ſay
He loath'd *you*, miſtreſs, but his wife.

DOR. 'Tis plain
That I am your averſion.

LYS. I deny it.

COOK. And he ſaid too, his wife was in the country.

LYS. This is ſhe, ſirrah!—Why d'ye plague me thus?

COOK. Becauſe you ſaid you did not know me.—What!
Are you afraid of Her!

LYS. And well I may;
For I have none beſide.

COOK. Will you employ me?

LYS. No.

COOK. Pay me then.

LYS. You ſhall be paid to-morrow.
Be gone at preſent.

DOR. What a wretch I am!

LYS. 'Tis an old ſaying, and I find a true one,
That a bad neighbour brings bad fortune with him.

COOK.

Cook. Come, let's be gone! (*To* Serv.) If any harm has happen'd,
'Tis not my fault. (*To* Lys.

Lys. You maſſacre me, villain.

Cook. I know your mind; you'd have me gone.

Lys. I would.

Cook. Give me a *Drachma*, and I'll go.

Lys. I will.

Cook. Order it then: it may be paid, while They Set the proviſions down.

Lys. Will you be gone?
Will you ne'er ceaſe tormenting me?

Cook. Come then! (*To the* Servants.
Lay the proviſions down before the feet
Of that old gentleman.—The pots and pans
I'll ſend for preſently, or elſe to-morrow.
(*To* Lysimachus.
Follow me. (*To the* Servants, *who lay down the proviſions, and go out after him.*

SCENE V.

LYSIMACHUS, DORIPPA, SYRA.

Lys. You're ſurpriz'd, I make no doubt,
At this Cook's bringing theſe proviſions here.
—But I'll explain.

Dor. I'm not ſurpriz'd at all
At any wrong or wickedneſs from You.

V. 43. *A Drachma.*] The *Attick Drachma*, according to *Cooke*, was equal to ſeven pence three farthings of *Engliſh* money.

But

But be aſſur'd, I'll not endure this uſage.
Fine treatment for a wife! to have your wenches
Brought home to my own houſe!—Intolerable!
—Go, *Syra*, to my father, and intreat him
To let me ſee him here immediately.
SYR. I go. [*Exit.*
LYS. You quite miſtake the matter, wife:
I'll take whatever oath you pleaſe to frame,
That I've no buſineſs with the wench.—What now?
Is *Syra* gone? [*Exit* DORIPPA.

SCENE VI.

LYSIMACHUS *alone.*

See there! my wife gone too!
Death and deſtruction!—Gods confound you, neighbour,
You, and your miſtreſs, and intrigues together!
What foul ſuſpicions has he thrown upon me!
Rais'd me a croud of enemies abroad,
And made a tygreſs of my wife at home!
I'll to the Forum, and tell *Demipho*,
By her own hair I'll drag his doxy forth,
Unleſs he takes her hence without delay.
Wife! wife, ho! *(calling to her within)* Tho' you are enrag'd with me,
Be wiſe, and order theſe proviſions in,
To make our ſupper better by and by.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter ſeverally SYRA *and* EUTYCHUS.

SYR. Her father, whom my miſtreſs ſent me to,
Is not at home; nay, not in town, they ſay:
And I'm returning to her with this anſwer.

EUT. *(at a diſtance)* I'm tir'd of hunting the whole city through
In chace of this ſame girl, and all in vain.
—But ſure my mother muſt be come to town;
For I ſee *Syra* ſtanding at our door.
Syra!

SYR. Who's there? who calls?

EUT. Your maſter, nurſe.

SYR. *(turning)* What, my young maſter? Heav'n bleſs my child!

EUT. Inform me, is my mother come to town?

SYR. Ay, marry, is ſhe; and by great good luck,
Both for herſelf, and all the family.

EUT. Why, what's the matter then?

SYR. Your ſweet papa
Has brought a wench into the houſe.

EUT. A wench!

SYR. Ay: madam came to town, and found her there.

EUT. Aha, old gentleman! I ne'er ſuſpected
You were addicted to ſuch pranks as theſe.

Is the wench ſtill within?

SYR. Ay.

EUT. Follow me. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

SYRA *alone.*

Now, by my troth, the poor unhappy women
Are much more hardly dealt with than the men.
For if a huſband brings a miſtreſs home,

SCENE VIII. SYRA *alone.*] Nothing can follow the preceding ſcene more naturally than this ſoliloquy: and yet the old commentators, never content without ſophiſticating their author as well as illuſtrating him, have here foiſted in three lines, in order to introduce two dull ſuppoſititious ſcenes; on which *Limiers*, in his examen prefixed to this comedy, remarks, "One "may eaſily perceive, by the difference of ſtile, that they are "not only unworthy of *Plautus*, but rather uſeleſs in the con-"duct of the plot." The truth is, the ſcenes in queſtion are not only uſeleſs and impertinent, but diametrically oppoſite to the evident deſign of *Plautus*. Had he introduced the wife of *Demipho* into his piece, he would no doubt have derived much pleaſantry from the admiſſion of that character; but that he had no ſuch intention, is manifeſt from the laſt ſcene, where we are expreſsly told, that *Demipho*'s wife is utterly ignorant of the whole tranſaction. Had the author of the ſuppoſititious ſcenes endeavoured to open a ſource of pleaſantry, left untouched by *Plautus*, he might perhaps have deſerved ſome notice; but his interpolation is as dull, as it is injudicious with reſpect to the deſign of the author: for *Periſtrata* enters, not to produce any comic ſituation by a jealouſy and detection of her huſband's amours, but only, like a tender-hearted mama, to lament that her ſon's miſtreſs ſhould be run away with by his father.

Tho'

Tho' the wife finds her under her own roof,
There is no law that puniſhes the man:
But catch *her* rambling with gallants abroad,
The huſband truly ſues for a divorce.
Would the ſame law held good for man and wife!
For ſince a wife, if ſhe's an honeſt woman,
Will be contented with her huſband; why,
Should not the huſband alſo with his wife?
I would fain have fair play between them both;
And then, I warrant you, if ev'ry huſband,
Prov'd a ſly wencher, could but be divorc'd
As well as wanton wives, we ſoon ſhould ſee
More widowers, than there are widows now.

[*Exit.*

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

CHARINUS *coming from home in a travelling habit.*

ONCE more, ye ſacred doors, I bid you hail,
And to that greeting join, Farewel for ever!
To-day, for the laſt time, I lift my foot
Over my father's threſhold. From this hour
All uſes and enjoyments of this houſe
Are gone, deſtroy'd, eſtrang'd from me for ever.
Ye houſhold Deities, who guard my parents,
And ſhed your influence on our family,
To you I recommend their lives and fortunes.
I muſt ſeek other houſhold Gods, muſt ſeek
Another city, and another country:
At *Athens* I abide no more. Where vice
Each day grows more and more predominant;
Where treachery and friendſhip are ſo mingled,
They cannot be diſtinguiſh'd; where all joys,
Deareſt and beſt, are raviſh'd from me; there
I would not live,—no, not to be a king.

V. 1. *Sacred doors.*] Among the ancients the doors of houſes were conſecrated to particular Deities. *Eugraphius*, in his notes on *Terence*, tells us, that the entrance was called *Veſtibulum*, from the Goddeſs *Veſta*; and the commentators on our author cite a paſſage from *Tertullian*, in which he mentions *Limentinus*, that is, God of the threſhold.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter at a diſtance EUTYCHUS.

EUT. Fortune! who ſeeſt the deeds of Gods and men,

Sole arbitreſs of all events on earth,
I thank thee! Thou haſt rais'd me from deſpair.
Is there a God now happier than I?
All that I ſought and wiſh'd for was at home.
There I found friendſhip, life, ſociety,
Feſtivity, and joy, and jollity:
Theſe boon companions chas'd the baleful troop
Of anger, enmity, diſaſter, folly,
Perverſeneſs, ſorrow, weeping, baniſhment,
Diſtreſs, and ſolitude. Oh grant, ye Gods,
I ſoon may find *Charinus!*

CHA. *(not ſeeing him)* I am prepar'd,
Thus furniſh'd as you ſee. I caſt away
All equipage and pomp: my own companion,
My own attendant, horſe, and groom, and ſquire:
Maſter at once, and ſervant to myſelf,
I carry my own baggage.—God of love,
How abſolute thy ſway! for thou canſt make
The coward confident, and fright the brave!

EUT. *(not ſeeing* CHA.) I'm thinking where to find him.

CHA. *(to himſelf)* I'm reſolv'd
To ſeek her over all the world. No river,
Mountain, or ſea ſhall bar my way. I fear

Nor heat, nor cold, nor wind, nor hail. Let rain
Deſcend in torrents, or the ſcorching ſun
Parch me with thirſt, I will endure it all.
No reſt, no reſpite, night or day I'll take,
Till I have loſt my life, or found my love.
EUT. Whoſe voice is that?
CHA. And Oh ye Gods, who make
The traveller your care, protect me!
EUT. *Jupiter!*
Is that *Charinus?*
CHA. Citizens, farewell!
EUT. Ho! ſtop, *Charinus!*
CHA. Who recalls me?
EUT. Hope,
Safety, and victory.
CHA. What would you with me?
EUT. To keep you company.
CHA. Go ſeek ſome other.
For the companions that I have at preſent
Hold me, and will not part with me.
EUT. Who are they?
CHA. Care, miſery, diſtraction, pain, and ſorrow.
EUT. Scurvy companions! drive them hence.
Come hither.
CHA. If you'd ſpeak with me, follow.
EUT. Stop, I ſay.
CHA. 'Tis idle to delay a man in haſte.
The ſun is going down.

V. 28. *Ye gods, who make,* &c.] Theſe Deities were called *Lares viales,* Gods of the road.

EUT.

EUT. Direct your haſte
This way inſtead of that you now perſue,
And better ſpeed will follow it. This way
The wind is proſperous, do but ſhift your ſail.
Here's a fair weſtern breeze, and there the ſouth
Heavy with rain: this ſpreads a peaceful calm
Over the boſom of the deep, and that
Works up the billows to a foam. This way!
Make towards the land, *Charinus!* Don't you ſee
How black the clouds are yonder, how the ſhower
Hangs ready to burſt over you, while here
Prevails eternal ſun-ſhine, and fair weather?

CHA. The omens that he ſpeaks of ſhould deter me.
I'll turn that way.

EUT. Ay, now you're wiſe, *Charinus.*
Advance this way. Another ſtep! another!
Stretch out your hand tow'rd mine. D'ye hold me?

CHA. Ay.

EUT. Stay! whither are you going?

CHA. Into exile.

EUT. What to do there?

CHA. The ſame that wretches uſe.

EUT. Fear nothing: I'll reſtore you to content,
Ere you depart.

CHA. I will depart directly.

EUT. Attend, and I'll tranſport you with glad tidings.

V. 52. *The omens*, &c.] This is perfectly agreeable to the ſuperſtitious manners of the ancients, who conſidered it as impious to reſiſt certain words and ſigns, which they regarded as omens or inſpirations. LIMIERS.

Stop! I'm your friend, and bring the beſt of news.

CHA. What news?

EUT. Your miſtreſs—

CHA. What of her?

EUT. I know

Where ſhe is—

CHA. Do you?

EUT. Safe and ſound.

CHA. Safe! where?

EUT. Oh, I know where.

CHA. But *I* had rather know.

EUT. Can't you be quiet?

CHA. No: I'm all emotion.

EUT. I'll make you calm and quiet, never fear.

CHA. Nay, prithee now, inform me where you've ſeen her.

Not a word? Speak. You kill me with your ſilence.

EUT. She's not far off.

CHA. Where? Shew me, if you ſee her.

EUT. I do not ſee her *now* indeed, but ſaw her
A while ago.

CHA. And ſhall *I* ſee her?

EUT. Ay.

CHA. The leaſt delay is tedious to a lover.

EUT. Still are you fearful? I'll inform you all.
I have no dearer friend on earth, than he
Who has her now in his poſſeſſion; none
To whom I am more bound in love and duty.

CHA. I don't concern myſelf with *him*, but *her*.

EUT. I'll talk to you of *her* then: tho' indeed
I never thought of telling that at firſt.

CHA.

CHA. Inform me, where ſhe is then.

EUT. At our houſe.

CHA. A charming houſe! a well-built houſe indeed!
Built in a happy hour! if this be true.
But how may I believe it? Have you ſeen her?
Or do you ſpeak from hearſay?

EUT. I have ſeen her.

CHA. Who brought her thither?

EUT. What a ſilly queſtion!

CHA. Well, I allow it.

EUT. Don't you bluſh, *Charinus?*
What ſignifies who brought her—

CHA. So ſhe's there?

EUT. She's there, I promiſe you.

CHA. For theſe good news
Wiſh what you pleaſe!

EUT. Suppoſe I do?

CHA. I'll pray
The gods to grant your wiſh.

EUT. Ridiculous!

CHA. Let me but ſee her, all my cares are over.
—Why don't I ſtrip this habit off?—Within there!
(Calling.
Ho! ſomebody come forth, and bring my cloak!

EUT. Well done! this pleaſes me.

CHA. In good time, boy!
(To a lad who enters.
Here, take this doublet, and this furniture.
Nay, never ſtir: ſtay there! that if theſe news
Prove falſe, I may perſue my journey ſtill.

EUT. Don't you believe me?

CHA. Moſt implicitly.
But, prithee, introduce me.

EUT. Stay a little!

CHA. Why ſo?

EUT. It is not time to enter yet.

CHA. You torture me.

EUT. There is no need, I ſay,
That you ſhould enter now.

CHA. And why not now?

EUT. There's no occaſion for it.

CHA. No occaſion!

EUT. 'Tis inconvenient to her.

CHA. Inconvenient
To her, who loves me; whom I love ſo dearly!
—He trifles with me moſt egregiouſly.
Fool that I was to credit him! 'Tis all
A trick to ſtop me.—Give me back my doublet.

EUT. Nay, do but hear me!

CHA. Here, boy! take this cloak!

EUT. My mother is enrag'd againſt my father,
For bringing *Paſicompſa* to our houſe,
While *ſhe* was in the country; and ſuppoſes
That *Paſicompſa* is my father's miſtreſs.

CHA. *(not regarding him)* I've got my belt.

V. 114. *My belt——and ſword——and bottle.*] Each of theſe compoſed a part of the traveller's equipage. *Lambinus* tells us, that travellers, as well as ſoldiers, carried their money at their *belts*; and that neither the *Greeks* nor *Romans* ever wore a *ſword* in the city. The *bottle* was filled with oil, in order to anoint their feet.

EUT.

EUT. And ſhe is now enquiring
The truth of that affair within.
CHA. *(ſtill inattentive)*—And ſword.
EUT. And ſhould I introduce you now—
CHA. *(ſtill inattentive)*—And bottle.
And thus accoutred I march off.
EUT. Hold, hold!
Hark ye, *Charinus!*
CHA. No, no, *Eutychus*;
No tricks on travellers!
EUT. I mean no tricks.
CHA. Won't you allow me to perſue my journey?
EUT. I can't allow you.
CHA. Why do I delay?
In, boy! *(Exit Boy)* I am already in my chariot;
The reins already in my hand.
EUT. You're mad.
CHA. Why do not I directly on to *Cyprus*,
Seeing my father drives me into exile?
EUT. Nay, ceaſe this folly!
CHA. No; I am reſolv'd
Never to ceaſe to ſearch for her—
EUT. I tell you,
She's at our houſe.
CHA. For all, that he has ſaid,
Is falſhood.
EUT. Nothing but the real truth.
CHA. I'm now arriv'd at *Cyprus*.
EUT. Follow me:
And you ſhall ſee the object of your wiſhes.

CHA.

CHA. I've enquir'd after her, but cannot find her.
EUT. I'll not regard my mother's anger now.
CHA. Still will I on in queſt of her. I'm now
Arriv'd at *Chalcis:* I encounter there
My old *Zacynthian* hoſt, and let him know
My errand thither; aſk if he has heard
Who brought her thither, and who now detains her.
EUT. Have done this trifling, and walk in with me.
CHA. "Faith," ſays mine hoſt, "the figs, Sir, at
"*Zacynthus*
"Are no bad figs."
EUT. Your hoſt is in the right.
CHA. "As for your miſtreſs, I believe, I've heard
"She is at *Athens.*"
EUT. He's another *Chalcas.*
CHA. I go on board, ſet ſail, and come to port;
Now I'm at home, return'd from baniſhment.
Ha! my friend *Eutychus*, are *You* there? Save you!
How have you been, friend? How are both my parents?
What! ſup with you? I'm much oblig'd to you,
To-morrow, if you pleaſe; to-day at home:

V. 140. "*Faith,*" *ſays mine hoſt,* &c.] Some commentators have diſcovered a myſterious meaning in this paſſage, conveying a moral compariſon between youth and green figs. But *Turnebus* juſtly remarks, that it means nothing more than that the hoſt made an anſwer nothing to the purpoſe. We have an inſtance of the ſame ſpecies of humour in *Shakeſpeare*, where the Prince anſwers *Falſtaff*'s queſtion about the hoſteſs, by ſaying, "And "is not a buff-jerkin a ſweet robe of durance?"

V. 143. *Chalcas.*] A prieſt mentioned in *Homer*, who had the gift of prophecy.

For

For that's but right and decent.

EUT. You are dreaming.
The man has loſt his ſenſes.

CHA. Heal me then;
Quick! miniſter your medicines, like a friend.

EUT. Follow me then.

CHA. I follow.

EUT. Gently, gently!
You tread upon my heels.—But do you hear?

CHA. I've heard too much already.

EUT. You muſt bring
My mother into humour with my father.
For ſhe's enrag'd at preſent—

CHA. Prithee, hence!

EUT. About the girl—

CHA. Nay, hence, I ſay.

EUT. So mind!

CHA. So hence, I ſay! I'll render her as mild
As *Juno*, when ſhe is at peace with *Jove*.

[*Exeunt.*

Exeunt.] There is ſomething very unnatural in the behaviour of both the young gentlemen in this ſcene. *Eutychus* trifles with his friend before he communicates the moſt intereſting news; and *Charinus* trifles after he has heard it. It is very juſtly obſerved by *Limiers* on this occaſion, that, diſtant as the manners of the ancients might be from our own, yet the paſſions of mankind have always been the ſame.

SCENE III.

DEMIPHO, LYSIMACHUS.

DEM. As if now you yourſelf had ne'er been guilty
Of ſuch a thing as this?
LYS. 'Fore heaven, never.
Never, I promiſe you: and even now
I ſcarce know whether I'm alive or dead.
My wife is ſo enrag'd about this wench,
She foams again.
DEM. I'll pacify your wife,
Make your excuſe, and reconcile you both.
LYS. Follow me then.—But ſee! my ſon comes forth.

SCENE IV.

Enter EUTYCHUS.

EUT. *(to* CHA. *within)* I'll to my father now, and let him know
My mother is quite pacified; and then
Return immediately.
LYS. *(liſtening)* This promiſes.
Well, *Eutychus!* *(Going up to him.*
EUT. Ha! well met both!

V. 1. *As if now*, &c.] In ſome editions eleven ſpurious lines are prefixed to this ſcene, probably by the ſame hand with the two ſuppoſititious ſcenes mentioned in the notes to the fourth act.

LYS.

LYS. What how?

EUT. My mother is appeas'd and ſatisfied.
You may join hands again.

LYS. Good heav'n be prais'd!

EUT. As for you, *Demipho*, I let you know
You've loſt your miſtreſs.

DEM. Plague upon your news!
What means all this?

EUT. I'll tell you. D'ye both mark me?

LYS. Both.

EUT. Whene'er men of rank are ill-diſpos'd,
Their evil diſpoſition ſtains that rank.

DEM. Very true.

LYS. True indeed: but 'tis a truth
Bears hardly upon *you*. (*To* DEM.

EUT. Why that's true too.
And at your age it ill becomes you, Sir,
To raviſh from your ſon, a youthful lover,
His newly-purchas'd miſtreſs.

DEM. How is this?
Paſicompſa then *Charinus'* miſtreſs?

EUT. How the old fox diſſembles!

DEM. Not at all.
My ſon inform'd me he had purchas'd her
To wait upon his mother.

EUT. For which reaſon
You purchas'd her, young lover? Eh, old boy?

V. 21. *Young lover—old boy.*] Exactly the expreſſions of the original. *Novus amator—vetus puer.*

LYS. Well ſaid! Go on. I'll ſecond you. Let's both
Work him, as he deſerves, for this!

DEM. Confuſion!

LYS. *(on one ſide)* To uſe his ſon ſo ill!

EUT. *(on the other ſide)* So ſcandalouſly!
To drive him into exile!

DEM. Is he gone?

LYS. Peace, ſcarecrow! an old fellow, like yourſelf,
Should have done meddling with thoſe matters.

DEM. True.
I own I've been to blame.

EUT. Peace, hatchet-face!
Your age ſhould not admit of crimes like theſe:
For as the ſeveral ſeaſons of the year
Bring with them different fruit, in human life
So have our actions their fit ſeaſons too.
If then old men, like you, without reſtraint,
Paſs in laſcivious wantonneſs their age,
Where is the ſafety of the public weal?

DEM. Alas! I'm ruin'd.

EUT. Youth alone ſhould follow
The trade of baſket-making.

V. 36. *Youth alone*, &c.] In the original, this ſpeech and the next runs thus.

EUT. *Adoleſcentes rei agendæ iſti magis ſolent operam dare.*
DEM. *Jam obſecro vobis hercle habete cum ſportis, cum fiſcinâ.*

There are various readings in the laſt ſpeech; but each way it is agreed to be uttered proverbially, ſignifying, "Take her, with "all that belongs to her." The reading I have followed is in *Engliſh* literally, "Now then prithee take her, with her baſkets "and paniers." Wherefore I have made uſe of a kind of cant phraſe in our own tongue, ſomewhat ſimilar to the language of the proverb in the original.

DEM.

DEM. Well, e'en take
Baſket and baſket-maker to yourſelves!
EUT. Reſtore them to your ſon: let him enjoy them.
DEM. With all my heart: I give my full conſent.
EUT. In good time truly! now you cannot help it.
DEM. Nay, let him aſk whate'er revenge he will,
And he ſhall have it for this injury.
But, prithee, make my peace with him: I beg
He may not be incens'd: for had I known,
Had he inform'd me, tho' but jeſtingly,
She was his miſtreſs, now by *Hercules*,
I never would have tried to tear her from him,
I beg you then, ſweet *Eutychus*; intreat you;
You're his companion; lend me your aſſiſtance.
Take an old fellow under your protection,
And you ſhall find he will not be ungrateful.
LYS. Ay, ay, intreat him to forgive your crimes,
And ſpare the follies of your youth. *(ironically.*
DEM. Again?
Cruel! d'ye perſecute me ſtill? I hope
A time will come I may be even with you.
LYS. No: I gave over thoſe pranks long ago.
DEM. Henceforward, ſo will I.
LYS. Not you. Your mind
Will ſoon return to its old bent again.
DEM. Nay, prithee now, have done; or if you pleaſe,
Horſewhip me!
LYS. Truly you deſerve it richly.
And when your wife ſhall come to know of this,
She'll do it too.

DEM. She need not know of it.

EUT. No, no: ſhe ſhall not know of it: ne'er fear!
Let us go in! it ſuits not your affairs
To talk in ſuch a publick place as this,
And make a witneſs of each paſſer-by.

DEM. 'Fore heaven you are right: the ſtory too
Will be the ſhorter; ſo let's in directly!

EUT. Your ſon is at our houſe.

DEM. I'm glad to hear it.
We can paſs thro' the garden home again.

LYS. Hold, *Eutychus*, I muſt enquire one thing,
Ere I ſet foot within the houſe.

EUT. What now?

LYS. Every man looks to what concerns himſelf.
Inform me therefore, if you're very certain
Your mother's anger is appeas'd.

EUT. Quite certain.

LYS. Take care!

EUT. Depend upon't.

LYS. I'm ſatisfied.
But prithee don't deceive me!

EUT. Do you doubt me?

LYS. Well, I believe you; yet I am afraid.

DEM. Come, come, let's enter!

EUT. Hold! before we go,
Paſs we the laws againſt old men; the laws,
By which henceforward they ſhall hold them bound!
" Whoever hath attain'd his ſixtieth year,
" Be he or huſband or old batchelor,
" And ſhall attempt to wanton with the wenches,

" Be it decreed, we deem him impotent;
" And for his ill-timed prodigality,
" Dòom him to loſe the little he has left.
" Henceforth let none forbid his youthful ſon,
" To wench, or keep a miſtreſs—decently; 90

V. 90. —*decently.*] The latitude here allowed to the debaucheries of young men muſt be offenſive to thoſe who are acquainted with the pure doctrines of Chriſtianity; but was eaſily reconcilable to the groſſneſs of the Pagan religion.—Such is the juſt remark of Madam *Dacier* on the concluſion of the *Brothers* of *Terence*, where, in like manner, *Demea* allows that his ſon *Cteſipho* ſhall keep his miſtreſs.—From the other part of this play, however, which is the main plot, an excellent moral may be deduced. An antiquated libertine is indeed a truly comick character, and a very proper object of ſatire and ridicule. The play on the whole, though not a favourite with the old commentators, has undoubtedly great merit. There are ſeveral happy turns in the fable, which is in general well conducted, and in its conſtruction approaches perhaps nearer to the modern manner, than any other piece in the *Greek* or *Latin* languages. An author of theſe days would indeed moſt probably have introduced the wife of *Demipho*, in order to heighten the ridiculous diſtreſs of the old dotard after his detection, and by that means have enlivened the cataſtrophe, which, it muſt be confeſſed, appears to be the moſt unfiniſhed part of this comedy. *Terence*, who, if he had leſs humour than *Plautus*, had certainly more art, has very happily betrayed the *Lemnos* intrigue of *Chremes* to his wife *Nauſiſtrata*, in the laſt act of *Phormio*. But that *Plautus* had no ſuch intention in this comedy, is plain from the following portion of the above dialogue between the parties concerned in this ſcene.

DEM. Nay, prithee now, have done; or if you pleaſe
Horſewhip me!
LYS. Truly you deſerve it richly.
And when your wife ſhall come to know of this,
She'll do it too.
DEM. She need not know of it.

" On pain of loſing more, than 'twould have coſt,
" Had he indulg'd him in it!—From this night
" Be theſe our laws in force againſt old men."
Young men, farewell! and if ye like theſe ſtatutes,
Enacted to make fathers dutiful,
Now ratify them with your loud applauſe!

EUT. No, no: ſhe ſhall not know of it: ne'er fear!
Let us go in! it ſuits not your affairs
To talk in ſuch a publick place as this,
And make a witneſs of each paſſer-by.

This paſſage alone would be an irrefragable argument of the ſpurioufneſs of the two ſcenes mentioned in the notes to the fourth act, if their lamentable dullneſs and inſipidity did not afford a ſtill more convincing proof of the interpolation.

The End of the MERCHANT.

THE

MISER.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

EUCLIO, *an old Man.*
MEGADORUS, *Uncle to* LYCONIDES.
LYCONIDES, *Son to* EUNOMIA.
STROBILUS, *Servant to* LYCONIDES.
STROBILUS, *Servant to* MEGADORUS.
PYTHODICUS, *the ſame.*
ANTHRAX, CONGRIO, } *Cooks.*

EUNOMIA, *Mother to* LYCONIDES, *and Siſter of* MEGADORUS.
STAPHILA, *an old Woman, Servant to* EUCLIO.
PHÆDRIA, *Daughter to* EUCLIO.

SCENE, *ATHENS,*
Before the Houſes of EUCLIO *and* MEGADORUS.

PROLOGUE.

The HOUSHOLD GOD.

LEST any one ſhould wonder who I am,
I'll tell you in few words. I am the God
Domeſtic of this family, from whence
Ye ſaw me come. It now is many years,
Since I've poſſeſs'd this houſe, protecting it
Both in the grandfather's and father's time
Of him, who now inhabits it. The grandfather,
Unknown to every one, intruſted me
With a rare treaſure all of gold: for this
He dug an hiding place beneath the hearth,
Beſeeching me with pray'rs to keep it for him.
He died, and was withal ſo covetous,
He would not even tell it to his ſon,
But rather choſe to leave him indigent
Than ſhew him this ſame treaſure. On his death,

The HOUSHOLD GOD.] *Lar Familiaris.* Every houſe among the ancients had its peculiar tutelary Deity, which was called *Lar.*

V. 10. *The hearth.*] *In medio foco.* This was in the middle of the houſe, ſacred to the HOUSHOLD GOD, on which a conſtant fire was kept up.

He left his ſon a bit of ground, from whence
He might pick up a piteous livelihood
With induſtry and labour. Now when he
Was dead, who with this gold had truſted me,
I ſet me to obſerve, whether the ſon
Would hold me in more honour than his father
Had done before him: but he treated me
With leſs regard, leſs honour'd and rever'd me.
I did the ſame with him. He alſo died,
And left a ſon, who now inhabits here,
Of the ſame cloſe and niggard diſpoſition
As was his father and his grandfather.
He has an only daughter: ſhe indeed
Makes ev'ry day her conſtant ſupplications
With frankincenſe, or wine, or ſomething elſe,
And gives me wreaths of flowers. For her ſake
Have I caus'd *Euclio* to find out this treaſure,
That, if he pleaſe, he may more readily
Diſpoſe of her in marriage; for a youth
Of higheſt quality has made her pregnant:
He knows her, who ſhe is; ſhe knows not him:
Nor has her father learned, that ſhe is pregnant.
Now will I cauſe that the old gentleman,
Who lives here in the neighbourhood, ſhall aſk
The girl in marriage; and on this account
I do it, that the youth, who made her pregnant,
May find the means more readily to marry her:
For this old gentleman is the youth's uncle,

V. 16. *A bit of ground.*] *Agri non magnum modum. Horace* uſes the ſame expreſſion.

Hoc erat in votis, modus agri non ita magnus.

Who

Who forc'd her on the night of *Ceres'* feſtival.
But hark!—I hear old *Euclio* now within
Making an uproar, as he's wont to do.
He's thruſting his old woman out of doors,
That ſhe ſhould nothing know. Belike he wants
To ſee his treaſure, if it be not ſtolen. [*Exit.*

V. 44. *On the night of Ceres' feſtival.*] *Noctu Cereris vigiliis.* The feaſts of *Ceres* were celebrated in the night-time, and without any light; becauſe, as they ſay, *Ceres* made a ſearch for her daughter *Proſerpine* upon mount *Ætna.*

*** This Prologue has been commended on account of the impoſſibility of the ſpectator's being informed of many particulars, here related, without the ſupernatural interpoſition of a Deity to inform them. But I think it muſt rather appear to the modern reader as wholly unneceſſary; for there ſeems to be no reaſon, why any account at all need be given for how many generations the treaſure had remained undiſcovered in the old man's family. It muſt, however, have been particularly acceptable to an ancient audience, on account of their religious ſuperſtition; and the favour of the Houſhold God, in return for the piety of *Euclio's* daughter, naturally intereſted them in her behalf.

THE

THE MISER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

EUCLIO *driving out* STAPHILA.

EUCLIO.

OUT of my houſe, I ſay;—out of my houſe;
Nay, but you muſt and ſhall;—out of my doors,
Good goſſip Pry-about,—poking your eyes,
And peering, here and there, in ev'ry corner.

THE MISER.] The title of this play in the original is AULULARIA, from *Aula* (the ſame with *Olla)* the diminutive of which is *Aulula*, ſignifying a *Pot*, in which the treaſure was kept, that was found by *Euclio*. *Moliere* took the hint and great part of his comedy called *L'Avare* from this of our author; and we have two comedies on the ſame plan (one by *Shadwell*, the other by *Fielding*) called *The Miſer*. I have adopted this title, as being more familiar to the *Engliſh* ear.

V. 3. *Good goſſip Pry-about*, &c.] *Circumſpectatrix cum oculis emiſſitiis. Emiſſitiis*——A forcible expreſſion, which cannot ſo well be explained in our language but by a *periphraſis*.

STAPH.

STAPH. Why do you beat me, a poor wretch?
EUCL. To make you
A poor wretch;—you ſhall lead a ſorry life on't.
STAPH. Why have you thruſt me out o' doors?
EUCL. You jade!
Give you a reaſon?—Get you from the door,—
There, there—See how ſhe crawls!—Do you know what?
If I but take a ſtick in hand, I'll quicken
That tortoiſe-pace of yours.
STAPH. Would I were hang'd
Rather than ſerve you at this rate.
EUCL. The beldam!
See how ſhe grumbles to herſelf!—You jade,
I'll tear your eyes out; I'll prevent your watching,
Peeping and prying into all I do.
Get farther off there,—farther,—farther ſtill,—
Farther.—So,—ſtand there.—If you dare to budge
A finger or a nail's breadth from that place,
Or if you turn your head once till I bid you,
I'll ſend you for a ſchooling to the gallows.—
(Aſide) Was ever ſuch a beldam!—I'm afraid,
She'll catch me unawares, and ſmell the place out
Where I have hid my money.—The curs'd jade!
Why, ſhe has eyes too in her pole.—I'll go,
And ſee whether my gold is as I lodg'd it,—
My gold, which gives me ſo much pain and trouble.
[*Goes in.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

STAPHILA *alone.*

Egad, I can't tell what's come to my maſter:
He's out of his ſenſes.—Here now in this manner
He turns me out o' doors ten times a day,
Ever ſo often.—Troth, I can't imagine
What whim-whams he has got into his head.—
He lies awake all night, and then he ſits
Purring and poring the whole day at home,
Like a lame cobler in his ſtall.—And then
My poor young miſtreſs, ſhe's upon the point
Of being brought-to-bed; and how ſhall I
Hide her diſgrace?—The beſt thing I can do is
To get a rope, and ſtretch me at full length.

V. 12. *Stretch me at full length.*] The expreſſion in the original is ſingular—*Ex me ut unam faciam literam longam*—To make myſelf a *long letter*; that is, by hanging myſelf.—The commentators explain this, as meaning the letter I. To which alſo ver. 20. of the preceding ſcene is ſuppoſed to allude.

*** I cannot but take notice of the admirable opening of this comedy, and how cool and unintereſting in compariſon has been the conduct of our author's imitators. They have not introduced us at once to the knowledge of this principal character in the drama, as is here done; and when they bring him in, it is not in ſo animated a manner. They repreſent *their* Miſer as chaſing a pert valet belonging to his ſon; and have intirely omitted the character of the old woman, which is highly natural, and who is in every reſpect a fit ſervant for a perſon of *Euclio*'s diſpoſition. One capital defect in the conduct of *their* plots may be likewiſe taken notice of; which is, that they have repreſented *their* Miſer in *love*; whereas in our author every other paſſion is abſorbed in that of *avarice*.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Re-enter EUCLIO.

EUCL. So, ſo—my heart's at eaſe,—all's ſafe within.
(*To* STAPH.) Come, huſſy, get you in now,—and be ſure
Take care of all within.

STAPH. Take care of what?
Will any, think you, run away with the houſe?
I'm ſure there's nothing elſe to carry off,
Except the cobwebs.—Troth, it's full of emptineſs.

EUCL. You hag of hags! Why *Jove*, to ſatisfy you,
Should make me a king *Philip*, or *Darius*.—
Hearkye, I'd have you to preſerve thoſe cobwebs.
I'm poor, I'm very poor, I do confeſs;
Yet I'm content: I bear what heav'n allots.—
Come, get you in: bolt the door after you;—
I ſhall be back directly;—and be ſure
Don't let a ſoul in.

STAPH. What if any one

V. 9. *Cobwebs.*] *Araneas.* This may be rendered either *cobwebs* or *ſpiders*. Some commentators, according to their uſual refinement, would have us to ſuppoſe, that *Euclio* expreſſes his deſire of having the ſpiders preſerved, becauſe the ancients reckoned it a good omen, if a ſpider came ſpinning down in their preſence. But this totally deſtroys the whole humour of the paſſage, which is palpably intended as a ſtrong mark of *Euclio*'s ſordid diſpoſition.

V. 14. *What if any one*, &c.] *Euclio*'s ſpeech here in the common editions is continued without interruption; but I find in the *Aldus* edition this is given to *Staphila*, and I think with more force and propriety.

Should

Should beg ſome fire?

EUCL. I'd have you put it out,
That there may be no plea to aſk for any.
If you do leave a ſpark of fire alive,
I'll put out ev'ry ſpark of life in you.
If any body wants to borrow water,
Tell them, 'tis all run out; and if, as is
The cuſtom among neighbours, they ſhould want
A knife, an ax, a peſtle, or a mortar,
Tell them, ſome rogues broke in, and ſtole them all.
Be ſure let no one in, while I'm away;—
I charge you, even if *Good Luck* ſhould come,
Don't let her in.

STAPH. *Good Luck* quotha! I warrant you,
She's not in ſuch a hurry: ſhe has never
Come to our houſe, though ſhe is ne'er ſo near.

EUCL. Have done,—go in.

STAPH. I ſay no more,—I'm gone.

EUCL. Be ſure you bolt the door both top and bottom.—
I ſhall be back this inſtant. [*Exit* STAPHILA.

V. 17. *A ſpark of fire*, &c.] This is agreeable to the *antitheſis* in the original.

Nam ſi ignis vivet, *tu* extinguêre *extemplò*.

V. 25. *Good Luck.*] *Bona Fortuna.*

V. 28. *Though ſhe is ne'er ſo near.*] *Quanquam propè eſt.* The commentators would have us ſuppoſe, that the temple of *Fortune* or *Good Luck* was near *Euclio*'s houſe, to which (they ſay) *Staphila* ſeems to allude. But this ſuppoſition is intirely groundleſs; and there does not indeed ſeem to be the leaſt occaſion for it, if we take the paſſage in its plain obvious meaning.

V. 30. *Top and bottom.*] *Ambobus peſſulis.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

EUCLIO *alone.*

I am vex'd,
Whenever I'm oblig'd to be from home.
I don't care to go out:—but now I muſt.
The maſter of our ward has given notice,
He ſhall diſtribute money to each family.
If I forego my ſhare, and don't put in for it,
They will ſuſpect I have an hoard at home:
For 'tis not likely a poor man would ſlight
The ſmalleſt ſum, and not make application.
Nay now indeed, maugre my utmoſt pains
To hide it from the knowledge of each ſoul,
Yet ev'ry one ſeems to be in the ſecret;
They're ſo much civiller than they us'd to be;
They come up to me, take me by the hand,
Aſk how I do, and what I am upon.—
Well,—but I'll go now whither I was going,
And make haſte back again as faſt as poſſible.
[*Exit.*

V. 4. *Maſter of our ward.*] *Magiſtra Curiæ.* The *Romans* were divided into thirty tribes or wards.

*** The common editions make this the concluſion of the firſt act, how improperly, ſee the note to the beginning of the ſecond act, as it ſtands in the preſent tranſlation.

SCENE V.

Enter EUNOMIA *and* MEGADORUS.

EUN. I'd have you think, my brother, what I ſay
Ariſes purely from my friendſhip for you,
And a regard for what concerns your intereſt,
Such as in ſhort becomes a loving ſiſter.
I know, we women are accounted troubleſome,
Nor without reaſon look'd on as mere praters.
'Tis true, there never was in any age
Such a wonder to be found as a dumb woman.—
But to be ſerious, do but think, my brother,
That I am near to you, as you to me:
We ſhould conſult with and adviſe each other
In ev'ry thing we think for our advantage;
Nor ſhould we hide from one another aught,
Or heſitate through fear about communicating
Whatever may advantage either party.
On this account I've taken you aſide,
And brought you out here, to diſcourſe with you
Upon a ſubject that concerns you nearly.

MEG. Give me thy hand, thou beſt of women.

EUN. Ha!
Where is ſhe? and who is—that beſt of women?

V. 8. *Dumb woman.*] *Lambin* very gravely gives *Eunomia* the lie here. "I myſelf (ſays he) who at this preſent writing am "in my fifty-ſixth year, have ſeen no leſs than two dumb "women."

MEG.

MEG. Yourſelf.

EUN. What I? a pretty joke, 'faith.

MEG. Nay,

If you deny it, I deny it too.

EUN. You ſhould ſay nothing but the truth, good brother.

Your beſt of women you can pick out no-where:

One is indeed *worſe*, brother, than another.

MEG. In troth I'm of the ſame opinion, ſiſter,

Nor ſhall I differ with you in that point.

EUN. Joking apart,—attend to me, I beg you.

MEG. Uſe and command me, as you will.

EUN. I'm going

T' adviſe you what will be moſt for your intereſt.

MEG. 'Tis your way, ſiſter, ever.

EUN. What will bring

Eternal ſatisfaction. You ſhould have

An heir to your eſtate.—Heav'n grant you may!—

What ſay you?—In a word, my deareſt brother,

I'd have you marry.

MEG. Oh! I'm ſlain.

EUN. How ſo?

MEG. You've cut me to the brain by what you've ſaid:

Oh! you ſpeak daggers.

V. 37. *You ſpeak daggers.*] The original is, *Lapides loqueris.* The expreſſion I have made uſe of is borrowed from *Shakeſpeare.*

——Soft, now to my mother.
O heart loſe not thy nature; let not ever
The ſoul of *Nero*, enter this firm boſom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.

Hamlet, Act III. Scene VII. *Hamlet.*

To this we may add, what *Benedick* ſays of *Beatrice* in *Much ado about nothing*, Act II. Scene IV.

She ſpeaks poniards, and every word ſtabs.

Ariſtophanes has a pretty expreſſion of the ſame kind; Ῥήδε μ' ἐῤῥηκας, You have ſpoken roſes to me.

EUN. Pho' now, prithee do
As I adviſe.
MEG. Well,—if you'll have it ſo.
EUN. It is for your advantage.
MEG. Yes, to die
Sooner than marry.—Look you, my good ſiſter,
If you will have me wiv'd, it ſhall be only
On this condition:—Let her be brought home
To-morrow, and the next day carried out.
On theſe terms you may marry me: I'm ready.
EUN. I can indeed help you to one, my brother,
That's very rich; but then ſhe is not young;
She's middle-aged. What ſay you? Shall I aſk her
The queſtion for you?
MEG. Shall I aſk *you* a queſtion?
EUN. Aſk what you will.
MEG. Suppoſe a man in years
Marry a woman, middle-ag'd we'll ſay,
And ſhe is pregnant by him, can you doubt
But that the child will have the name of *Poſthumus?*
Come, come, I'll ſave you any further trouble.—
Thanks to the Gods, and to my anceſtors,
I'm rich enough: nor do I value power,
Pomp, honours, acclamations of the people,

V. 43. *Carried out.*] *Foras feretur*, meaning her corpſe. So *Terence* in the *Andrian*, Effertur, *imus*. On which place ſays *Donatus*, Efferri *propriè dicuntur cadavera mortuorum.*

V. 52. *Poſthumus.*] *Poſthumus, poſt humum, poſt humatum patrem natus.* Born after the father's death. A name, which is in uſe to this very day on the ſame account.

Ivory cars, rich robes, and purple veſtments,
Which by their coſt may bring a man to beggary.

EUN. Tell me, who is ſhe you would take to wife?

MEG. I'll tell you. Do you know our poor old neighbour.

Euclio?

EUN. I know him,—a good ſort of man.

MEG. His daughter I would marry.—Nay, nay, ſiſter,
Speak not a word,—I know what you would ſay,—
She has no fortune.—What of that?—I like her.

EUN. Well then,—heav'ns proſper you!

MEG. I hope the ſame.

EUN. Any commands?

MEG. Your ſervant.

EUN. Brother, your's.

[*Exit* EUNOMIA.

MEG. I'll go meet *Euclio*, if he be at home.—
But ſee, he's coming hither,—whence I know not.

SCENE VI.

Enter EUCLIO.

EUCL. My mind miſgave me, ſoon as I went out,
That I ſhould go on a fool's errand: therefore
I went againſt the grain. There was not one
Of all our ward there,—no one there, whoſe buſineſs
'Twas to make diſtribution of the money.—

V. 58. *To beggary.*] The original is, *In ſervitutem*, To ſlavery.
V. 2, *On a fool's errand.*] *Fruſtrà me ire.*

So now I'll hie me home as faſt as poſſible,
For tho' myſelf am here, my mind's at home.
MEG. May health and happineſs attend you, *Euclio!*
EUCL. Heav'ns bleſs you, *Megadorus!*
MEG. How is't with you?
Are you as hearty and as well in health
As you could wiſh to be?
EUCL. *(Aſide)* 'Tis not for nothing,
When a rich man ſpeaks kindly to a poor one.
Now to be ſure he knows I have got money;
And therefore he's ſo wondrous complaiſant.
MEG. How are you?
EUCL. 'Faith but poorly as to circumſtances.
MEG. If you are but content, you have enough
To live upon with comfort.
EUCL. *(Aſide)* The old woman
Has told him of the gold:—yes, all's diſcover'd:—
The jade! I'll cut her tongue out, tear her eyes out,
When I get home.
MEG. What is it you are muttering?
EUCL. I was lamenting of my poverty;
I have a great girl unprovided for,
And can't diſpoſe of her without a portion.
MEG. No more;—take courage;—ſhe ſhall be diſpos'd of;—
I'll ſtand your friend;—ſay what you want, command me.

V. 25. *But poorly.* &c.] In the original.
MEG. *Ais tu, te valere?*
EUCL. *Pol ego haud a pecuniâ perbenè.*

EUCL.

EUCL. *(Aſide)* He aſks and promiſes both in a breath:
He's gaping for my treaſure, to devour it.—
And ſo he thinks to 'tice me like a dog,
By holding bread in one hand, and a ſtone,
Ready to knock my brains out, in the other!
I place no confidence in your rich man,
When he's ſo monſtrous civil to a poor one:
If he holds out his hand to you in courteſy,
'Tis with deſign to *gripe* you.—Ah, I know 'em;
They are a kind of *polÿpe*, that hold faſt,
Whatever they once touch.

MEG. Attend a while;
I've ſomething, *Euclio*, to communicate
In common, that concerns both you me.

EUCL. *(Aſide)* Undone!—my money's ſtol'n.—and now he wants
To enter into compoſition with me.—
I'll in. *(Going.*

MEG. Where going?

EUCL. I'll be back this inſtant.—
There's ſomething I muſt look into at home.
[EUCLIO *goes in.*

V. 28. *Like a dog.*] The original is,
Alterâ manu fert lapidem, panem oſtentat alterâ.
The alluſion is, according to *Eraſmus*, as I have explained it in the tranſlation.

V. 34. *To* gripe *you.*] The original is, *Onerat aliquam* zamiam. *Zamia*, a *Greek* word, from ζημια, a load, or burden.

V. 35. *Polype.*] *Polypos.* A kind of fiſh.

V. 39. *Stol'n.*] *Harpagatum*, from the *Greek*, ἁρπάζω, *rapio*. *Moliere* has called *his* Miſer, *Harpagon*.

MEG. I verily believe, that when I come
To aſk him to beſtow his daughter on me,
He'll think I only mean to make a jeſt of him.
Never was man ſo cloſe and niggardly!
EUCL. *(returning)* Well, heav'n be prais'd, all's ſafe: if nothing's loſt,
All's right.—But I was terribly afraid.
Before I went in, I was almoſt dead.—
(To MEG.) You ſee I am come back;—your pleaſure, Sir?
MEG. I thank you.—Prithee now reſolve me readily
In what I aſk.
EUCL. Provided you don't aſk
What I don't chuſe to anſwer.
MEG. Tell me then,
What think you of my family?
EUCL. 'Tis good.
MEG. My honour?
EUCL. Strict.
MEG. My actions?
EUCL. Neither bad,
Nor wicked.
MEG. Do you know what age I'm of?
EUCL. I know you are advanc'd in years, as alſo
Advanc'd in circumſtances.
MEG. I have always
Thought you an honeſt fellow free from guile,

V. 57. *Advanc'd in years*, &c.] *Scio eſſe* grandem, *itidem ut* pecuniam. There is the ſame kind of humour in ver. 15 of this ſcene.

And

And think ſo ſtill.

EUCL. Oh ho! he ſcents the money.—
Would you ought farther? (*Going.*

MEG. Since we know each other,
And what we are, I you, you me, I aſk
Your daughter for a wife; and may it prove
A bleſſing to us all, to me, to you,
And to your daughter!—Give me your conſent.

EUCL. O *Megadorus*, it but ill becomes
Your character to mock a poor man thus,
Who never gave offence to you or your's,
Or ever merited in word or deed
That you ſhould treat me as you do.

MEG. By heav'ns
I come not to deride, I do not mock you,
Nor do I think you merit it.

EUCL. Then why
D'ye aſk my daughter for a wife?

MEG. To ſerve you,
And to promote my good through you and your's.

EUCL. I'm thinking, *Megadorus*;—you are rich
And pow'rful, I am of poor men the pooreſt.
Now if I give my daughter to your worſhip,
It comes into my head, you'll be the ox,
And I the aſs. When I am coupled with you,
Unequal to the load that you can bear,
I the poor aſs ſhall founder in the mire,
And you the proud ox will no more regard me,
Than if I never had exiſted: you
Will treat me with diſdain, and my own kind

Will hold me in deriſion: if we ſeparate,
I ſhall get ſtable-room from neither quarter:
The aſſes they will bite me, and the oxen
Will gore me with their horns.—The hazard's great,
To quit the aſſes to go herd with oxen.

MEG. 'Tis for your intereſt, the nearer you
Can form affinity with men of worth
And means. Accept my proffer, hearken to me,
And give me your conſent.

EUCL. But I can give
No portion with her.

MEG. You need give her none.
She, that has virtue, has ſufficient dower.

EUCL. I tell it you, becauſe you may not think
I've found a treaſure.

MEG. Say no more; I know it.—
You'll give her to me then?

EUCL. O *Jupiter!*
I am undone! I'm ruin'd!

MEG. What's the matter?

EUCL. What noiſe was that there, like the craſh of iron?

[EUCLIO *runs in haſtily.*

MEG. They're digging in my garden.—Hey! where is he?

V. 95. *She, that has virtue,* &c.]
Dummodò morata rectè veniat, dotata eſt ſatis.

He's

He's gone, and left me in uncertainty.—
He treats me with diſdain, becauſe he ſees
I court his friendſhip. 'Tis the way of them:
If a rich man ſeek favour from a poor one,
The poor man is afraid to treat with him,
And by his aukward fear hurts his own intereſt;
Then, when the opportunity is loſt,
Too late he wiſhes to recover it.

EUCL. *Returning.* *(to his Maid within)*
If I don't tear your tongue out from the root,
I'll give them leave to unman me.

MEG. Oh, I ſee
You think me a fit object for your ſport,
Though at theſe years; but ſure I don't deſerve it.

EUCL. Not I indeed;—nor could I, if I would.

MEG. Well, will you now betroth your daughter to me?

EUCL. Upon the terms I ſaid,—without a portion.

MEG. You do betroth her then?

EUCL. I do betroth her.
Heav'ns proſper it!

MEG. I ſay the ſame.

EUCL. Remember,
'Tis the agreement, that ſhe bring no dower.

V. 114. *Nor could I, if I would.*] There is a poor conceit in the original, which it was not practicable to preſerve in the tranſlation. *Megadorus* had ſaid, *Ludos facias*, which may ſignify, *You make ſport of me*, or *You give a publick ſhew, play, or ſpectacle*; in which latter ſenſe *Euclio* takes it, and replies, *Neque ſi cupiam, copia eſt, I could not, if I would*, by reaſon of his poverty.

MEG. I ſhan't forget it.

EUCL. But I know your tricks: 120
'Tis off or on, 'tis done or not done with you,
Juſt as you like.

MEG. We ſhall have no diſpute.
What hinders but the wedding be to-day?

EUCL. 'Tis beſt.

MEG. I'll go then, and get all things ready.
Would you aught elſe?

EUCL. Nothing but what you ſay. 125

MEG. It ſhall be done. Your ſervant.—
(Calling at the door of his houſe) Strobilus—
(STROBILUS *enters)*
Here,—follow me directly to the market.
[MEGADORUS *goes off with* STROBILUS.

V. 121 *'Tis off or on, 'tis done or not done with you.*]
Pactum non pactum eſt; non pactum pactum eſt, quod vobis lubet.
So in the *Phormio* of *Terence*, Act V. Scene VIII.

Quid vos, malum! ergò me ſic ludificamini
Inepti voſtrâ puerili ſententiâ?
Nolo, volo: volo; nolo rurſum; cape, cedò:
Quod dictum, indictum eſt: quod modò erat ratum, irritum eſt.

But what a plague d'ye mean by fooling thus,
Acting and talking like mere children with me?
I won't; I will:—I will: I won't again:—
Give, take; ſay, unſay; do, and then undo.

COLMAN.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

EUCLIO *alone.*

EUCL. He's gone.—Ye Gods, what cannot money do!
He muſt have heard, that I've an hoard within:
'Tis that he wants; and therefore has he been
So obſtinately bent on this alliance.
(Calling) Where are you?—you, that have run goſſiping,
And chitter-chattering to all the neighbours,
That I would give a portion with my daughter?
Hoa, *Staphila*,—I call you,—don't you hear?

SCENE VIII.

Enter STAPHILA.

EUCL. Make haſte, and clean the veſſels for a ſacrifice.
I have betroth'd my daughter, and to-day
She marries with our neighbour *Megadorus*.
STAPH. Heav'n's bleſſings on't!—but 'faith it cannot be:
It is too ſudden.
EUCL. Silence, and be gone:

V. 6. *Chitter-chattering.*] *Deblateraſti.*

V. 1. *A ſacrifice.*] *Meurſius* informs us, it was a cuſtom among the ancients before a marriage to ſacrifice to *Juno*, *Venus*, and *the Graces*.

See

See that all things be ready by the time
I return home from market; and d'ye hear?
Faſten the door: I ſhall be back directly.

[*Exit* EUCLIO.

SCENE IX.

STAPHILA *alone.*

STAPH. What's to be done now? we are both of us,
I and my miſtreſs, on the brink of ruin.
She's juſt upon delivery, and her ſhame
Muſt come at laſt to light; what hitherto
We have conceal'd, we can no longer hide.
I'll in, and do what maſter order'd me
Againſt his coming. Troth, I'm ſore afraid,
Poor I ſhall have a bitter pill to ſwallow.

[*Exit* STAPHILA.

V. 8. *A bitter pill.*] It appeared to me impoſſible to expreſs the exact ſenſe of the original with any tolerable grace.

Nam ecaſtor malum mærorem metuo nè miſtum bibam.

This is indeed variouſly read, and as variouſly explained by different commentators.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter STROBILUS, *with* ANTHRAX *and* CONGRIO, *Cooks, Muſick-Girls, and others carrying proviſions.*

STROBILUS.

AFTER my maſter had bought theſe provi ions,
And hir'd theſe Cooks and Muſick-Gi ls, he bade me
Divide them equally into two parts.

CONG. In troth you ſhan't ſplit me, I tell you bluntly:
If you will have me whole, I'm at your ſervice.

STROB. You put a wrong conſtruction on my words.—
My maſter's to be marry'd.

CONG. Ay? to whom?

ACT II.] I have no manner of doubt about making the ſecond act begin here agreeably to the *Aldus* edition, though all the reſt have concluded the firſt act at the ſecond ſcene, and have this ſcene in the middle of the ſecond act. *Strobilus* had followed his maſter *Megadorus* to market but juſt before what is here made the concluſion of the firſt act, whither *Euclio* had directly after declared his intentions of going. It would therefore be abſurd to ſuppoſe *Strobilus* could have returned in ſo ſhort a time with his numerous attendants of Cooks, *&c. &c.*

V. 5. *If you will have me whole,* &c.] I have paſſed over two lines in the original, which, the learned reader will be ſenſible could not with propriety appear in the tranſlation.

STROB.

STROB. The daughter of our neighbour here, old *Euclio*;
And therefore he has bid me give him half
Of theſe proviſions, with one Cook, one Muſick-Girl.
ANTH. So he's to have one half, and you the other.
STROB. Juſt as you ſay.
ANTH. What! could not he himſelf
Make entertainment at his daughter's wedding?
STROB. Pſha!
ANTH. What's the matter?
STROB. What's the matter, aſk you?
A pumice-ſtone is not ſo dry as he.
ANTH. And is it as you ſay?
STROB. Be judge yourſelf.
He's ever crying out on Gods and men
That he is ruin'd, abſolutely murder'd,
If any ſmoke comes from his kitchen-chimney.
Nay, when he goes to bed, he ties a bag

V. 9. *Muſick-Girl.*] *Tibicina.* Theſe commonly aſſiſted at the entertainments of the ancients.

V. 19. *Kitchen-chimney.*] The original is, *de ſuo tigillo.*

V. 20. *Ties a bag*, &c.] The commentators have been ſtrangely puzzled to interpret the original.

Quin quum it dormitum follem *obſtringit ob gulam.*

Lambin ridiculouſly explains it, *He ties up the nozzle of his bellows*; which is forced and far-fetched. Others ſuppoſe, by *follem* is meant a *purſe*; but the plain and obvious ſenſe of this word appears to be any kind of *bag*, which *Strobilus* ſuppoſes *Euclio* to faſten to his mouth and throat to catch his *breath* in while he is aſleep. The thought is extravagant, but humourous.

Cloſe

Cloſe to his gullet.

ANTH. Why?

STROB. That he mayn't loſe
The ſmalleſt portion of his breath in ſleeping.

ANTH. And does he ſtop his lower wind-pipe up
For the ſame reaſon?

STROB. You may credit me,
As I do you.

ANTH. Well, well then, I believe you.

STROB. Do you know further? he will even weep
To throw away the water he has waſh'd with.

ANTH. Think you, we can perſuade the old curmudgeon
To give us a round ſum to buy our freedom?

STROB. Were you to aſk for hunger, he'd refuſe you.
When t'other day the barber cut his nails,
He gather'd up and brought away the parings.

ANTH. 'Tis a moſt ſtingy wretch, as you deſcribe him.
Is he ſo ſordid? does he live ſo miſerably?

STROB. A kite once ſtole his ſcrap of ſupper: ſtraight
Our don went howling to the *Prætor*, begging him
To make the thief give bail for his appearance.

V. 29. *A round ſum.*] The original is, *Talentum magnum.* The *Grecians* had two kinds of *Talents*, the *great* and *ſmall.* The *great Talent* was equal to eighty *Minæ*, which is about 258*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* of our money.

V. 30. *Aſk for hunger*, &c.] The original is,
Famem hercle utendam ſi roges, nunquam dabit.

V. 35. *Scrap of ſupper.*] *Pulmentum*, a kind of pottage.

V. 37. *Give bail for his appearance.*] *Vadarier.*

A thou-

A thouſand other things I could relate,
If I had leiſure.—Tell me, which of you
Is the moſt nimble-finger'd?

ANTH. I by much.

STROB. I mean by way of cook, and not a thief.

ANTH. I ſay a cook.

STROB. (*to* CONG.) And what do you ſay?

CONG. I am
Juſt as you ſee me.

ANTH. He's a paltry cook,
Fit to dreſs nothing but the feral ſuppers.

CONG. Why how now, raſcal? dare you to abuſe me?
You rogue of rogues, you double, triple knave!

STROB. Be quiet you.—The fatteſt of the lambs—

V. 44. *Feral ſuppers.*] Suppers ſet forth at ſepulchres in honour of the dead, and only eaten by the meaneſt ſort of people. The original is,

Cocus ille nundinalis eſt, in nonum diem
Solet ire coctum.

The *Romans* did not begin the ſolemnities performed at their funerals till the ninth day.

V. 45. *Raſcal.*] The original is, *trium literarum homo*, three-letter fellow, meaning *F, U, R*, that is, *thief*. So in the *Merchant*, Act II. Scene II. ver. 32.

DEM. *Hodie ire in ludum occæpi literarium,*
Lyſimache: ternas ſcio jam.
LYS. *Quid ternas?*
DEM. *AMO.*

DEM. I've been to ſchool to learn the alphabet.
I know four letters.
LYS. What four letters?
DEM. LOVE.

CONG.

CONG. Is ſeen with half an eye—

STROB. Do you take, *Congrio*,
And go in there. (*Pointing to* EUCLIO's *houſe.*
And do you follow him.
(*To a Muſick-Girl, and ſome of the Attendants.*)
The others come along with me.

ANTH. In troth
You have not made a fair diviſion: they
Have got the fatteſt of the lambs.

STROB. But you
Shall have the fatteſt of the Muſick-Girls.
You, *Phrygia*, do you go with him; and you,
Eleuſium, come with us.

CONG. O *Strobilus*,
Your are a cunning fellow: you have fix'd me
In here upon this old curmudgeon, where,
If any thing be wanting, we may bawl
Till we are hoarſe again, before we get it.

STROB. You are a blockhead, an ungrateful fellow.
Would any one beſtow a kindneſs, when
'Tis thrown away upon you?

CONG. How?

STROB. D'ye aſk?
Firſt, you will have no crowd there in that houſe;
And what you want for uſe, you'll bring with you,
That you may loſe no time in aſking for it.

V. 48. *Is ſeen with half an eye.*] There is nothing more in the original than one word,—*Licet*; but, according to *Gronovius*, *id ſatis videre vel cæco*, or ſomething to that purpoſe, is underſtood. I have therefore ſupplied it in the tranſlation.

Now at our houſe there is a monſtrous crowd;
Many in family, a tribe of ſervants,
Rich furniture, fine clothes, and coſtly plate.
If any thing be miſſing (as I know
'Tis eaſy for you to refrain, if nothing
Lies in your way) they'll cry,—The Cooks have ſtol'n it;
Seize on them, bind them, flog them, thruſt the raſcals
Into a dungeon.—Nothing of this kind
Can happen to you yonder, where there's nothing
For you to ſteal.—Then follow me.

CONE. I follow.

(STROBILUS *goes up to* EUCLIO'*s houſe.*

Hola, old *Staphila*,—open the door.

STAPHILA. *(within)*

Who calls there?

STROB. *Strobilus.*

SCENE II.

Enter STAPHILA.

STAPH. What is't you want?

STROB. Take in theſe Cooks, this Muſick-Girl, and theſe
Proviſions for the wedding.—*Megadorus*
Has order'd me to ſend them in to *Euclio*.

STAPH. This wedding is in honour then of *Ceres?*

V. 5. *In honour of Ceres.*] *Cererine haſ faſturi nuptias?* We learn from *Servius*, in his comment upon a paſſage of *Virgil*, that tho' it was lawful to make uſe of wine in ſacrificing to *Ceres*, it was not allowed at *nuptials* celebrated in honour of that Goddeſs.

STROB. Why?

STAPH. As I underſtand, you've brought no wine.

STROB. But 'twill be brought anon, when Sir returns
From market.

STAPH. We have got no fire-wood.

CONG. How?
Have you no beams?

STAPH. Yes ſure.

CONG. There's wood enough then.

STAPH. Why, filthy rogue! wouldſt have us fire the houſe,
That you may dreſs the ſupper, and be paid for't?

CONG. Nay, nay, I am not ſo unconſcionable.

STROB. Prithee now ſhew them in.

STAPH. Come, follow me.

[STAPHILA, *Cooks*, &c. *go into* EUCLIO's *houſe, and* STROBILUS, *with the reſt go into* MEGADORUS's.

SCENE III.

Enter PYTHODICUS.

Keep a ſharp watch.—I'll have an eye to what
Theſe cooks are doing.—Verily it requires
The utmoſt circumſpection to look after them,
Except that I could make them dreſs the victuals

V. 10. *Filthy rogue!*] In the original, *Impurate, quanquam Vulcano ſtudes*,—You that are unpurified, though your buſineſs is ſo much with fire. The alluſion is to metals, which are purged from their droſs by fire.

Down under-ground, and draw it up in baſkets.
But then if they ſhould eat as faſt as cook;
Our 'bove-ſtair gentry would go empty-bellied,
While thoſe below have ſtuff'd their guts in plenty.
But I keep chattering here, as though I had
No buſineſs, when our houſe is full of thieves.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter EUCLIO.

I would at laſt have found it in my heart
T' have done things handſome at my daughter's wedding.
I come to th' market,—aſk the price of fiſh,—
I find it very dear, lamb dear,—beef dear,—
Veal dear,—nay, ev'ry thing in ſhort was dear:
What made them dearer ſtill, I had not money.
Seeing that there was nothing I could purchaſe,
I came away in rage, and bid adieu
To the vile raſcals. As I trudg'd along,
I with myſelf reflected, "Feaſt to-day
"Makes Faſt to-morrow." So I brought my mind

V. 5. *Under-ground.*] *In puteo.*

V. 10. *Thieves.*] The original is a word humourouſly coined by our author,—*Rapacidarum*, from *rapax*, as *Æacidæ*, *Pelopidæ*, &c.

V. 8. *Bid adieu.*] The original is, *adii manum.* This expreſſion is uſed more than once by our author in this ſenſe.

V. 10. Feaſt *to-day makes* Faſt *to-morrow.*]

——*Feſto die ſiquid prodegeris,*
Profectò egere liceat, niſi peperceris.

And

And ſtomach to this wiſe reſolve,—to marry
My daughter with as little charge as poſſible.
I've therefore only bought this frankincenſe,
And theſe few wreaths of flow'rs to place upon
The hearth in honour to our Houſhold God,
That he may ſmile upon my daughter's nuptials.
(Going up to his houſe) But ha! what do I ſee?—
The door is open!
And there's a noiſe within! I'm robb'd, I'm plunder'd.
CONG. *(within)*
Go borrow, if you can, a larger *Pot*
Among the neighbourhood: this is too little;
It will not hold enough.
EUCL. O I'm undone!
They've ſeiz'd my gold, they're aſking for my *Pot.*
I'm a dead man, if I don't run this inſtant.
Apollo, come to my aſſiſtance, kill
Theſe robbers with your arrows: you have helped me
Upon a like occaſion heretofore.
But why do I delay from running in,
Before I'm ruin'd paſt recovery?
(Runs in haſtily.

V. 16. *Houſhold God.*] See the Prologue to this Play.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter ANTHRAX *from* MEGADORUS's *houſe.*

(Speaking to ſome within)

HERE, *Dromo*, ſcale thoſe fiſhes,—and do you, *Machærio*, ſplit that conger and that lamprey,
As faſt as poſſible,—d'ye hear?—and bone them.—
I'm only ſtepping to next door to borrow
A baking-pan of *Congrio*.—See, you pick
That capon clean as a young actor's chin.—
How now? what means this uproar at next door?
The cooks are at it, I ſuppoſe. I'll in,
For fear that ours ſhould make the ſame diſturbance.
[*Goes in.*

Act III.] The editions make this act begin a ſcene lower; but as this little ſcene is preparatory to that which immediately follows it, and there is no ſpace of time properly between them, I cannot but think the act ſhould be made to begin here.

V. 5. *A baking pan.*] *Artopta.*

V. 6. *Clean as a young actor's chin.*] *Glabriorem reddes mihi quàm* volſũs Ludius. The *Ludii* were young lads employed in the publick ſpectacles; and our author adds *volſus*, *pluck'd*, becauſe they uſed at the time of puberty to have the down or hairs pluck'd from their chins, to keep their faces ſmooth.

V. 8. *At it.*] *Faciunt officium ſuum.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter CONGRIO *haſtily from* EUCLIO's *houſe.*

Room, room, good citizens, dear countrymen,
Inhabitants, and ſtrangers, give me way,
Let me have room to run, clear all the ſtreets
Before me.—Never did I till this day
Go cook for *Bacchants* at a *Bacchanal*,
I and my comrades are ſo bruis'd, ſo cudgel'd.
I'm ſore all over, I am ſcarce alive,
The old hunks has belabour'd me ſo luſtily.
By way of exerciſe.---I never ſaw
A man in all my life ſo generous,
So liberal of his *wood*; for he has loaded
Me and my fellow-cooks with *ſticks* in plenty.
Ha! I am ruin'd, I am dead, I'm done for:
The *Bacchanal* now opens,---here he comes,
Cloſe after me---I know what I'm to do,---
Take to my heels,---for ſo my maſter taught me.

[*Going off.*

V. 5. Bacchants *at a* Bacchanal.] *Ad* Bacchas *veni in* Bacchanal *coquinatum.* This alludes to the feaſts of *Bacchus*, at which the *Bacchanalian* women ran about with frightful geſtures, ſtriking every one they met with their *thyrſi*, or wands. See *Amphitryon*, Vol. I. of this tranſlation, Act II. Scene II. ver. 109.

V. 9. *By way of excerciſe.*] *Ita me iſte habuit ſenex* Gymnaſium. The place where they exerciſed themſelves in wreſtling and other manly exerciſes.

V. 11. *Wood.*] This is a joke in the original, alluding to *fire-wood* for dreſſing victuals, and *cudgels.*

Neque ligna *uſpiam gentium præberi vidi pulchriùs,*
Itaque omnes exegit foràs me atque hos onuſtos fuſtibus.

SCENE III.

Enter EUCLIO.

EUCL. Come back,—where are you running?—
Stop him, ſtop him.
CONG. You fool, why do you bawl ſo?
EUCL. I will give
Your name in to the magiſtrate.
CONG. For what?
EUCL. Becauſe you have a knife ſtuck in your girdle.
CONG. Why ſo a cook ſhould have. [*Brandiſhing it.*
EUCL. What! do you threaten me?
CONG. By good rights I ſhould ſheath it in your guts.
EUCL. There's not a greater raſcal breathing, one
That I ſhould take ſo much delight to cudgel.
CONG. You need not tell me ſo; the thing is manifeſt;
I know it with a witneſs: you have made
My limbs as ſoft and pliant as a tumbler's.
But prithee, you poor dog, what has provoked you
To treat us in this manner? what's the matter?
EUCL. D'ye aſk? What have I not giv'n you enough? [*Going to ſtrike him.*
CONG. Let me alone.—If this head think at all,
I'll make you ſuffer for't.
EUCL. I can't tell what
Your head will think; I now know what it feels.

V. 3. *To the magiſtrate.*] *Ad Treſviros.* See the note to *Amphitryon*, Act I. Scene I. ver. 5.

V. 11. *Tumbler.*] The original is, *Cinædus.*

EUC.

But pray what buſineſs had you in my houſe,
When I was abſent? did I ſend you there?
I ſhould be glad to know.

CONG. Don't make a noiſe then.—
We came to dreſs the wedding-ſupper.

EUCL. Plague!
What is't to you, whether I eat my meat
Or dreſt or raw, except you are my guardian?

CONG. I ſhould be glad to know, whether or not
You'll let us dreſs the ſupper?

EUCL. And I too,
I ſhould be glad to know, whether my houſe
Is ſafe.

CONG. I wiſh I had my things again,
Which I brought with me, I ſhould hardly meddle
With any thing of yours.

EUCL. Well, ſay no more.

CONG. But wherefore won't you let us dreſs the ſupper?

EUCL. D'ye aſk, you raſcal, when ye have been prying
In ev'ry nook and corner of my houſe,
Made it a downright thorough-fare?—But had you
Stuck to your fire-ſide, as was your buſineſs,
You had not had your crown ſplit, as you've merited.
But now, that you may know my mind, I'll tell you:
Come not a ſtep here nearer to the door,
Unleſs I order you, and I will make you

The

The moſt unhappy of all mortals.—So,—
D'ye know my mind now?—Whither are you
going?
Come back again. [EUCLIO goes in.
CONG. *Laverna*, be my friend!
(*Hollaing after* EUCLIO)
Hearkye me now, if you don't give me back
The utenſils I brought here, I'll expoſe your
Before your own door.—What now ſhall I do?
I have been hired for a good round ſum,
But it will coſt me more to pay the ſurgeon.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter EUCLIO, *with the Pot of Money.*

EUCL. Well, by my faith, this ſhall accompany me
Where'er I go, I'll always bear it with me,
Nor will I ever truſt it in ſuch danger.—
(*To* CONGRIO, *&c.*)
Get ye all in, Cooks, Muſick-Girls, and all;
Nay, you may introduce too a whole tribe
Of hirelings, if you will. Fry, ſtew, bake, boil,

V. 41. *Laverna.*] The Goddeſs to whom thieves addreſſed themſelves. So *Horace*, in his ſixteenth epiſtle, book I.

Pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere, da juſto ſanctoque videri.
Beauteous *Laverna*, my petition hear,
Let me with truth and ſanctity appear. FRANCIS.

V. 43. *Expoſe you.*] The original is, *Pipulo te differam. Pipulo* ſignifies properly to *cluck* as an hen does for her chicken, and is uſed metaphorically *to abuſe any one.*

Make

Make as much ſtir and buſtle as you pleaſe.

CONG. Faith in good time, when you have cleft our ſkulls.

EUCL. Get you in, ſirrah.—You was hired to work, Not prate.

CONG. Ha! are you there, old gentleman? I ſhall expect you'll pay me for my bruiſes: For I was hir'd to cook, not to be drubb'd.

EUCL. The law is open: don't be troubleſome. Go dreſs the ſupper,—or go hang yourſelf.

CONG. Nay prithee go yourſelf, Sir, if you pleaſe.

[CONGRIO *goes in.*

SCENE V.

EUCLIO *alone.*

He's gone.—Good heav'ns! how raſh a thing it is
For a poor man like me to have concern
Or dealings with a rich one.---*Megadorus*
Tries to ſurprize me ev'ry way whatever.
Under pretence forſooth to do me honour,
He ſent theſe cooks in to purloin this from me.
(Pointing to his Pot.
The cock too, which belongs to the old jade,
Had near undone me: he began to ſcratch

V. 8. *Cleft our ſkulls.*] *Implevisti fusti fissorum caput.*

V. 7. *Belongs to the old jade.*] *Anui* peculiaris. *Peculiaris*, as has been obſerved in a note to the *Treaſure*, Act II. Scene IV. ver. 35. ſignifies that which a ſlave has in his own right.

The

The ground up all about, where this was buried.
It ſo provok'd me, that I took a ſtick,
And knock'd him on the head at once;---the thief!
I caught him in the very act.---No doubt
The cooks had promis'd to reward the villain,
If he could make diſcovery; but I ſnatch'd
The means out of their hands,---to ſay no more,
I ſlew the dunghil knave.---But *Megadorus*,
My ſon-in-law, comes hither from the market.
I dare not paſs him: I muſt ſtop, and ſpeak to him.

SCENE VI.

Enter MEGADORUS *at a diſtance.*

MEG. I have communicated my deſign,
Touching this match, to many of my friends:
They're laviſh in their praiſes of the girl,
And ſay, 'tis wiſely and diſcreetly done.---
Indeed, were other men to do the ſame,
If men of ample means would take for wives
The daughters of the poorer ſort unportion'd,
There would be greater concord in the ſtate,
We ſhould have leſs of envy than we have,
Wives would be more in dread of acting wrong
Than now they ſtand in; huſbands too would live
At leſs expence than they are at preſent.

V. 14. *Snatch'd—The means out of their hands.*] The original—*Exemi ex manu manubrium*,—was uſed proverbially, ſignifying *to take away the means or opportunity of doing any thing.*

The

The greater part would be advantag'd by it;---
Though a few niggard wretches might object,
Whoſe greedy and inſatiate diſpoſitions
No law can check, no magiſtrate ſet bounds to.
But 'twill be ſaid,---ſuppoſe this rule ſhould hold
In favour of the poor, how ſhall the rich,
Thoſe maidens that have portions, get them huſbands?
Why let them marry whom they will, provided
Their portion do not go along with them.
Were this the caſe, our girls would be ſolicitous
About their manners rather than their portions.
I would engage, that mules, which bear at preſent
A greater price than horſes, would be cheaper
Than the poor ſorry geldings brought from *Gaul.*

EUCLIO *(overhearing)*

Now by the Gods I hear him with delight:
I'm ſure he loves œconomy by his talk.

MEG. No wife would then ſay twittingly,---" I've
" brought you
" A larger portion than your own eſtate:
" It is but juſt then I ſhould have fine clothes,
" Maids, mules and muleteers, lacquies, and lads
" To carry how-d'yes, carriages to ride in."

EUCL. How well he knows the faſhions of our ladies!

V. 21. *Their portions do not go along with them.*] *Dum ne dos fiat comes.* The meaning of this is ſomewhat obſcure.

V. 24. *Mules.*] It was the cuſtom for ladies of rank to have their carriages drawn by mules.

V. 32. *Lads—To carry* how-d'yes.] Salutigerulos *pueros.*

Would

Would he were made inſpector of their morals!
MEG. Go where you will, you'll ſee more carriages
Than in the country at a country villa.---
But this is light, compar'd to other charges.---
The ſcourer comes for payment, the embroiderer,
The jeweller, the clothier, tiſſue-weavers,
Dyers in ſundry colours, mantua-makers,
Perfumers, haberdaſhers, linen-drapers,
Shoemakers, milliners, and many more,
Who gain a livelihood from women's geer.
Well,---theſe are ſatisfied: a thouſand others
Block up your gates like guards before a priſon.
You pay them: theſe are ſatisfied: yet ſtill
More come, and more; ſtill one damn'd plague or other,
To teize and preſs you evermore for money.
EUCL. Now would I fain accoſt him, but I fear
He would ceaſe talking of our ladies' manners.---
I will not interrupt him.
MEG. When you've paid

V. 35. *Inſpector of their morals.*] *Moribus præfectum mulierum.* That there was ſuch a kind of officer among the *Grecians*, we learn from *Cicero*. *Nec verò* mulieribus præfectus *præponatur* qui apud Græcos creari ſolet, *ſed ſit* cenſor *qui viros doceat moderari uxoribus.*

V. 44. *Who gain a livelihood from women's geer.*] As it was impoſſible to ſet down in the tranſlation the preciſe meaning of many terms made uſe of in the original, which are expreſſive of the faſhions of ancient times, I am obliged to include them under this general article, not thinking myſelf at liberty intirely to ſubſtitute modern terms in their ſtead.

V. 46. *Guards before a priſon.*] *Phylaciſtæ.*

Theſe

Theſe nicknack-mongers, trumpery-retailers,
Comes the tax-gatherer, and demands his rate:
Away you poſt, to reckon with your banker:
He, the tax-gatherer, waits the while half-ſtarv'd,
Expecting of his money: when th' account
You've ſettled with your banker, it appears
Yourſelf are in his debt, and the collector
Is put off to another day.—All theſe,
And many other inconveniences,
With unſupportable expences, wait
On ample portions: maidens, that come dowerleſs,
Are ever in their huſbands' pow'r; but dames
With full-ſwoln portions are their plague and ruin.

V. 53. *Nicknack-mongers, trumpery-retailers.*] *Nugigerulis*, or, as ſome read, *nugivendis.*

V. 56. *Tax-gatherer.*] *Miles. Varro* explains this as follows. *Tributum dictum a Tribubus, quòd ea pecunia, quæa populo imperata erat, tributim a ſingulis pro proportione cenſûs exigebatur. Ab hoc ea quæ adſignata erat, Adtributum dictum. Ab eo quoque quibus attributa erat pecunia, ut militi reddant, Tribuni Ærarii dicti; id quod attributum erat, æs militare. Hoc eſt, quod Plautus ait,*— Cedit miles, æs petit.

V. 65. *Full-ſwoln portions,* &c.] Notwithſtanding the humourous ſeverity of the ſatire of this ſcene, it cannot, I think, appear ſo agreeable, on account of its being contained in a long ſoliloquy, as that which is not unlike it, but is delivered in dialogue, quite in character, from *Periplectomenes*, a pleaſant hearty old batchelor, in the *Braggard Captain*, Act III. Scene II. Vol. I. of this tranſlation. The winding-up, or concluſion, of the reflections in both theſe paſſages are very ſimilar. Says *Periplectomenes*,

Hoc atque hujus ſimilia alia damna multa mulierum
Me uxore prohibent.
Theſe, and a thouſand other like expences,
Brought on by women, fright me from me a wife.

But

But ſee---my father-in-law before his door.---
(Advancing) Euclio! how fares it?

EUCL. I've been greedily
Devouring your diſcourſe.

MEG. You've overheard me?

EUCL. From the beginning, ev'ry word.

MEG. Methinks
You ſhould be ſomewhat ſmarter, better dreſs'd,
Upon your daughter's wedding day.

EUCL. Why, ev'ry one
Should cut his coat according to his cloth:
Thoſe, that have wherewithal, ſhould bear in mind

V. 68. Devouring *your diſcourſe.*] Edi *ſermonem tuum.* Some editions have *audi* (for *audivi)* inſtead of *edi,* perhaps not ſo right. Our author uſes the ſame metaphorical expreſſion in another of his plays, in the *Poenulus,* or *Carthaginian,* A&t V. Scene II. ver. 9.

Quàm orationem hanc aures dulce devorant!
How ſweetly do my ears
Devour up their diſcourſe!

An expreſſion ſo very ſimilar occurs in *Shakeſpeare's Othello,* that I could not help making uſe of his very words in my tranſlating the above paſſage. *Othello,* ſpeaking of *Deſdemona,* ſays,

Theſe to hear
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and *with a greedy ear*
Devour up my diſcourſe.

The commentators have taken notice of a ſimilar expreſſion in *Jeremiah,* chap. xv. ver. 16. "Thy words were found, and I "did *eat* them."

V. 72. *Should cut his coat according to his cloth.*] The familiar *Engliſh* ſaying, which I have adopted in the tranſlation, anſwers to the ſenſe of the original, according to ſome commentators.

Pro re *nitorem, et gloriam pro* copiâ.

To

To act becoming of their birth and ſtation.
My circumſtances rank me with the poor,
Nor are they better than opinion ſpeaks them.
MEG. Surely they are, and may the Gods ſtill add
To what you have at preſent.
EUCL. *(Aſide)* Have at preſent!
I don't like that.—He knows what I have got
As well as I myſelf: th' old jade has told it.
MEG. Why do you talk apart?
EUCL. I was conſidering,
How I ſhould rate you ſoundly.
MEG. What's the matter?
EUCL. D'ye aſk me, what's the matter? You've undone me,
Fill'd ev'ry nook and corner of my houſe
With thieves and pick-locks, let within my doors
Full fifty cooks, all of *Geryon*'s race,
Each with ſix hands apiece:—if *Argus*' ſelf,
Who was all eyes, (he to whom *Juno* gave
Io in cuſtody,) if he, I ſay,
Was ſet to watch them, they would 'ſcape his vigilance.

V. 81. *Why do you talk apart?*] The original is,
Quid tu te ſolus è ſenatu ſevocas?

V. 86. Geryon's *race.*] *Genere Geryonaceo.* A king of *Spain*, who was ſaid to have had three complete bodies, and conſequently ſix hands.

V. 88. *Who was all eyes.*] *Qui oculeus totus fuit.* The fable here alluded to is as follows. *Io*, the daughter of *Inachus*, king of the *Argives*, was beloved of *Jupiter*, who, leſt *Juno* ſhould know it, turned her into an heifer, which *Juno* ſuſpecting, begg'd her of her huſband, and ſet *Argus* (who was ſaid to have an hundred eyes) to keep her.

Then there's a raſcal Muſick-Girl among them
Would drink the *Pyræncan* fountain dry,
If it flowed all with wine:—then the proviſions—

MEG. I'm ſure there is enough to feaſt a regiment.
I ſent a lamb.

EUCL. A lamb! what ſort of lamb?
I never ſaw an animal more *care-full.*

MEG. *Careful!* what mean you by *a careful* lamb?

EUCL. Nothing but ſkin and bone, ſo worn with *care.*
Hold him but to the light, you'll ſee his entrails:
He's as tranſparent as a *Punic* lanthorn.

MEG. I bought him to be kill'd for our repaſt.

EUCL. 'Faith he is dead already, and 'twere beſt
To bury him.

EUCL. Come, come, *Euclio,* I intend
To take a cup with you.

EUCL. I ſhall not drink.

MEG. I'll bid them bring a caſk of good old wine
From my own cellar.

EUCL. I'll not touch a drop.
I am reſolv'd to drink nothing but water.

MEG. You ſhall be ſoak'd with wine, ſeas over, you
That are reſolv'd to drink nothing but water.

EUCL. *(Aſide)* I know what he deſigns: he goes the way

V. 96. *An animal more care-full.*] *Magis* curioſam *belluam.* This is explained by what follows, *ita curâ macet, ſo worn with care.*

V. 106. *From my own cellar.*] *A me.*

V. 108. Soak'd *with wine,* ſeas over.] *Ego te faciam* madidum.

To

To knock me up with drinking, and tranſport
That which I hold here to another quarter.
But I'll prevent him: for I'll hide it ſomewhere
Out of the houſe: ſo ſhall he loſe his labour
And wine too in the bargain.

MEG. Have you any
Further commands with me? I'll go and bathe,
So ſhall I be prepar'd to ſacrifice. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

EUCLIO *alone.*

My dear Pot! thou haſt many enemies,
So has the gold committed to thy care.—
The beſt that I can do now is to carry thee
Straight to the temple of the Goddeſs *Faith*,
There hide thee.—*Faith*, thou know'ſt me, and I thee.
Beware thee, that thou doſt not change thy name,
If I intruſt thee with this charge.—I come,
Good *Faith*, relying on thy confidence.

[*Goes into the Temple of* FAITH.

V. 117. *To ſacrifice.*] *Ut ſacrificém.* The ancients never ſet about any thing of conſequence without making a ſacrifice, before which they uſed to bathe, that they might come pure to the altar.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter STROBILUS, *Servant to* LYCONIDES.

'TIS a good ſervant's duty to behave
As I do,—to obey his maſter's orders
Without delay or grumbling: for whoever
Seeks to demean him to his maſter's liking,
Ought to be quick in what concerns his maſter,
And ſlow to ſerve himſelf: his very dreams,
When ſleeping, ſhould remind him what he is.
If any ſerve a maſter that's in love,
(As I do for example) and he find
His paſſion has ſubdu'd him, 'tis his duty
To keep him back, reſtrain him for his good,
Not puſh him forward where his inclinations
Hurry him on. As boys, that learn to ſwim,
Reſt on a kind of raft compos'd of ruſhes,

Servant to LYCONIDES.] Among the perſons of the Drama are ſet down two of the name of STROBILUS; one of which has already appeared, and is plainly different from the other. It ſeems ſtrange, that the author ſhould chuſe to call them both by the ſame name.

V. 6. *His very dreams*, &c.] The original is,

Sin dormitet, ita dormitet, ſervum ſeſe ut cogitet.

V. 14. *Raft compos'd of ruſhes.*] In the original, *Scirpea ratis.*

That they may labour leſs, and move their hands,
And ſwim more eaſily; ſo ſhould a ſervant
Buoy up his maſter, that is plung'd in love,
From ſinking like a plummet.---Such an one
Will read his maſter's pleaſure in his looks,
And what he orders haſte to execute
As quick as lightning. Whatſoever ſervant
Acts in this wiſe, will never feel the laſh,
Nor make his fetters bright by conſtant wear.---
My maſter is enamour'd with the daughter
Of this poor fellow *Euclio*, and has learn'd
She's to be married to our *Megadorus*.
He therefore ſent me hither as a ſpy,
T' inform him of what paſſes.---I may ſeat me
Cloſe by this altar here without ſuſpicion;
Whence I can learn what's doing on all ſides.
[*Sits down by an altar.*

V. 18. *Like a plummet.*] A word or two is wanting in the original,—*tanquam* ****. *Lambin* fills up the deficiency by conjecture with *catapirater maris*, a plummet to ſound the depth of the ſea. The phraſe is uſed originally by *Lucilius*.

V. 21. *As quick as lightning.*] The original is, *citis quadrigis citiùs*, quicker than chariots in the race.

V. 29. *Altar.*] The ancients had altars in their publick ſtreets. See the note on Act IV. Scene I. ver. 11. of the *Merchant*, in this volume.

SCENE II.

Enter EUCLIO *from the Temple of* FAITH.

Good *Faith*, diſcover not to any one,
That here my gold is plac'd: I have no fear,
That any one will find it, it is lodg'd
So privily.---On my troth, if any one
Should find this Pot cramm'd full of gold, he'd have
A charming booty on't: but I beſeech you,
Prevent it, *Faith*.---Now will I go and bathe,
That I may ſacrifice, and not detain
My ſon-in-law, but ſoon as he demands her
He may eſpouſe my girl, and bring her home.
Look to't again, *Faith*, and again, that I
May bear my gold off, ſafe as I have left it,
Lodg'd in your temple, truſted to your *faith*.

[*Exit.*

V. 10. *Bring her home.*] *Ducat domum*, according to the form uſed on theſe occaſions.

V. 13. *Truſted to your faith.*] Fides, *tuæ* fidei *concredidi*. This alluſion to the name of *Fides*, or *Faith*, which is kept up in the next ſcene, and other parts of the play, will not perhaps appear very agreeable to the modern reader.

SCENE III.

STROBILUS, *from his lurking place.*

What did I hear him ſay?—Immortal Gods!
That he had hid a Pot brimful of gold
Here in this temple.—I beſeech you, *Faith*,
Be not to him more *faithful* than to me.—
This is the father, if I don't miſtake,
Of her my maſter is enamour'd with.
I'll in, and rummage the whole temple o'er
To find this treaſure, now that he's employ'd.—
If I do find it, *Faith*, I'll offer to you
A gallon full of wine, and *faithful* meaſure.—
I'll offer,—but I'll drink it all myſelf.

[*Goes to the Temple of* FAITH.

V. 10. *A gallon full.*] *Congialem*, a meaſure among the ancients, ſuppoſed to be nearly equal to our gallon.

——Faithful *meaſure.*] *Fidelia*, in the original, means a *jug*, and is palpably uſed by our author to allude to the name of *Fides*. Though this is not perhaps greatly to be admired, I have endeavoured to keep up the ſame alluſion in the tranſlation.

SCENE IV.

EUCLIO *returning.*

'Tis not for nothing that I heard the raven
On my left hand: and once he ſcrap'd the ground;
And then he croak'd: it made my heart to jump
And flutter in my breaſt.—Why don't I run?

SCENE V.

EUCLIO, *dragging out* STROBILUS.

Out, earthworm, out, who but a moment paſt,
Crept under-ground, wert no where to be ſeen;
But now thou doſt appear, 'tis over with thee,
Raſcal, I'll be thy death.

STROB. What a plague ails you?
What buſineſs have you, you old wretch, with me?
Why do you lug me ſo? what makes you beat me?

EUCL. D'ye aſk? you whipping-ſtock! you villainous thief!
Not one alone, but all the thieves together!

V. 2. *On my left hand.*] The ancients were very ſuperſtitious with regard to omens, and they looked upon it as unlucky, if a bird was ſeen on their left hand. So *Virgil*,

Sæpe Siniſtra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix.

And the hoarſe raven on the blaſted bough,
By croaking from the left preſag'd the common blow.

V. 3. *To jump.*] The original is,—*artem facere ludicram.*

V. 7. *Whipping-ſtock.*] The original is, *Verberaliſſime*, a word humouroufly coined by our author, from *verberabilis.*

STROB.

STROB. What have I ſtol'n of your's?

EUCL. Reſtore it to me.

STROB. Reſtore it? what?

EUCL. D'ye aſk?

STROB. I've taken nothing.

EUCL. Come, give me what you've got,

STROB. What are you at?

EUCL. What am I at?—You ſhall not carry it off.

STROB. What is it you would have?

EUCL. Come, lay it down.

STROB. Why we have laid no wager, that I know of.

EUCL. Come, come, no joking; lay it down, I ſay.

STROB. What muſt I lay down? tell me, name it to me:
I have not touch'd, or taken any thing.

EUCL. Shew me your hands.

STROB. Here they are.

EUCL. Shew them me,

STROB. Why here they are.

EUCL. I ſee.—Shew me your third hand.

V. 10. *I've taken nothing.*] There is a quibble in the original, which could not be expreſſed in the tranſlation.

STROB. *Nihil equidem* tibi *abſtuli.*

EUCL. *At illud quod* tibi *abſtuleras cedo.*

V. 14. *I have laid no wager.*] The learned reader will perceive, that I have given the ſenſe of the original another turn.

V. 19. *Shew me your* third *hand.*] *Oſtende etiam* tertiam. This has been cenſured, as being too extravagant, and intirely out of nature; but conſidering the very ridiculous humour of the Miſer as drawn by our author, it will not perhaps appear out of character. *Euclio* talks in the ſame ſtrain of the Cooks being all of *Geryon*'s race, and having ſix hands apiece. *Moliere*, however, who

STROB. *(Aſide)* Sure the old fellow's crazy; he's bewitch'd.

Prithee now don't you uſe me very ill?

EUCL. Very ill truly, not to have you hang'd,—Which I will do, if now you don't confeſs.

STROB. Don't confeſs what?

EUCL. What did you take from hence?

STROB. May I be curs'd, if I took any thing Belonging to you, or deſired it, I.

EUCL. Come, come, pull off you cloak.

STROB. *(pulling it off)* Juſt as you pleaſe.

EUCL. You may have hid it underneath your clothes.

who has imitated this ſcene, has not ventured this ſeemingly abſurd ſtroke, as undoubtedly he thought it would appear too *outré* to a modern audience; and our own countrymen, *Shadwell* and *Fielding*, have copied his example, probably for the ſame reaſon. But there is a direct imitation of this whole paſſage in the old play of *Albumazar*, Act III. Scene VIII. where *Trincalo* (who is made to fancy himſelf *Antonio)* queſtions *Ronca* about his purſe, which the latter had ſtolen from him.

TRIN. O my purſe!
Dear maſter *Ronca*.
RONC. What's your pleaſure, Sir?
TRIN. Shew me your hand.
RONC. Here 'tis.
TRIN. But where's the other?
RONC. Why here.
TRIN. *But I mean, where's your other hand?*
RONC. *Think you me the giant with an hundred hands?*
TRIN. Give me your right.
RONC. My right?
TRIN. Your left.
RONC. My left?
TRIN. Now both.
RONC. There's both, my dear *Antonio*.

STROB.

STROB. Search where you will.

EUCL. *(Aſide)* The rogue, how civil is he,
That I may not ſuſpect!—I know his tricks.—
Once more, ſhew me your right hand.

STROB. Here it is.

EUCL. Well,—now ſhew me your left.

STROB. There they are both.

EUCL. Come,—I will ſearch no further,—give it me.

STROB. What muſt I give you?

EUCL. Pſha! don't trifle with me.
You certainly have got it.

STROB. Got! got what?

EUCL. So,—you would have me name it;—but I will not.
Reſtore whatever you have got of mine.

STROB. You're mad ſure.—You have ſearch'd me at your pleaſure,
And you have found nothing of your's upon me.

EUCL. Stay, ſtay,—who was that other with you yonder?
(Aſide) I'm ruin'd! he's at work within; and if
I let him go, this other will eſcape.—
I've ſearch'd him, it is true, and he has nothing.
(To STROB.) Go where you will, and may the Gods confound you!

STROB. I'm much oblig'd to you for your kind wiſhes.

V. 40. *That other with you yonder.*] This ſuſpicion is very natural in one of *Euclio*'s turn of mind, beſides that his manner of putting the queſtion is at the ſame time very artful.

EUCL. I'll in, and if I light on your accomplice,
I'll ſtrangle him.—Out of my ſight—be gone.
STROB. I go.
EUCL. And never let me ſee you more.
[EUCLIO *goes into the Temple.*

SCENE VI.

STROBILUS *alone.*

I'd rather die the worſt of deaths, than now
Not lay an ambuſh for this old man's money.
He will not dare to hide it here, I fancy;
But he will bring it out with him, and change
Its ſituation.—Huſh, the door is opening,
And out he comes, the old hunks with his treaſure,
I'll draw a little nearer to the gate here.
[*Skulks on one ſide.*

SCENE VII.

EUCLIO *returns, with his Pot of Money.*

Faith had more *faith*, I thought: but ſhe has made
An aſs of me downright.—If this ſame raven

V. 1. *Faith* had more *faith*, I thought.] FIDEI *cenſebam maximam multo* fidem *Eſſe.*——————
See the note on Act IV. Scene II. of this play.

V. 2. *An aſs of me downright.*] *Sublevit os mihi pæniſſimè.* This phraſe, which is frequent in our author, and uſed by *Terence*, is ſaid to allude to tricks played upon perſons when aſleep, by

Had not ſtood by me, oh! I had been ruined.
Would I could meet this honeſt bird again,
That gave me this foreboding! I would give him
Good words at leaſt.—Good words, they ſay, coſt nothing.—
Now,—let me ſee—where can I find a place,
A lonely one, where I may hide this treaſure?
(*Meditating.*)—There is a grove without the city walls,
That ſacred to *Sylvanus*, unfrequented,
Thick ſet with willows:—on that ſpot I'll fix.
Sylvanus will I ſooner truſt than *Faith*.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

STROBILUS *alone.*

I'll run before him, climb into a tree,
And watch where this old fellow hides his money.
My maſter bade me wait here,—but no matter:
I'll riſk miſhap in queſt of ſuch advantage.

[*Exit.*

by dawbing their faces, and from thence is metaphorically applied to ſignify impoſing upon the dull and half-witted.

V. 6. *Good words, they ſay, coſt nothing.*] There is ſome obſcurity in the original; but the familiar phraſe in our language, which I have made uſe of, will (I imagine) in ſome ſort convey the ſenſe of the original.

Nimis hercle ego illum corvum ad me veniat velim,
Qui indicium fecit, ut ego aliquid illi boni
Dicam. Nam quod edit, tàm duim, quàm perduim.

V. 12. *Sylvanus.*] The God preſiding over woods, or groves. From *Sylva.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter LYCONIDES *and* EUNOMIA.

LYC. I've told you all, good mother: you are now
As well acquainted as myſelf with all
Concerning *Euclio*'s daughter. My dear mother,
I now unaſk you what I aſk'd before:—
Impart it to my uncle, I beſeech you.

EUN. Your will you know is mine, ſon; and I truſt
I ſhall obtain my brother's approbation;
And there is reaſon good, if, as you ſay,
You us'd her unbecomingly in liquor.

LYC. You cannot think, I'd tell you an untruth.

PHÆDRIA *within.*

My pangs come on—Help, help, nurſe! I ſhall die!
Juno, Lucina, ſave me!

LYC. Hark, good mother!
This is a further proof: ſhe's crying out,
She's now in labour.

EUN. Come then, my dear ſon,

V. 4. Unaſk *you what* I aſk'd *before.*] Reſecro *quod dudum* obſecraveram. That was, *to keep the affair a ſecret.*

V. 12. *Juno, Lucina.*] The Goddeſs ſuppoſed to preſide over child-birth.—The ſame circumſtance with this occurs twice in *Terence,* in the *Andria* and *Adelphi,* in both which plays a very humourous uſe is made of it. This circumſtance (as Mr. *Colman* remarks) "is not eaſily to be reconciled to modern notions "of decency, though certainly conſidered as no indecorum in "thoſe days."

You

You ſhall go in here with me to my brother,
And I'll perſuade him to forego his marriage.
LYC. I'll follow you this inſtant.
[EUNOMIA *goes in.*

SCENE X.

LYCONIDES *alone.*

I'm amaz'd
Where *Strobilus* can be, when I had order'd him
To wait me here. And yet upon reflection,
If he is abſent now to do me ſervice,
It would be wrong to be offended with him.
I'll in then, where they ſit in judgment on me.
[*Exit.*

V. 5. *Sit in judgement on me.*] *De capite meo ſunt comitia.*

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter STROBILUS, *with the Pot of Money.*

THE Griffins, dwelling on the golden mountains,
Are not ſo rich as I.—Of other kings
I ſpeak not, beggarly, poor, abject fellows,—
I am king *Philip*'s ſelf.—Fine day for me!
Parting from hence, I got there long before him,
Climb'd up a tree, and waited to obſerve
Where the old fellow would conceal his treaſure.
When he was gone, down ſlid I from the tree,
And dug this Pot up full of gold:—I then
Saw him come back to the ſame place again;
But me he ſaw not, for I turn'd a little

Act V.] Though contrary to all the editions, I cannot but think that the fifth act ſhould be made to begin here, as by this ſufficient time will be allowed for *Euclio* to go to *Sylvanus*'s grove to hide his treaſure, and for *Strobilius* to ſteal it thence. As the diviſion of the acts is a modern deviſe, the liberty of departing from the eſtabliſhed practice in this caſe may, I hope, be indulged me.

V. 1. *Griffins.*] The original is, *Pici.* Theſe, according to *Nonius*, are the ſame with γρύπας in the *Greek.* Theſe were ſuppoſed to dig up gold in the *Hyperborean* mountains. *Herodotus* makes mention of γρύπας χρυσοφύλακας among the *Arimaſpi*, a people of *Scythia.*

Out

Out of his way.—Ah! here he is himſelf.
I'll go, and lay this Pot up ſafe at home.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter EUCLIO.

I'm dead! kill'd! murder'd!—Whither ſhall I run?
Whither not run?—Stop thief! ſtop thief!—Who? what?
I know not,—I ſee nothing,—I walk blind,—
I cannot tell for certain where I'm going,
Or where I am, or who I am.
(To the Spectators) Good people,

V. 5. *(To the Spectators)* It muſt be acknowledged that there is great humour in this paſſage, though in general nothing can appear more abſurd and unnatural to the modern reader than theſe addreſſes (ſo frequent in our author) to the ſpectators, in the middle of a play, and from the very characters employed in it. *Moliere*, who has imitated this whole ſoliloquy, has not ſcrupled to make *his* Miſer alſo addreſs himſelf to the audience in like manner. "Que de gens aſſemblés! Je ne jette mes regards ſur "perſonne qui ne me donne des ſoupçons, et tout me ſemble "mon voleur. Eh? de quoi eſt ce qu'on parle là? de celui qui "m'a derobé? Quel bruit fait on là haut? Eſt ce mon voleur "qui eſt? De grace, ſi l'on ſait des nouvelles de mon voleur, je "ſupplie que l'on m'en diſe. N'eſt-il point caché là parmi "vous? Ils me regardent tous, et ſe mettent à rire." For the ſake of the *Engliſh* reader, I ſhall attempt a tranſlation of this in verſe.

See, what a crowd of people!—I can look
On no body but gives me a ſuſpicion,
And every one appears to me the thief.—

I pray you, I implore you, I beſeech you,
Lend me your help,—ſhew me the man that took it.
See! in the garb of innocent white they ſkulk,
And ſit as they were honeſt.—
(To one of the ſpectators) What ſay You?—
I will believe You:—You're an honeſt fellow,—
I read it in your countenance.—How's this?—
What do you laugh at?—O, I know you all;
I know, that there are many thieves among you.—
Hey!---none of you have got it?---I am ſlain!---
Tell me, who has it then?---You do not know!
Ah me! ah woe is me! I'm loſt! I'm ruin'd!
Wholly undone! in a moſt vile condition!
Such grief, ſuch groaning, has this day brought on me,

Ha! what is't they are talking there?—Of him,
That robb'd me?—What a noiſe they make above!
Is it my thief that's there?—For heaven's ſake,
If you have any tidings of my thief,
Pray tell me.—Is he not conceal'd among you?—
Look! they all ſtare at me, and fall a laughing.

I know not what reception this may meet with from a *French* audience; but *Shadwell* and *Fielding* have neither of them ventured to riſk it on our ſtage.

V. 8. *In the garb of innocent white.*] There is a confuſion in the original, not eaſily reconcileable to the rules of grammar, as it ſtands in all the editions. I am inclined to think, that by reading the *Qui* adverbially this may be removed.

Quî *veſtitu et cretâ occultant ſeſe, atque ſedent quaſi ſint frugi!*

Veſtitu et cretâ is variouſly explained by the commentators. It is ſufficient to obſerve, that *white* was a common colour in the *Roman* dreſs. Hence *Candidati, &c.*

V. 17. *In a moſt vile condition.*] *Peſſimè ornatus eo.*

Hunger

Hunger and poverty!-- I am a wretch,
The vileſt wretch on earth!---Oh, what have I
To do with life, depriv'd of ſuch a treaſure?
A treaſure, that I kept ſo carefully,
And robb'd myſelf of comfort!—Others now
Rejoice through my miſhap, and make them merry
At my expence.—Oh! Oh! I cannot bear it.
(Runs about crying, ſtamping, &c.

SCENE III.

LYCONIDES *entering.*

Who can this be, that moans ſo bitterly
Before our houſe?---Ha! it is *Euclio* ſure:
'Tis he, I think.—I'm ruin'd,—all's diſcover'd.
He is acquainted with his daughter's labour.---
What ſhall I do?---I'm all uncertainty.---
Were't beſt to go or ſtay?---Shall I accoſt him,
Or ſhun his ſight?---I know not what to do.

V. 23. *Robb'd myſelf of comfort.*]

Egomet me fraudavi, animumque meum, geniumque meum.

There is a very remarkable paſſage in the beginning of *Terence's Phormio*, wherein this expreſſion is uſed; and I the more willingly tranſcribe it, as the original has been admired for its emphaſis and energy in almoſt every word, which is perhaps no leſs happily hit off in the tranſlation.

Quod ille unciatim vix de demenſo ſuo.
Suum defraudans genium, comparſit miſer.

What he ſcarce, ounce by ounce, from ſhort allowance,
Sorely defrauding his own appetite,
Has ſpar'd, poor wretch!

COLMAN.

EUCL. Who's that, that ſpeaks there?

LYC. I, Sir.

EUCL. I, Sir, am
A wretch, a ruin'd wretch, ſuch dread calamity,
Such ſorrow has befallen me.

LYC. Take courage.---

EUCL. Prithee how can I?

LYC. Since the deed, that now
Troubles your mind, I did,---and I confeſs it.

EUCL. What do I hear you ſay?

LYC. The truth.

EUCL. Young man,
In what have I deſerv'd ſuch uſage from you,
That you ſhould treat me thus, and go the way
To ruin me and my poor child?

LYC. A God
Was my enticer; he allur'd me.

EUCL. How!

LYC. I own my crime, I know I am to blame,
And therefore come I to implore your pardon.

EUCL. How durſt you to lay violent hands on that
You had no right to touch?

V. 16. *A God.*] The God of Love.

V. 21. *To touch.*] *Ut id quod non tuum eſſet* tangeres. The learned reader will perceive that an *equivoque* is deſigned in the uſe of the word *tangeres*. This whole ſcene very humourouſly turns upon *Euclio* and *Lyconides* miſtaking one another's meaning; *Euclio* all the while ſuppoſing that *Lyconides* is talking of the Pot, when he is ſpeaking of the old man's daughter. This is happily expreſſed in the original, on account of the *Latin* idiom, the word *Olla* (which ſignifies a Pot) having a *feminine* termination. *Moliere*, being poſſeſſed of the ſame advantage in the *French* tongue, has availed himſelf of it, and has managed the ambi-

LYC. 'Tis paſt.---What's done
Cannot be undone.---I believe, the Gods
Would have it ſo: if not, it had not been.
EUCL. I believe the Gods would have me hang myſelf
Before your face.
LYC. Ah! ſay not ſo.
EUCL. But why
Would you lay hands, I pray, on what was mine
Againſt my inclination?
EUCL. Love and wine
Did prompt me.
EUCL. What conſummate impudence!
How dare you come to me with ſuch a ſpeech?
If this is right, if this excuſe will hold,
Why we may ſtrip a lady of her jewels
In open day-light,---then, if we are taken,
Plead in excuſe, forſooth, that love and wine
Led us to do it.---Oh, this love and wine
Is of great value, if it can impower
The lover and the drunkard to indulge
In whatſoever likes him with impunity.
LYC. I come to beg you to forgive my folly.
EUCL. I reliſh not theſe fellows, who commit
A miſdemeanor, and then dare defend it.
You knew you had no right; not being your's,
You ſhould have kept hands off.
LYC. But as I dar'd

ambiguity of this circumſtance with more art and addreſs than our countrymen have done.

It being impoſſible to preſerve the *equivoque* of the original exactly, I have been obliged to uſe ſome latitude in the tranſlation.

Make the attempt, I ſhall have no objection
To have and hold.

EUCL. To have and hold what's mine,
At my diſpoſal?---and againſt my will?

LYC. Againſt your will I aſk not;---but I think,
It is my right, and you yourſelf will find
I have a juſt claim.

EUCL. If you don't return me---

LYC. Return you what?

EUCL. What you have ſtol'n of mine,
I'll have you 'fore the Prætor, and commence
A ſuit againſt you.

LYC. Stol'n of your's! how? where?
What is't you mean?

EUCL. As if you did not know!

LYC. Not I, except you tell me what it is.

EUCL. The pot of gold, I ſay, which you confeſs'd
You ſtole, reſtore it to me.

LYC. I ne'er ſaid
A ſyllable about it, nor have taken it.

EUCL. Will you deny it?

LYC. Yes, deny it wholly:
Nor do I know what gold, what pot you mean.

EUCL. That which you ſtole out of *Sylvanus'* grove.
Come, give it me: I'll rather halve it with you.
Though you have robb'd me, I'll not trouble you:

V. 48. *A juſt claim.*] According to the *Roman* laws, whoever had debauched a girl, that was free, was obliged either to marry her himſelf without a portion, or to give her ſuch a portion as was ſuitable to her ſtation.

Come

Come then, reſtore it to me.

LYC. Are you mad,
To call me thief?---I thought that you had got
Scent of another matter, that concerns me:
'Tis of importance, and if leiſure ſerves,
I ſhould be glad to talk with you upon it.

EUCL. Tell me, upon your faith: you have not ſtol'n
This gold?

LYC. Upon my faith.

EUCL. Nor do you know
Who took it?

LYC. No, upon my faith.

EUCL. And if
You ſhould diſcover him, you'll reveal him to me?

LYC. I'll do't.

EUCL. Nor will you take, whoe'er he be,
A portion of the ſpoil, to hide the thief?

LYC. I will not.

EUCL. What if you deceive me?

LYC. Then
May *Jupiter* do with me what he will!

EUCL. I'm ſatisfy'd.---Now tell me, what's your pleaſure?

LYC. If you're a ſtranger to my birth and family,
Know, *Megadorus* yonder is my uncle,
My father was *Antimachus*, my name
Lyconides, *Eunomia* is my mother.

EUCL. I know your family.---Then what's your buſineſs?
I ſhould be glad to learn.

LYC. You have a daughter.

EUCL. I have; ſhe is within.

LYC. If I miſtake not,
You have betroth'd her to my uncle.

EUCL. Right.
You know the whole.

LYC. He has commanded me
To bring you his refuſal.

EUCL. How?---refuſal,---
When ev'ry thing is ready for the wedding?
May all the Gods confound him! for through him,
Wretch that I am! I've loſt ſo great a treaſure.

LYC. Be comforted: don't curſe: but let us hope,
That this affair will turn out happily
To you and to your daughter.---Say, Heaven grant
It may!

EUCL. Heaven grant it may!

LYC. And to me too.---
Now give me your attention. Never was there
A man ſo worthleſs, that had done a fault,
But was aſham'd, and ſought to clear himſelf.
I do conjure you, *Euclio*, to forgive me,
If all unwittingly I have offended
You and your daughter: give her me to wife,

V. 85. *Refuſal.*] The original is, *Repudium.* The rejecting of a perſon betrothed, was called *repudium*; the putting away of one already married, *divortium*.

According

According to the laws: for I confeſs,
That on the night of *Ceres'* feſtival,
Heated with liquor and impell'd by youth,
I injur'd her fair honour.

EUCL. Out alas!
What do I hear? O monſtrous villainy!

LYC. Why do you howl thus? It is true, I've made you
A grandſire on your daughter's wedding-day:
She's brought to-bed, ten months are paſt, pray reckon.
On this account my uncle *Magadorus*
Sent a refuſal. But go in, enquire
If 'tis not as I ſay.

EUCL. Undone for ever!
So many evils are combin'd to plague me.
I'll in, and know the truth.

LYC. I'll follow you.

[EUCLIO *goes in.*

V. 99. *According to the laws.*] See the note on ver. 47. of this ſcene.

*** As this ſcene is admirably work'd up in *Moliere*, the reader will not perhaps be diſpleaſed with ſeeing it in an *Engliſh* dreſs. It is ſufficient to premiſe, that *Valere*, a young gentleman, who was in love with the Miſer's daughter, had got into his ſervice in diſguiſe; and when the Miſer had loſt his money, which his ſon's ſervant had ſtolen, *Valere* was accuſed by another ſervant, out of pique of having taken it.

Enter VALERE *to* HARPAGON.

HARP. Come, and confeſs an action the moſt black,
The foulеſt and moſt horrible attempt,

That

SCENE IV.

LYCONIDES *alone.*

So, ev'ry thing is ſafe, as it ſhould ſeem.---
But where is *Strobilus?* I can find him nowhere.

That ever was committed. VAL. What d'ye mean, Sir?
HARP. How, traitor! don't you bluſh at your offence?
VAL. At what offence? HARP. At what offence? you villain!
As if you did not know what I would ſay.
But 'tis in vain you offer to diſguiſe it:
Th' affair's diſcover'd: they have told me all.
How, how could you abuſe my kindneſs thus,
And introduce yourſelf into my houſe
On purpoſe to betray me, to deceive,
And play me ſuch a ſcurvy trick? VAL. Since all
Has been diſcover'd, Sir, I will not ſeek
To put a gloſs on, or deny the matter.
'Twas my deſign to ſpeak to you, and waited
But for a fit and favourable time:
But ſince it thus has happen'd, I conjure you
Don't be diſpleas'd, but deign to hear my reaſons.
HARP. And what fine reaſons can you give? vile thief!
VAL. I have not merited theſe names. 'Tis true,
I have committed an offence againſt you:
But, after all, my fault is pardonable.
HARP. How! pardonable? what! a wilful murder?
A foul aſſaſſination of this kind?
VAL. For heaven's ſake, don't put yourſelf in a rage.
When you have heard me, you'll perceive the damage
Is not ſo great as you imagine. HARP. Not
So great as I imagine? What! my blood,
My bowels, rogue? VAL. Your blood, Sir, is not ſall'n

Into

Where can he be?---I'll wait a while here; then
I'll after the old fellow: in the interim

Into bad hands. I'm of a rank as will not
Let it be wrong'd: there's nothing in all this,
For which I cannot make full reparation.

HARP. 'Tis my intention to oblige you to it,
Make you reſtore what you have raviſh'd from me.

VAL. Your honour ſhall be fully ſatisfied.

HARP. Honour! that's not the queſtion.—But inform me,
What led you to this action? VAL. Can you aſk?

HARP. Yes truly, I do aſk. VAL. A Deity,
That carries his excuſe for all he does;
Love. HARP. Love! VAL. Yes, Love. HARP. Fine love!
fine love, i'faith!
Love of my Louis d'ors. VAL. 'Tis not your wealth
Has tempted me,—that has not dazzled me;
And I proteſt, that I will never make
The leaſt pretence to any of your fortune,
Provided you will let me keep poſſeſſion
Only of what I have. HARP. I will not do it,
By all the fiends I will not let you have it.—
Behold! what inſolence, to wiſh to keep
What he has robb'd me of! VAL. A robbery
D'ye call it, Sir? HARP. A robbery do I call it?
A treaſure ſuch as this! VAL. True, 'tis a treaſure,
And doubtleſs the moſt precious that you have:
But 'twill not be to loſe it, to permit me
To have and hold. Upon my knees I aſk it,
This treaſure full of charms; and, to do juſtice,
You ought to grant it me. HARP. I will not do it.—
What can this mean? VAL. We've promis'd one another
A mutual faith, and we have ta'en an oath
Not to forſake each other. HARP. 'Faith, the oath
Is admirable, and the promiſe droll!

VAL. We are engag'd for ever to each other.

HARP. But I ſhall break the contract, I aſſure you.

VAL.

I will allow him time to make enquiry
Of the old maid, his daughter's nurſe; ſhe knows
The whole affair.

VAL. Nothing but death can part us. HARP. Yes, indeed,
He's deviliſhly ſmitten with my money.

VAL. I've told you, Sir, already, 'twas not intereſt,
That puſh'd me on to do what I have done.
My heart was never wrought on by ſuch ſprings
As you imagine, and a nobler motive
Inſpir'd the reſolution. HARP. So,—you'll ſee
'Tis out of Chriſtian charity, forſooth,
He'd have my money.—But I'll find redreſs;
And juſtice, you audacious villain, juſtice
Shall ſee me righted. VAL. Uſe me as you will,
I'll ſuffer ev'ry outrage that you pleaſe:
But let me beg, you will at leaſt believe,
If any harm is done, 'tis I alone
You ſhould accuſe; your daughter in all this
Is no way culpable. HARP. I do believe it.
It had been ſtrange, if my own child had been
Accomplice in the crime.—But I deſire
To have my own again: prithee confeſs,
Where you have lodg'd— VAL. Lodg'd! Nowhere but within.

HARP. O my dear caſket!—Not remov'd, you ſay,
Out of this houſe? VAL. No, Sir. HARP. But tell me now,
Ha'n't you been dabbling? VAL. I, Sir, dabbling! Ah!
You wrong us both: the flame, with which I burn,
Is pure, full of reſpect. HARP. Burn for my caſket!

VAL. I would have periſh'd ſooner than have ſhewn
A ſingle thought, that could offend ſuch prudence,
Such honour. HARP. Hey! the honour of my caſket!

VAL. All my deſires were ſtinted to the joys
Of ſight alone, and nothing criminal
The paſſion has profan'd, which thoſe fair eyes
Inſpir'd me with. HARP. The fair eyes of my caſket!
He talks on't like a lover of his miſtreſs.

VAL.

SCENE V.

Enter STROBILUS.

STROB. O ye immortal Gods!
What joys, what tranſports have you heap'd upon me!
To have a pot of gold in my poſſeſſion,
Of four pounds weight!—Who is ſo rich as I?
Was ever man ſo favour'd of the Gods?
LYC. Surely I hear a voice.
STROB. (*diſcovering* LYCONIDES) Ha! don't I ſee

VAL. Dame *Claude*, Sir, knows the truth of this adventure,
And ſhe can teſtify,— HARP. How! is my maid
Accomplice in th' affair? VAL. Yes, ſhe was witneſs
Of our engagement; when ſhe underſtood
The honourable purpoſe of my flame,
She was confederate with me to perſuade
Your daughter to exchange her troth with mine.

HARP. Hey! does the fear of juſtice make him rave?
What mean you by this ſtuff about my daughter?

VAL. Believe me, Sir, 'twas with the utmoſt pains
I won her modeſty to give conſent
To what my love requeſted. HARP. Modeſty!
Of whom? VAL. Your daughter. 'Twas but yeſterday
She brought her mind to't, that we both ſhould ſign
A marriage-contract. HARP. Has my daughter ſign'd
A marriage-contract with you? VAL. Yes, and I
Have on my part ſign'd one with her. HARP. O heav'n!
Another vile diſgrace! increaſe of ill!
Accumulation of deſpair, &c.

SCENE V.] All the editions make the fifth act begin with this ſcene, which is apparently wrong; for *Lyconides* had not quitted the ſtage, but waited on purpoſe for the coming of *Strobilus*.

Lyconides

Lyconides my maſter?

LYC. Don't I ſee
My maſter *Strobilus?*

STROB. 'Tis he.

LYC. No other.

STROB. I will accoſt him.

LYC. Beſt to mend my pace.
I fancy he has been with the old woman,
My *Phædria*'s nurſe, as I commanded him.

STROB. What if I tell him I have found this booty,
And aſk my liberty!—I'll up and ſpeak to him.
(Advancing) Sir!—I have found—

LYC. What have you found?

STROB. Not that
Which boys in play hunt after in a bean,
And if they chance to find, cry out for joy.

LYC. What, at your trick of joking, ſirrah?

STROB. Hold.
I'll tell you, do but hear me.

LYC. Well then, ſpeak.

STROB. I have found riches in abundance.

LYC. Where?

STROB. A pot brimful of gold, of four pounds weight.

LYC. *(with emotion)* What's that you ſay?

STROB. I ſtole it from old *Euclio.*

V. 15. *In a bean.*] *Quod pueri clamitant in fabâ ſe reperiſſe.* The commentators explain this to mean a little worm or weevil which is often found in vegetables. *Strobilus* intends by this paſſage, that it is no trifling matter he had found.

LYC.

LYC. Where is the gold?

STROB. At home, ſir, in a cheſt.—
I ſhould be glad you'd give me now my freedom.

LYC. Give you your freedom! worſt of rogues!

STROB. Go, go,
I know your meaning;—I was only trying you.—
How you ſnapt at it! what would you have done,
If I indeed had found it?

LYC. This evaſion
Shall not avail you.—Give me up the gold.

STROB. Give up the gold!

LYC. Come, give it me, I ſay,
That I may render it to the right owner.

STROB. Where ſhould I have it?

LYC. You confeſs'd juſt now,
You had it in a cheſt.

STROB. Oh, I am us'd
To talk thus jokingly.

LYC. *(threatening)* But know you what?

STROB. Nay, kill me, if you pleaſe, you'll never get it.

[*The reſt of this Play is loſt. What follows is added by the Tranſlator.*]

The reſt of this Play is loſt.] The criticks univerſally agree, that the Supplement, which is generally printed in the editions of our author, is very inferior to *Plautus* both in matter and ſtile. It was written, we are told, by *Antonius Codrus Urceus*, profeſſor at *Boulogne*, who lived in the reigns of the emperors *Sigiſmund* and *Frederick* III. Beſides the poverty of invention as well as expreſſion, it has alſo a moſt capital fault with reſpect to the cataſtrophe. The Miſer is made all of a ſudden to change his nature

LYC. How, raſcal!—I ſhall find a way.

STROB. You cannot.—

Tie me up neck and heels; break ev'ry limb;
Load me with chains, and ram me in a dungeon;
Let thongs and elm-rods be my only food;
You will not get the gold.—There *is* a way,—

LYC. Speak, what way?

STROB. Set me free: one ſtroke will do it,

LYC. Tho' you deſerve a thouſand, I conſent
For my dear *Phædria*'s ſake. Go, bring the pot here,
And I'll reward you with your liberty.

[*Exit* STROBILUS.

SCENE VI.

LYCONIDES *alone.*

What ſhall I do now? With the loſs of this
Already he's diſtracted, and I fear me,
Now that he knows his daughter was diſhonour'd,

nature intirely; which is to the laſt degree improbable. *Demea*, it is true, in *Adelphi*, or *The Brothers* of *Terence*, throws off his ſordidneſs and ruſtick aſperity at the concluſion, and takes up the contrary extreme; but then it is palpably done with awkwardneſs, and his generoſity and good-humour are apparently affected. I have, however, thought fit to ſubjoin a tranſlation of this ſupplement, ſuch as it is, though I have preſumed to add another of my own; of which I ſhall only ſay, that I have endeavoured, as much as poſſible, to imitate the manner of my author, for which reaſon I have profeſſedly made uſe of many of his expreſſions.

V. 40. *One ſtroke will do it.*] I here mean to allude to the cuſtom obſerved in the *manumiſſion* or freeing of a ſlave, which was done by ſtriking him.

He

He will ſuſpect me partner in the plot
To rob him of his gold, and think I meant
To dig out for myſelf, againſt his will,
A portion with his daughter.—Here comes *Strobilus.*

SCENE VII.

Enter STROBILUS.

STROB. Come, come along, thou muckworm.

LYC. Whom d'ye ſpeak to?

STROB. *Euclio.*

LYC. He's no where here, nor any other.

STROB. Nay, but he is.

LYC. *(looking about)* I ſee him not.—Where is he?

STROB. He's here.

LYC. Here! where?

STROB. I've hold of him; he's here.
(Pointing to the Pot)
All that he has of life and ſoul, is here,—
Lodg'd in this Pot; the reſt is but his ſhadow,
This is his ſubſtance; his heart's blood, his vitals;
'Tis *Euclio* altogether.

LYC. Peace, you raſcal;
Give me the Pot.

STROB. Suppoſe you ſacrifice him
Upon his daughter's wedding-day.—

LYC. No trifling.—

STROB. You will at leaſt invite me to a ſhare,

I hope, Sir, of the entrails.

LYC. Give it me,
I ſay, this very inſtant; or I'll make
A ſacrifice of you.

STROB. You'll give me then
My freedom, as you promis'd?

LYC. Never doubt me.

STROB. Here—take it. *(Giving the Pot.*

LYC. I'll reſtore it to old *Euclio*,
Who will adore me as his Joy, his Pleaſure,
His *Jove* Protector, his ſupreme *Salvation*.—
I'll call him.—*Euclio!*—Hoa!—Come forth here.—
Euclio!

EUCL. *(within)* Who calls a wretch like me?

STROB. Your Joy, your Pleaſure,
Your *Jove* Protector, your ſupreme *Salvation*.

LYC. I bring you tidings of your treaſure, *Euclio*.

V. 12. *Entrails.*] This is founded on a paſſage in the *Braggard Captain*, Act III. Scene II. ver. 150. where *Periplectomenes*, ſpeaking of his relations, ſays,

When they ſacrifice,
I have a larger portion than themſelves:
They take me to the entrails.

See the note upon the paſſage.

V. 18. *Your* Jove *Protector*, &c.] So in the *Captives*, Act IV. Scene II. ver. 121.

I am now
Thy *Jupiter* ſupreme,—thy god *Salvation*,
Thy Life, thy Fortune, thy Delight, thy Joy.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter EUCLIO.

EUCL. Where is he?—have you found him?—
where's the thief?
Where is my gold?—Speak, is it ſafe?
LYC. How is ſhe?
Tell me, how fares my *Phædria?*
EUCL. Is it whole?
Is it in nought diminiſh'd?
LYC. Has ſhe bath'd?
Is ſhe refreſh'd?
EUCL. I'm talking of my gold.
LYC. I'm talking of your daughter.
EUCL. I've no daughter,
No child, no family, except my gold,—
I've no relationſhip.
STROB. Before he loſt them,
He had a numerous offſpring.
LYC. How d'ye mean?
STROB. Of *yellow boys.*
LYC. (*to* EUCL.) Lend me your ſerious ear.
What if I find the thief, who ſtole your treaſure,

V. 4. *Bath'd.*] This is agreeable to the cuſtom among the ancients of bathing upon child-delivery. See *Amphitryon*, Act II. Scene II. ver. 58.

V. 10. *Yellow boys.*] A common expreſſion for gold coin. As I am aiming at an imitation of our author's manner, this joke will, I hope, be indulged me in the character of the ſervant.

And force him to make reſtitution?

STROB. Hold, Sir;
Let me impoſe conditions.

LYC. Speak, what are they?

EUCL. I will conſent to any thing, to have
My gold again.

STROB. Firſt you ſhall give—

EUCL. Give! what?

(*Aſide*) I ſmell him, I perceive what he's about:
He means to ſhare it with me.

STROB. You ſhall give
Your daughter to *Lyconides* in marriage.

EUCL. With all my heart.

STROB. And with her

EUCL. The old jade,
Her nurſe: let him take her too.

STROB. You ſhall give
A portion.

EUCL. How a portion?

STROB. From the Pot.

EUCL. I'm dead! I'm ſlain!—

STROB. And then, ſince *Megadorus*
At his own coſt has furniſh'd the repaſt
In honour of the wedding, in your turn
You ſhall provide a ſumptuous entertainment,
Lamb, pork, veal, pullets, hams—

EUCL. Have mercy on us!
The very ſound's enough to breed a famine.

STROB. All kinds of fiſh, cod, ſalmon, turbot,
mackarel—

EUCL.

EUCL. Would you were choak'd, I ſay!

STROB. A ton at leaſt
Of *Nardine*.

EUCL. Peace, you raſcal!

STROB. You muſt hire
A dozen Cooks, as many Muſick-Girls.—

EUCL. A dozen hangmen.

STROB. Your relations, friends,
Muſt be invited; the whole city aſk'd;—
You ſhall keep open houſe, Sir, for a month.

EUCL. You ſhall provide my feral ſupper firſt.

STROB. One more condition, and I've done: I'm ſure
'Twill pleaſe you.

EUCL. Speak, what is it?

STROB. You ſhall marry.

EUCL. I'll hang firſt.

LUC. Prithee now what kind of ſtep-mother
Would you provide me?

STROB. A ſtaid, prudent dame,
No mettleſome young flirt, but paſt the age
Of having children; no coſt to be dreaded
On that account;—one that will live on little,
And be a frugal houſe-wife;—with a portion,—

EUCL. A portion?

STROB. Yes, an ample one.

EUCL. How much?

V. 29. *Nardine.*] A kind of ſcented wine in high eſtimation among the ancients.

V. 35. *Feral ſupper.*] A funeral entertainment. See this farther explained in Act II. Scene I. ver. 44. of this play.

STROB. As much as all the gold that's in the Pot.
EUCL. *(Aſide)* That's ſomething.—
(To STROB.) Old, you ſay?
STROB. Juſt ripe for *Acheron.*
EUCL. *(Aſide)* That's well.—
(To STROB.) Will live on little?
STROB. Oh, on nothing
But whey and butter-milk.
EUCL. Her portion—
STROB. Paid
Upon the nail.
EUCL. *(Aſide)* That's good.
LYC. *(Aſide)* I marvel much
What he can mean.
EUCL. Agreed:—I'll take her.—Speak,
Who is ſhe?
STROB. *Staphila.*
EUCL. Confound you!—She
A portion?
STROB. Yes.
EUCL. Who'll give it?
STROB. I.
EUCL. What you?
STROB. Yes, I.
EUCL. Whence can you have it?

V. 48. *Whey and butter-milk.*] So in the *Braggard Captain*, Act I. Scene I. ver. 26.

I'll reſign me up
To be his ſlave, though, when I'm mad with hunger,
He ſhould allow me nothing elſe to eat
But whey and butter-milk.

STROB. From my own
Peculiar ſtock.
EUCL. What mean you?
STROB. From the Pot.
EUCL. Away,—begone.—They fool me to diſtraction!—
I'll to the *Prætor*;—if there's any law,
Or right, I'll have him hang'd,—I'll hang you all,—
Hang all the world,—and then—I'll hang myſelf.
[*Running off.*
LYCONIDES *(Shewing the Pot.)*
Turn, *Euclio*, turn, and ſee your treaſure here.
EUCLIO *(Turning.)*
O give it me! let me once more embrace it!
Villain, wilt hold it from me?
LYC. No, 'tis yours;
And in return you'll give your daughter to me.
EUCL. Ay, any thing.—I'll give an arm, a leg,
Rather than loſe my gold.
LYC. You do betroth
Your daughter then?

V. 54. *Peculiar ſtock.*] This alludes to the property, which ſlaves were allowed to have in their own right, and was termed *peculium*. So in this play a cock is ſaid to be *anui peculiaris*, the peculiar property of the Miſer's old maid.

V. 58. *Hang all the world,—and then—I'll hang myſelf.*] This idea is taken from the concluſion of the Miſer's ſoliloquy in *Moliere*, after he had diſcovered the loſs of his treaſure. "Je veux "faire prendre tout le mond; et ſi je ne retrouve mon argent, "je me prendrai moi-même après."

EUCL. I do. Heav'n proſper it!
LYC. I ſay, Heav'n proſper it!
STROB. Suppoſe you took
The kernel, and gave him the ſhell: 'tis all
He has occaſion for.
LYC. (*Giving* EUCLIO *the Pot.*) Here is your treaſure
Whole, undiminiſh'd.
EUC. (*Embracing it.*) O my life! my ſoul!
My joy! my all!---Nothing ſhall part us more.
STROB. He talks of it, as tho' it were his miſtreſs!
Yet he's afraid to touch her.
EUCL. O my gold!
Where ſhall I carry thee? where hide thee?—Never
Will I loſe ſight of thee again:—day, night,
I'll have thee near me:—I'll not eat, nor drink,
Nor take my reſt without thee:—while one eye
Is clos'd in ſleep, the other ſhall keep watch.
Rather than loſe thee, I will dig a pit,
And bury in't thee and myſelf together.
[*Exit* EUCLIO.

V. 65. *Heav'n proſper it!*] This is agreeable to the form uſed at the betrothing of any perſon in marriage. So in Act I. Scene VI. of this play, where *Euclio* betroths his daughter to *Megadorus*.

EUCL. *Spondeo.*
Iſtuc dî benè vortant.
MEG. *Ita dî faxint.*
EUCL. I do betroth her.
Heav'ns proſper it!
MEG. I ſay the ſame.

V. 72. *To touch her.*] This is in alluſion to the double meaning of the *Latin* word *tangere*, of which ſee the note on Act V. Scene III. ver. 21. of this play.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

STROBILUS *and* LYCONIDES.

The wretch! I wiſh I could deviſe ſome means
To plague him more and more.

LYC. Impoſſible.—
Not *Tantalus*, amidſt the refluent flood,
Suffers ſuch keen and cruel puniſhment:
No tortures of the damn'd can equal what
The Miſer feels: Himſelf is his own Hell.

STROB. Now, Sir, my freedom, as you promis'd me.

LYCONIDES. *(Striking him.)*
There,—take it.—Go, and call *Eunomia* hither,
And *Megadorus* to the ſacrifice.

V. 3. *Tantalus.*] It will eaſily be perceived, that I have ſelected this inſtance as a puniſhment moſt ſuited to the diſpoſition of an avaricious man. The ſituation of *Tantalus* in the infernal regions is thus deſcribed by *Tibullus*.

Tantalus eſt illic, et circum ſtagna, ſed acrem
Jam jam poturi deſerit unda ſitim.

There *Tantalus*, ſurrounded by a lake,
Which ever does his eager thirſt forſake;
And at the inſtant, when he would have quaff'd
It's ſtores, rolls backward, and denies the draught.

V. 6. *Himſelf is his own Hell.*] It may be obſerved, that the ancient drama, contrary to the modern practice, ſeldom concluded with a profeſt ſentiment, more immediately applicable to the fable, or what is commonly called a *Moral*. I have pointed out ſomething like it at the concluſion of the *Braggard Captain*.

I'll

I'll in.—Spectators, do not to imitate
The old man's nature: grudge not your applauſe:
Be liberal, and freely clap your hands.

*** Beſides the imitation of this play by *Moliere*, we have ſeen another in *Italian*, by *Giovann' Batiſta Gelli*. And as *Plautus* calls his comedy *Aulularia*, from the veſſel or pot in which was the Miſer's treaſure, he calls his, for the ſame reaſon, *La Sporta*, *The Baſket*. It is very far from an exact tranſlation; the author having not only adapted the names, but alſo the manners to thoſe of his countrymen the *Florentines*. It is printed at *Florence*, 1550. Our *Euclio*, he calls *Ghirorgoro*, and our *Megadorus*, *Lapo*: ſetting up the one as a ſatire againſt avarice, and the other, as a pattern of œconomy. It is in proſe; and ſeems ſo intirely adapted to the ſtage, that we ſcarce doubt of its having been often acted; and may not improbably be on the *Italian* ſtage at this time. We have ſeen another by *Il Cav. Lorenzo Guazzeſi*, reprinted at *Piſa*, 1763: but when firſt printed, we have not been able to learn. This is called *L'Aulularia*; and the characters are the ſame, the names only expreſſed in the *Italian* idiom. This is in proſe; and ſeems to be a profeſſed tranſlation.

I ſhould likewiſe take notice, that in the edition of *Ben Jonſon*'s Works, publiſhed by the ingenious Mr. *Whalley*, is a play (undoubtedly of that author, though not printed in the former collections) called *The Caſe is altered*, in which the character of *Jaques* is palpably founded on that of *Euclio* in our author; though I by no means agree with the above-mentioned learned editor, that the ſcene, which is copied from what paſſes between *Euclio* and *Megadorus*, is "with ſo an high an improvement as "determines the palm of applauſe in favour of *Jonſon*."

The End of THE MISER.

THE SUPPLEMENT OF ANTONIUS CODRUS URCEUS.

STROBILUS *and* LYCONIDES.

STROBILUS.

NAY, kill me, if you pleaſe, you'll never get
From me the old man's pot of four pounds weight,
Which I have not.
Lyc. I warrant you, I get it,
Whether you will or no, when neck and heels
I have you tuck'd up to a beam.—But why
Do I not ruſh upon the raſcal's jaws,
And force his breath out by the backward way?
Say, will you give it me, or no?
Strob. I will.

V. 7. *Force his breath out by the backward way?*]
Animam protinus
Cur non compello facere iter præpoſterum?
This is but a very poor attempt at our author's manner.

Lyc.

Lyc. You *will?*—But give it *now*, not ſome time hence.

Strob. I'll give it you this inſtant;--but I pray you, Let me recover breath.—Ah! ah! good maſter, What would you have me give?

Lyc. You know not, raſcal? And you will dare deny the pot of gold Of four pounds weight, which you confeſs'd juſt now, That you had ſtolen?--Hoa! where are my Slaves?

Strob. Hear me awhile.

Lyc. I will not hear.—Hoa, Slaves!

SCENE VI.

Enter SLAVES.

What would you?

Lyc. Bring ſome fetters.

Strob. I beſeech you, Hear me, and then command me to be bound Ev'n at your pleaſure.

Lyc. Well,—I hear you: ſpeak, But make diſpatch.

Strob. What if you order them To torture me to death, behold the conſequence: You loſe a ſlave, and then you cannot get What you deſire: but had you tempted me With the reward of precious liberty,

V. 15. *Slaves.*] *Lorarii.* Slaves (ſo called from *lorum*, a *thong*) who had the puniſhment of thoſe that had done amiſs.

You had obtain'd poſſeſſion long ago.
By nature we are all born free; by nature
We are all fond of freedom: ſlavery
Is worſe than any ill that can befal us.
Whom *Jupiter* purſues with his diſpleaſure,
He makes him firſt a ſlave.

LYC. I own, there's reaſon
In what you ſay.

STROB. Now prithee hear the reſt.
The maſters of our age are all too niggardly.
I call them Gripe-alls, Harpies, *Tantaluſſes:*
Poor are they in the height of affluence,
And thirſty in the middle of the ocean.
No riches can content them, not the wealth
Of *Midas*, or of *Cræſus:* all the opulence
Of the whole *Perſian* ſtate combin'd together
Were not enough to glut their helliſh avarice.
Maſters deal hardly with their ſervants; theſe
Requite the wrong by ſlacking of their duty:
So all things are amiſs on either ſide.
Old niggardly curmudgeons lock up all,
Their pantries, cellars, with a thouſand keys,
And bar the entrance even to their children.
The ſervants on their part, a knaviſh, ſly,
Deſigning ſet of fellows, pick the locks,
Steal, pilfer, waſte, conſume, and ravage all;
Nor, though you torture them a thouſand ways,
Can you extort confeſſion of their thefts.
Thus ſlaves avenge them of their ſlavery

By tricks and pranks; and this is my concluſion,
That liberality makes faithful ſervants.

LYC. Right, but you've been more tedious than you promis'd.
If I reward you with your liberty,
You'll give me what I want.

STROB. I will.—But hold,—
I muſt have witneſſes. Pardon me, Sir,
I have but little faith in what you ſay.

LYC. E'en at your pleaſure; you may call an hundred,
With all my heart.

STROB. *Eunomia*, *Megadorus*,
Let me intreat you,—pleaſe you to ſtep hither.
Come forth—and when the buſineſs is concluded,
You may return forthwith.

SCENE VII.

Enter MEGADORUS *and* EUNOMIA.

MEG. Who calls us?—So, *Lyconides*.—

EUN. So, *Strobilus*.—What's the matter? Speak.

STROB. It is no great matter.

MEG. But what is it?

STROB. I call'd you to be witneſs.—If I bring
A pot here full of gold of four pounds weight,
And give it to *Lyconides*, *Lyconides*
Shall make me free, and maſter of myſelf.

(To

(*To* Lyc.) You promiſe this?

Lyc. I promiſe.

(*To* Meg. *and* Eun.) Have you heard
What he has ſaid?

Meg. *and* Eun. We have.

Strob. (*To* Lyc.) But ſwear by *Jupiter.*

Lyc. To what vile ſtreights, alas! am I reduc'd? 10
You are too ſaucy; yet I will ſubmit
To do what you command.

Strob. A word with you.—
Our age has little faith or honeſty.
A record ſhall be ſign'd, there ſhall be preſent
A dozen witneſſes, the time and place 15
Mark'd by a notary; yet there ſhall be found
A pettifogger to diſpute the fact.

Lyc. Prithee diſmiſs me ſtraight.

Strob. Here, take this ſtone.

Lyc. (*Taking the ſtone.*)
If I deceive you knowingly, may *Jupiter*
Throw me from all I'm worth, no place of refuge 20
Left me within the city, as I throw
This ſtone. (*Throwing it from him.*) Are you content?

Strob. I'm ſatisfy'd.
I'll fetch the treaſure.

Lyc. Hie thee with the ſpeed
Of *Pegaſus*, and ſwallow up the way
In haſting back again.

[Strobilus *goes off.*

V. 24. *Swallow up the way.*] *Vorans viam redi.*

'Tis troubleſome
To have a ſervant, that's for ever prating,
And thinks he has more wiſdom than his maſter.
This fellow here of mine, e'en let him go
And hang himſelf, I care not, with his freedom,
So he but bring me here the pot of gold,
That I may turn old *Euclio*'s grief to joy,
Hoping to call him father, and obtain
His daughter, who is juſt now brought to bed
In conſequence of my embraces.—See!
Here *Strobilus* comes loaded; as I think,
He brings the Pot, 'tis certainly the Pot.

[STROBILUS *returns with the Pot.*

STROB. *Lyconides*, you ſee I've kept my promiſe:
Here is the pot of gold of four pounds weight.
Have I been tardy? [*Giving it him.*

LYC. No.—Immortal Gods!
What do I ſee? what have I in poſſeſſion?
More than ſix hundred *Philippeans*, three
And four times told.—Let us call *Euclio* out
This inſtant.—*Euclio! Euclio!*

MEG. *Euclio! Euclio!*

EUCL. *(within.)* What is it you would have?

LYC. Come down to us.—
The Gods protect you.—We have got the Pot.

EUCL. Ha! have ye got it? or d'ye only jeſt?

LYC. I ſay, we have it.—If you can, fly hither.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

EUCLIO *enters, and takes the Pot.*

O *Jupiter!* O Houſhold God! O *Juno!*
Ye have at length had pity on a poor,
Old, miſerable wretch.—My dear, dear Pot,
With what delight, what tranſport do I hug you!
How ſweet it is to kiſs you!—To embrace you
A thouſand thouſand times is all too little.
My hope! my heart! the grave of all my ſorrow!
LYC. 'Twas ever my opinion, want of money
Was of all ills the greateſt that could happen
To lads, to men, to old men, and to all.
Lads it incites to ſhameful practices,
Thoſe, that are grown up men, it tempts to thieve,
And old men it compels to beg:—but now
I ſee it plain, far worſe it is to have
Abundance, more than our occaſion needs.
Behold! what troubles has this *Euclio* ſuffer'd
By reaſon of the gold which late he loſt!
EUCL. Whom muſt I pay my thanks to, as moſt due?
The Gods, who reverence and reſpect good men?
Or elſe my honourable friends? or both?
Both rather. (*Giving the Pot to* LYCONIDES.
Firſt then,---you, *Lyconides*,
The principal, beſt author of my happineſs,

I do preſent you with this pot of gold;---
Accept it freely;---I would have it yours;---
And with it too my daughter.---Good *Eunomia*,
And *Megadorus*, both are witneſſes.

LYC. Your favour I accept, and pay with thanks,
Good *Euclio*, as you've merited: I've wiſh'd,
And long'd to call you father.

STROB. Now, ſweet maſter,
All that remains is,---you will not forget
To ſet me free.

LYC. Well put in mind.---Be free,
As you deſerve.---Go in now, ſee the ſupper,
Which has been interrupted, be got ready.

STROB. Spectators,---this curmudgeon, this old *Euclio*,
Has chang'd his niggard nature on a ſudden
He's become liberal.---Be You ſo too;
And, if our play has pleas'd you, loudly clap.

*** There is another ſhort ſupplement (the author of which is unknown) printed in ſome of the editions: but as it is a ſupplement to the imperfect ſcene only, and leaves the act no leſs defective, I have ſcarce thought it worth while to give a tranſlation of it; eſpecially as it ſeems totally devoid of all merit, and very faintly imitates the manner of our author.

The End of the SUPPLEMENT.

THE

SHIPWRECK.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

ARCTURUS, *who ſpeaks the* PROLOGUE.
DÆMONES, *an old Gentleman of* Athens, *now living near* Cyrene.
PLEUSIDIPPUS, *a young* Athenian.
LABRAX, *a Girl-Merchant.*
CHARMIDES, *his Friend.*
SCEPARNIO, GRIPUS, TURBALIO, SPARAX, *Servants to* DÆMONES.
TRACHALIO, *Servant to* PLEUSIDIPPUS.

PTOLEMOCRATIA, *Prieſteſs of* Venus.
PALÆSTRA, AMPELISCA, *her Companion,* *Both belonging to* LABRAX.

Fiſhermen of Cyrene.
Slaves.

SCENE, *near* CYRENE.

PROLOGUE.

ARCTURUS.

WITH Him, who ſways all nations, ſea and earth,
I dwell in fellowſhip, a denizen
Of heav'ns high city, the abode of Gods.
I'm, as you ſee, a fair and ſplendid ſtar,
Keeping my regular and fixed courſe 5

PROLOGUE.] As in the preceding play, *The Miſer*, the Prologue is ſpoken by the *Houſhold God*, becauſe none but a deity could know the particulars revealed by him to the ſpectators, ſo likewiſe (we are told) for the ſame reaſon, it was neceſſary that a God ſhould ſpeak this. There is nothing, however, of which we are informed here, as well as in the other inſtance, that had not better been concealed from our knowledge, till the play itſelf had unravelled it. *Echard* has not improperly obſerved, that "the narration here of all that paſſed before the opening "of the ſtage, is a thing very inartificial in a *Prologue*, becauſe it "is ſpoken immediately and directly to the audience;" whereas it ought rather to have been diſcloſed, if neceſſary, in the courſe of the repreſentation. "This (ſays he) was *Plautus*'s uſual "way in the reſt of his *Prologues*, though not in ſo ill a manner "as in that of *Amphitryon*, where he foretells the *cataſtrophe*, "which of all things ought to be concealed. The principal "fault of this [Prologue] is the letting the ſpectators know, "that *Palæſtra* is *Dæmones*'s daughter, which takes away much of "the pleaſure of the ſurprize, and ſeems but one degree beneath "that of the diſcovery of the *cataſtrophe*."

On earth here, and in heav'n: my name *Arcturus*.
By night I ſhine in heav'n among the Gods,
And in the day-time mix with mortal men,
Paſſing, with other ſtars, from heav'n to earth.
Jove, ſupreme ſovereign of Gods and men,
Spreads us throughout all nations ſeveral ways,
To mark the people's actions, learn their manners,
Their piety and faith, that ſo each man
May find reward according to his virtues.
Thoſe, who ſuborn falſe witneſſes to gain
A villainous ſuit in law, who ſhuffle off
Due payments by falſe ſwearing, we return
Their names in writing to high *Jove:* each day

V. 6. *Arcturus.*] A ſtar, ſo called from the *Greek*, becauſe it is at the tail of *Urſa Major*.

V. 8. *Mix with mortal men.*] The opinion, that follows, of the ſigns deſcending to earth, and mixing among men to obſerve their actions, &c. is very curious, as it certainly gave riſe to the notions of *ſpirits, genii, fairies*, and the like inviſible agents, who were ſuppoſed to be employed about mankind. Thus *Milton* opens his *Maſk preſented at Ludlow-caſtle* with an *attendant ſpirit*, by way of Prologue as it were, who declares his office, and the immediate buſineſs, that then called him to earth.

Before the ſtarry threſhold of *Jove*'s court
My manſion is, &c.

V. 17. ——————*We return*
Their names in writing to high Jove.
Eorum referimus nomina exſcripta ad Jovem,

So a few lines after,

Bonos in aliis tabulis exſcriptos habet.
In other regiſters are noted down
The upright and the good.

This notion of the good and evil actions of men being regiſtered in a book, is finely imagined. *Callimachus* (as M. *Dacier* obſerves) has the ſame thought, where having deſcribed the inſolent manner in which *Eriſichton* ſpeaks to *Ceres*, he adds,

Νεμεσις

He is inform'd of thoſe that call for vengeance,
And ſeek their own perdition by their crimes.
Whoe'er by perjury obtain their cauſe,
Or bribe the judge to an unfair deciſion,
The caſe adjudg'd he judges o'er again,
And does amerce them in a larger fine
Than they were 'vantag'd by the foul decree.
In other regiſters are noted down
The upright and the good.—Yet wicked men

Νεμεσις δε κακαν εγραψατο φωναν——
This daring anſwer *Nemeſis* wrote down.

We may fairly ſuppoſe, that this opinion was drawn from the higheſt origin, and founded on the moſt reſpectable authority, as we frequently meet with an alluſion to it in the Old Teſtament, as well as New. Thus the Royal Pſalmiſt, Pſ. lvi. ver. 7, 8.

" Shall they eſcape for their wickedneſs? Thou, O God, in " thy diſpleaſure ſhalt caſt them down.

" Thou telleſt my flittings, putteſt my tears into thy bottle. " ARE NOT THESE THINGS NOTED IN THY BOOK?"

V. 27. *Yet wicked men*, &c.] I am tempted to tranſcribe the whole of this fine ſentiment (which breathes the ſpirit of true piety) as it ſtands in the original, that the learned reader may have an opportunity of comparing it with two paſſages in other comic authors, which I ſhall take the liberty of citing for that purpoſe.

Atque hoc ſceleſti in animum inducunt ſuum,
Jovem ſe placare poſſe donis hoſtiis.
Et operam et ſumptum perduunt: id eò fit, quia
Nihil ei acceptum eſt a perjuris † ſupplicii.
Facilius, ſi qui pius eſt, a Dîs ſupplicans,
Quàm qui ſceleſtus eſt, inveniet veniam ſibi.

Æſchinus, in *Adelphi*, or *The Brothers* of *Terence*, utters a ſimilar reflection with that which is contained in the two laſt lines above quoted, when ſpeaking to *Micio*.

† An old word, the ſame as *ſupplicatio*.

Fondly imagine they can *Jove* appeaſe
With gifts and ſacrifice; and thus they loſe

Tu potiùs Deos comprecare: nam tibi eos certò ſcio,
Quò vir melior multò es quàm ego, obtemperaturos magis.
Act. IV. Scen. V. v. 70.

Ah, Sir, you rather go, and pray the Gods;
For, being a much better man than I,
They will the ſooner hear your prayers.
COLMAN.

Madam *Dacier* (as Mr. *Colman* has obſerved) imagines *Terence* refers here to a line in *Heſiod*, which ſays that it is the buſineſs of old men to pray. This is doubtleſs ſtraining the point conſiderably, as there is not the leaſt ſimilitude between the paſſages. May we not rather fairly conclude, that *Terence*, if he really copied it from any other than his *Greek* original, took the idea of it from our author? Mr. *Colman*, however, ſeems inclined to imagine, that *Terence* had an eye to the famous lines of *Menander*, which (as he obſerves) have already been recommended to the public notice by the learned critic in the *Adventurer*, No. cv. Be this as it will, it is indeed more than probable, from the exact ſimilitude of the paſſages, that our author, in the firſt lines above quoted, may have borrowed his reflection from this very paſſage of *Menander*.

Ειτις δε θυσιαν προσφερων, ω Παμφιλε,
Ταυρων τε πληθος η εριφων, η, νη, Δια,
Ετερων τοιουτων, η κατασκευασματα
Χρυσας ποιησας χλαμυδος ητοι πορφυρας,
Η δι' ελεφαντος, η σμαραγδε ζωδια,
Ευνεν νομιζει τον Θεον καθιζανειν,
Πλανατ' εκεινος, και φρενας κυφας εχει.
Δει γαρ τον ανδρα χρησιμον τεφυκεναι,
Μη παρθενης φθειροντα, μη μοιχωμενου,
Κλεπτουντα και σφαττουντα χρηματων χαριν.
Μηδε βελουης εναμμ' επιθυμης, Παμφιλε,
Ο γαρ Θεος βλεπει σε πλησιον παρων.

The

Their labour and their coſt: for no petition
Is acceptable to him from bad men.
He that is good and juſt, will ſooner find
Grace from above, in praying to the Gods,
Than will the wicked. Therefore I adviſe you,
You that are juſt and good, who paſs your days
In piety and virtue, perſevere,
That ſo you may rejoice from all your doings.
Now will I tell the ſubject of our Play,
Which is my errand hither.—Firſt of all
Know, *Diphilus* has nam'd this place *Cyrene*;

The man who ſacrifices, *Pamphilus*,
A multitude of bulls, or goats, or ſheep;
Or prepares golden veſtments, purple raiment,
Figures of ivory, or precious gems;
Thinking to render God propitious to him,
Moſt groſly errs, and bears an empty mind.
Let him be good and charitable rather,
No doer of uncleanneſs, no corrupter
Of virgin innocence, no murd'rer, robber,
In queſt of gain. Covet not, *Pamphilus*,
Even a needleful of thread; for God,
Who's always near thee, always ſees thy deeds.

It has been before remarked, that the latter part of this fragment contains almoſt all the precepts in the ſecond table of the decalogue.

I cannot conclude without obſerving, that the introductory lines of this Prologue contain as fine and religious ſentiments as are to be met with in any of the ancient authors, and bear a great reſemblance to many paſſages in Holy Writ.

V. 40. *Diphilus.*] A *Greek* comic poet, from whom, it appears by his being mentioned here, *Plautus* borrowed at leaſt the ſubject of this play. We learn, by *Terence*'s Prologue to *Adelphi*, or *The Brothers*, that our author was indebted to this writer for another play, which is loſt.

Syna-

There in a neighbouring villa, on that ſpot *(Pointing.*
Adjoining to the ſea, dwells *Dæmones*,
A good old gentleman, who hither fled
From *Athens*; not that any miſdemeanour
Forc'd him to leave his country, but himſelf
By ſaving others was involv'd in ruin:
By gentle courteſy his means were waſted.
He had a daughter when a little child
Kidnap'd away, whom a girl-merchant bought,
A villainous knave, and brought her to *Cyrene*.
A young *Athenian* ſpark, now of this city,
Saw her returning from the muſick-ſchool,

Synapotheſcontes Diphili comoedia eſt:
Eam Commorientes *Plautus fecit fabulam.*

The SYNAPOTHESCONTES is a Piece
By *Diphilus*, a Comedy, which *Plautus*,
Having tranſlated, call'd COMMORIENTES.

COLMAN.

Cyrene is a city in *Africa*, bordering on the ſea, oppoſite to the iſle of *Crete*.

V. 44. *Any miſdemeanour*, &c.] This is thrown in to make the character of *Dæmones* appear amiable, and conſequently intereſt the ſpectators in his behalf.

V. 49. *Girl-merchant.*] The original is *Leno*. It is impoſſible to find a term in our language that will exactly correſpond with this. His buſineſs was to traffick in young female ſlaves, to whom he gave an accompliſhed education, and then ſold them for proſtitution, like the *Georgians* and *Circaſſians* of the preſent times. He was always accounted infamous, and is frequently introduced as a character in the plays of our author, and thoſe of *Terence*.

V. 52. *Muſick-ſchool.*] *E ludo fidicino.* So in *Terence's Phormio*, Act I. Scene II.

Reſtabat nihil aliud, niſi oculos paſcere,
Sectari, in ludum *ducere et reducere.*

Nought

And grew enamour'd of her: ſtraight he comes
To the girl-merchant, bargains for the wench
At thirty *Minæ*, gives him earneſt, binds him
Moreover with an oath. The merchant, like
A villain as he is, car'd not a ruſh
For honour, honeſty, or all he ſwore.
He had a certain gueſt, like to himſelf,
A villainous old raſcal,—a *Sicilian*,
From *Agrigentum*,—of ſo vile a ſtamp,
That he was even traitor to his country.
This rogue extols the beauty of the girl,
And of the other damſels, which our merchant
Held in poſſeſſion, and, in ſhort, perſuades him,
To go with him to *Sicily*: "There," ſays he,
"The men are debauchees; there you may ſoon
"Grow rich; there damſels bear the beſt of prices."
Well,—he prevails. A ſhip is hir'd by ſtealth;
All that he had our merchant puts on board
By night; and tells the youth, that bought the girl,
He's going to perform a vow to *Venus*.—
(Pointing) This is her temple, where he has invited
The ſpark to dinner.—Preſently he gets
On board, and carries all his damſels with him.
The young man was inform'd from other hands,

Nought elſe remain'd,
Except to feed his eyes, to follow her,
To lead her out to ſchool, and hand her home. COLMAN.

In *Greece* (as M. *Dacier* informs us) there were publick ſchools for the education of young women in muſick, and others in like manner for young men.

V. 62. *Traitor to his country.*] *Urbis proditor.*

V. 74. *To dinner.*] Meaning to the ſacrifice.

How

How matters were tranſacted, how the merchant
Was fairly gone: he haſtens to the port;
But now the veſſel was far off at ſea.
I, ſeeing that the girl was borne away,
Brought her relief, and ruin to her owner.
I rais'd a hurricane, and ſtir'd the billows:
For I *Arcturus* am, of all the ſigns,
Moſt turbulent; outrageous, when I riſe,
And at my ſetting more outrageous.—Now
The merchant and his comrade are both caſt
Upon a rock, their ſhip daſh'd all in pieces.
The maid, affrighted, and a damſel with her,
Have leap'd into the boat, and now the ſurge
Drives them aloof off from the rock to land,
Cloſe to the old man's villa, which the ſtorm
Has ſtript of all it's tiles, and quite uncover'd it.
This is the ſervant, that is coming forth.
The ſpark, that bought the damſel of the merchant,
Will preſently arrive, and you ſhall ſee him.
Now fare ye well, and heartleſs be your foes!

V. 85. *At my ſetting more outrageous.*] *Cùm occido vehementior.* This character of *Arcturus* is agreeable to what *Horace* ſays.

Sævus Arcturi *cadentis*
Impetus.

The making *Arcturus* cauſe the ſtorm, in conſequence of which the incidents of the play ariſe, is prettily imagined.

V. 96. *Your foes!*] That is, the *Carthaginians*, as we are told that this play was wrote during the time of the ſecond *Punick* war.

THE SHIP-WRECK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter SCEPARNIO, *with a ſpade, as going to work.*

HAVE mercy on us! what a dreadful ſtorm
Has *Neptune* ſent us over-night!—The wind
Our whole Houſe has uncover'd.—In a word,

THE SHIPWRECK.] The title to this play in the original is *Rudens*, which ſignifies *The Cable*, and it is ſo called from the *rope*, by which a fiſherman drags his net to ſhore, in which is contained the *vidulus*, or *wallet*, which contributes to the cataſtrophe. But as this title would ſound rather uncouth to the *Engliſh* ear, I have taken the liberty of following the example of Madam *Dacier*, who has tranſlated this play into *French*, and called it *L'Heureux Naufrage*, *The Happy Ship-wreck*.

This play has been eſteemed among the beſt, if not the very beſt, of our author's; and *Echard* ſcruples not to ſay of it, that it is "in ſeveral reſpects a better play than any of *Plautus*'s or "*Terence*'s." It is difficult to pronounce, amidſt the great variety

It was no wind;—but 'twas the rattling peal
In the *Alcmena* of *Euripides*. 5

riety of our author's plays, to which we ſhould give the preference ſingly, as each of them will perhaps appear to abound with excellencies peculiar to itſelf. This play is undoubtedly to be admired for its ingenious contrivance; and there is ſomething particularly intereſting in the ſituation of the two girls, eſpecially towards the end of the firſt act: but I queſtion, whether it will not appear to the modern reader to be too much loaded with that quibbling kind of wit and ſcurvy jeſting, which cannot be reckoned among the greateſt excellencies of our author. It is, however, very remarkable for its ſcenical decorations, which, as it was thought neceſſary by the ancients to preſerve the unity of time inviolably, are preſented to the ſpectator's eye all at once in a moſt agreeable proſpect, and diſpoſed in a very picturesque manner. Madam *Dacier* has obſerved, that a want of attention to this particular has induced ſome to find fault with the conduct of the piece; and as it is neceſſary to have a perfect idea of the ſcenery, in order to underſtand the buſineſs of the fable, it will be proper to give a deſcription of it, partly taken from that lady.

At the further end of the ſtage is a proſpect of the ſea, interſected by many rocks and cliffs, which project conſiderably forward upon the ſtage. On one ſide of the ſtage is repreſented the city of *Cyrene* at a diſtance; on the other, the temple of *Venus*, with a ſort of court before it, ſurrounded by a wall breaſt high, and in the middle of this court is an altar. Adjoining to the temple, on the ſame ſide, is *Dæmones*'s houſe, with ſome ſcattered cottages at a diſtance.

V. 5. *Alcmena of Euripides.*] This is ſuppoſed to allude to a tragedy of *Euripides*, called *Alcmena*, in which it is imagined a dreadful ſtorm was repreſented in ſo lively a manner, that it became afterwards proverbial to ſignify tempeſtuous weather. Madam *Dacier* is inclined to think, that *Plautus* may have made uſe of this tragedy in his *Amphitryon*; and indeed, if we conſider the admirable deſcription of the thunder-ſtorm in the fifth act of that play, it is not wholly improbable. We may even further conjecture, that the more ſerious parts of that play were

Troth, it has ſtript the roof, tore all the tiles off,—
Made our houſe lighter,—giv'n it ſtore of windows.

SCENE II.

Enter PLEUSIDIPPUS, *talking to three friends, at a diſtance.*

I have withdrawn you from your own concerns;—
Nor has the purpoſe ſpeeded, for which cauſe
I brought you out with me.—I could not find
This villainous procurer at the port.

drawn from the ſame ſource. Our author himſelf tells us in the Prologue to it,

Veterem atque antiquam rem novam ad vos proferam. V. 118.
I ſhall preſent you with an ancient tale,
Made new ———

By which it ſhould ſeem, that *Plautus* took at leaſt the hint of his play from ſome *Greek* author (as he did of all his pieces) though he has not mentioned his name. See the note upon the paſſage, ver. 141 of this tranſlation.

One cannot help ſmiling at Madam *Dacier*'s endeavouring ſeriouſly to account for *Sceparnio*'s mentioning the above tragedy. "It ſhould be remembered (ſays ſhe) that this ſlave had ſerved "*Dæmones* a long time at *Athens*, where the pieces of *Euripides* "were often played. *Sceparnio* might therefore have ſeen the "*Alcmena*; and as theſe ſort of people are only ſtruck with "what pleaſes the eye, or aſtoniſhes the ear, it is not to be "wondered, that he ſhould call to mind the repreſentation, "which he had there been preſent at."

V. 7. *Made our houſe lighter.*] *Illuſtriores fecit. Ædes* is ſuppoſed to be underſtood. There ſeems to be no grounds for thinking with *Echard* (who has tranſlated this play) that any kind of pun or witticiſm is here intended.

SCENE II.] The three gentlemen, whom *Pleuſidippus* brings along with him, are all *mutes*. If any of our modern poets had had the management of them, they would undoubtedly have made

Yet I'm unwilling to forego all hope
Through my remiſſneſs:—Wherefore I have ſtill,
My friends, detain'd you for ſome longer ſpace.—
To *Venus'* temple am I now come hither,
Where, he inform'd me, he deſign'd to ſacrifice.
SCEP. *(at a diſtance, falling to work.)*
'Twere beſt to ſet about this plaguy clay here,
Though I am work'd to death by't.
PLEUS. Sure I hear
Some voice or other near me.

SCENE III.

Enter DÆMONES *from his houſe.*

Ho! *Sceparnio!*
SCEP. Who calls me by my name?
DÆM. Why, he that bought you.
SCEP. That is to ſay, you are my maſter. *(turning)* *Dæmones!*
DÆM. Come, dig away; much ſtuff will be requir'd;

made them ſpeak ſeveral things, and perhaps with reaſon, it being improbable they ſhould be ſilent all the time they were there. But the ancients, in this point, were extremely fearful of embarraſſing the ſtage, and often to a fault, and too great a limitation to the variety of diſcourſe. *Echard.*

If this practice of the ancients appears aukward and unnatural, nothing on the other hand can be more inſipid and ridiculous in general than the *friends* and *confidants* of modern plays, who are lugg'd in for no other purpoſe whatever but to hear a long ſtory or a lamentable complaint, or to be told of ſome notable ſcheme or other, which it is neceſſary the audience ſhould know.

For,

For, as I find, the whole houſe muſt be cover'd:
It has as many holes in't as a ſieve.

PLEUS. *(advancing)* Save you, good father!—Save you both together!

DÆM. Save you!

SCEP. *(digging)* But are you man or woman, you
Who call him father!

PLEUS. Sure, I am a man.

DÆM. Then ſeek elſewhere a father.—I had once
An only daughter, and I loſt that one:
I never had a ſon.

PLEUS. Pray heav'n may ſend—

SCEP. *(ſtill digging)* Send you a miſchief, whoſoe'er you are,
That ſeeing us employ'd would give us more
Employment with your chattering.

PLEUS. Dwell you here?

SCEP. Why do you aſk?—What! you ſurvey the premiſes,

V. 7. *Father.*] This was the common addreſs among the ancients of young people to their ſeniors.

V. 10. *I had once—One only daughter,* &c.] "*Dæmones*'s mentioning the loſs of a daughter, was a very neceſſary circumſtance for the audience to take notice of, and an excellent preparation for the main incident." So far *Eckard.* To which we may add, that the inartificial method of telling us in the Prologue, that *Palæſtra* was this very daughter, totally prevents the effect of this preparation.

V. 16. *Survey the premiſes,* &c.]

An quò furatum mox venias, veſtigas loci?

A ſimilar paſſage occurs likewiſe in *Trinummus,* or *The Treaſure* of our author, Act IV. Scene II.

That you may come and plunder bye-and-bye.

PLEUS. That ſlave ſhould be a truſty and a rich one,
Who lets his tongue run in his maſter's preſence,
And dares in ſcurvy terms addreſs a freeman.

SCEP. And he ſhould be a filthy knave, a foul one,
An impudent baſe fellow, who will come
Of his own motion to another's houſe,
That owes him nothing.

DÆM. Peace, *Sceparnio.* *(to Pleuſ.)* Prithee,
Good youth, what would you?

PLEUS. I would ill to him
For his unmanner'd haſte to ſpeak the firſt,
When that his maſter's by.—But, ſir, an't pleaſe you,
I'd aſk in brief one queſtion.

DÆM. I'll attend you,
Though I am buſied.

SCEP. *(to Pleuſ.)* Go into the marſh,
Wilt thou? and cut ſome reeds to thatch our houſe with,
While it is fair.

Loca contemplat, circumſpectat ſeſe, atque ædes noſcitat.
Credo ædepol, quò mox furatum veniat, ſpeculatur loca.
How he looks about him,
How he ſurveys the place, and of my houſe
Takes ſpecial note!—Why ſure he marks the place,
To come and rob it bye-and-bye.

V. 18. *A rich one.*] *Peculioſum.* It has been more than once obſerved in the courſe of theſe notes, that a ſlave was allowed to have property of his own, which was called *peculium.*

V. 19. *Let his tongue run.*] The expreſſion in the original is remarkable,—*quem prætereat oratio*;—which, as Madam *Dacier* has obſerved, is a *Græciſm.* So *Homer,* ——— σ' επος εκφυγεν.

DÆM.

DÆM. *(to Scep.)* Peace. *(to Pleuſ.)* Tell me what's your pleaſure?

PLEUS. Inform me what I aſk you.—Have you ſeen
E'er a grey-headed, frizzle-pated fellow,
A ſcurvy, perjur'd knave, a fawing cogger?

DÆM. Full many a one:—by reaſon of ſuch men
I now, alas! live miſerable.

PLEUS. He,
I ſpeak of, brought two damſels with him here,—
To-day or yeſterday,—to *Venus'* temple,
In order to prepare a ſacrifice.

DÆM. I have ſeen no one ſacrificing there,
Theſe many days.—Nor can they ſacrifice
Without my knowledge: Here they always come
For water, fire, or veſſels, or a knife,
Spit, ſeething-pot, or ſomething; in a word,
My well, my veſſels are for *Venus'* uſe
More than my own:—But now, for many days
There has been intermiſſion.

PLEUS. What you ſay
Tells me I'm ruin'd.

DÆM. 'Tis no fault of mine.

SCEP. Hearkye me,—you, ſir,—you that roam about
To temples for your belly's ſake,—'twere beſt

V. 34. *Fawning cogger.*] *Palpatorem*, always uſed in a bad ſenſe.

V. 44. *Seething-pot.*] *Aulam extarem.* A veſſel for boiling the entrails of the victims uſed in ſacrifice. *Extarem* from *exta.*

V. 50. *For your belly's ſake.*] *Ventris causâ.* It was the cuſtom of paraſites to attend at ſacrifices for what they could get. Madam *Dacier* is wonderfully ſurpriſed, that *Pleuſidippus* could bear ſo groſs an affront from this ſcurrilous ſlave without reſenting it

Order your dinner to be got at home:
Belike you was invited yon to dinner,
And he, who aſk'd you, never came.

PLEUS. *(angrily)* Moſt excellent!

SCEP. E'en take thee home, then with an empty belly;
There's nothing hinders.--Thou ſhould'ſt rather be
A follower of *Ceres* than of *Venus:*
Love's her concern, but food is *Ceres'* care.

PLEUS. How ſcurvily this fellow dares to treat me!

DÆM. O ye good Gods! who are thoſe people yonder *(looking towards the ſea.)*
Nigh to the ſhore, *Sceparnio?*—Look.

SCEP. Methinks
They've been invited to a parting dinner.

like a gentleman; and ſhe has hit upon an admirable ſalvo for his honour. She ſuppoſes, in ſhort, that *Pleuſidippus* did not underſtand what the other had ſaid, becauſe forſooth the word *ventris* was pronounced in ſuch a manner as might eaſily make it paſs for *veneris*; conſequently no offence could be taken at it. She obſerves, that the commentators before her had not perceived the *fineſſe* of this paſſage: and to confeſs a truth, I can find no more ſimilitude in the ſound of *ventris* and *veneris* than there is between *love* and *loaf*; nor even though we ſhould ſuppoſe *Sceparnio* to have uſed a barbarous or provincial pronunciation, can I eaſily be perſuaded, that any ſuch humour, poor as it is, was ever intended by our author.

V. 57. *Food.*] The original is, *triticum*, wheat.

V. 61. *A parting dinner.*] *Prandium propter viam.* This is a ſorry joke, even for *Sceparnio*, on ſo ſerious and melancholy an occaſion, and cannot be well expreſſed in our tongue. When the ancients were about to undertake any voyage, they uſed to make a ſacrifice to *Hercules*, before they ſet off, which was for that reaſon called *propter viam*; and the cuſtom was, to burn all they

DÆM. Why ſo?

SCEP. Becauſe they've bath'd them after ſupper.
Their veſſel's gone to pieces.

DÆM. So it is.

SCEP. And ſo indeed our houſe too and its tiles
Are ſhatter'd upon land.

DÆM. Alas! alas!
What nothings are poor mortal men!—See! ſee!
They are daſh'd overboard! Look, how they ſwim!

PLEUS. I pray, where are they?

DÆM. *(pointing)* This way, to the right,—
D'ye ſee them?—near the ſhore.

PLEUS. I ſee them.—
(To his Companions) Follow me.
Would it were He I ſeek, that worſt of villains!
Fare ye well.

SCEP. Of ourſelves we ſhould have look'd
To that without your bidding.

[*Exit* PLEUSIDIPPUS *and Friends.*

they did not eat. Wherefore *Sceparnio* ſays, *laverunt*, which ſignifies they have *conſumed their all*, as well as they have *bathed*, alluding to the ſhip being loſt.

*** *Pleuſidippus*, who goes off here in hopes of finding *Labrax*, miſſes of him, and does not appear again till the ſixth Scene of the third Act, which Madam *Dacier* reckons a conſiderable fault. See the Note at the beginning of that Scene.

SCENE IV.

SCEPARNIO *and* DÆMONES.

SCEPARNIO, *(looking towards the ſea.)*

O *Palæmon*,
Neptune's aſſociate, (nay, thou'rt call'd his partner,)
What do I ſee?

DÆM. What do you ſee?

SCEP. I ſee
Two women ſitting in a boat alone.
Poor creatures, how they're toſt!—That's good,—
that's good,—
Well done!—See! the ſurge drives the boat away there
Off from the rock towards the ſhore!—a pilot
Could not have done it.—In my life, I think,
I never ſaw ſuch billows.—They are ſafe,
If they can 'ſcape thoſe waves.—Now, now's the
danger!
One is waſh'd overboard,—but ſhe is lighted
Upon a flat;—ſhe'll eaſily wade through it.—
O bravo! bravo!—See, the ſurge has thrown her
Upon the land!—She's riſen,—makes this way:—
All's ſafe.—The other too has leap'd on ſhore!
Ha! thro' her fright ſhe's fall'n upon her knees
Into the ſea!—Oh,—ſhe is ſafe,—has got

V. 1. *Palæmon.*] Otherwiſe called *Melicertes*, the ſon of *Athamas* and *Ino*. It is fabled, that his mother, ſeeing *Athamas* in his frenzy about to kill them both, threw herſelf and ſon into the ſea, whereupon they became ſea-deities.

Out

Out of the water,—and is now on land.—
But ſhe has taken to the right;—poor creature!
She'll wander there all day.

DÆM. What's that to you?

SCEP. If ſhe ſhould topple from yon cliff, which now
She's making to, ſhe'll briefly put an end
At once to all her rambling.

DÆM. If you mean
To ſup with them this evening, it behoves you
To be concern'd about them; but if me
You think to eat with, you muſt mind my buſineſs.

SCEP. O to be ſure.

DÆM. Then follow me.

SCEP. I follow.

[*Exeunt.*

*** M. *Marolles* very juſtly diſſents from the opinion of an ingenious critick, that the particular circumſtances, which are deſcribed in *Sceparnio*'s diſcourſe, were actually repreſented upon the ſtage by the help of machinery. Such a picture might, indeed, be proper in dumb ſhew, or in a modern *Pantomime*; but in the preſent caſe it would be improper: for, if the real images were preſented to the ſpectator's eye, the deſcription of them would be uſeleſs and impertinent.

Our author is in general very happy in deſcription; and nothing can be more natural than the preſent. As we conceive the ſpeaker's eye to be fixed upon the objects that ſeem to take up his attention, ſo "in the mind's eye" we ſee, as it were, each minute particular, and we feel ourſelves no leſs intereſted in them than if they had been actually preſented to our ſight. Of the ſame kind is the celebrated deſcription of *Dover Cliffs* in *Shakeſpeare*'s King *Lear*.

SCENE V.

Enter PALÆSTRA, *from among the Cliffs, at a diſtance.*

The ſtoried miſeries of men's miſhaps
(How ſad ſoe'er relation ſets them forth)
Are far leſs ſharp than thoſe we know and feel
Ourſelves from ſore experience.—Has it then
Pleas'd heav'n to caſt me on this ſtranger ſhore,
With theſe drench'd garments, frighted and forlorn?
Shall I not cry,—"Why was I born to bear
This load of miſery?"—Is this the meed
Of my diſtinguiſh'd piety?—With eaſe
I might endure this labour of affliction,
If I had borne me impious to the Gods,
Or to my parents.—But if ſtudiouſly
I've ſought to ſhun that treſpaſs, then, ye Gods,
You've dealt with me unfittingly, unjuſtly.
How, how will you requite henceforth the impious,
If at this rate you prize the innocent?—
Were I but conſcious that in any thing
My parents or myſelf had done amiſs,

Enter PALÆSTRA.] *Palæſtra* was ſeparated from her companion, firſt by the greatneſs of her fright, which made her ſuppoſe her drowned, then by the different ways they took through the cliffs and precipices; and this makes her appear alone upon the ſtage. What ſhe ſays is very natural for one in her circumſtances, and agreeable to the doctrine and religion of her time.

ECHARD.

It

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It leſs had griev'd me.—But my owner's crimes
Have wrought this woe; for his impiety
I'm puniſh'd.—He has loſt his ſhip and all,
Wreck'd in the ſea;—And I, the ſad remains
Of all that he poſſeſs'd:—the damſel too,—
She that came with me in the boat,—is periſh'd.—
At leaſt had ſhe been ſav'd, her gentle aid
Had ſooth'd and lighten'd my affliction.—Now
What hope, what help, what comfort can I find?
Here am I in this lonely deſart; here
Stand rocks;—here roars the ſea;—no living wight
Comes 'croſs my way;—the cloaths that I have on
Are all my riches; and I'm mainly ignorant
How to get food, or where to find a ſhelter.—
Have I an Hope, that I ſhould wiſh to live?—
I am a ſtranger, a new comer hither:—
Would I could meet with ſome one, that might ſhew me
A path or road:—my mind is all uncertain
Whither to make,—to this way or to that.—
No cultivated land I ſee before me.—
Ah, my poor parents! little do you know,
I'm now the wretch I am.—By birth I'm free:—
But what avails that freedom? Am I now
Leſs wretched than if born a ſlave?—Ah me!
I never was a comfort or an help
To thoſe, who gave me birth and education.

V. 40. *By birth I'm free.*] Theſe words ſeem to have been ſpoken with no other deſign than to expreſs *Palæſtra*'s concern at this time, and they appear only the natural effects of her paſſion; but the poet deſigned them as a Preparation towards the main Incident, her Diſcovery. ECHARD.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter AMPELISCA, *coming forward from among the Cliffs, at the other End of the Stage.*

Can I do better? were't not for my good
To put an end at once to my exiſtence?
I am ſo wretched, and ſo many cares
Diſtract my breaſt, that weary out my ſoul!---
I'm prodigal of life; for I have loſt
That hope, which was my comfort.---All around
In queſt I've rambled, crawl'd with patient ſtep
Through ev'ry covert place, with voice, eyes, ears
Trying to trace her out, my fellow-ſlave.
Yet no-where can I find her!---I am puzzled
Which way to take, or where to ſeek her further.
I cannot meet a ſoul, that I might queſtion:---
Never was place ſo deſart and forlorn
As theſe dread wilds!---yet will I not deſiſt
From ſearching, till at length I've found her out,
If haply ſhe's alive.

PAL. *(at a diſtance)* What voice is that
Sounds near me?

AMP. *(overhearing)* I am mightily afraid.---
Who ſpeaks there?

PAL. I beſeech you, gentle Hope,
O come to my aſſiſtance---

AMP. 'Tis a woman;---
A woman's voice.---

PAL. And free me from my dread.

AMP. *(liſtening)* Sure 'tis a woman's voice, that ſtrikes my ear.

PAL. Is't *Ampeliſca?*

AMP. Is it you, *Palæſtra?*

PAL. Why don't I call her by her name aloud, That ſhe may know me? *(calling)* *Ampeliſca!*

AMP. Ha! Who's that?

PAL. 'Tis I,---*Palæſtra.*

AMP. Say, where are you?

PAL. Environ'd with misfortunes.

AMP. I'm your partner; Nor is my ſhare of ſorrow leſs than your's.--- I long to ſee you.

PAL. In that wiſh we're rivals.

AMP. Our voices be our guides.---Where are you?

PAL. Here.--- Come forward,---here,---come meet me.

AMP. I am coming.

[*They meet.*]

PAL. Give me your hand.

AMP. Here,---take it.

PAL. Prithee tell me, Are you alive?

AMP. Aye, and would wiſh to live, Since 'tis permitted me to feel and touch you:--- *(They embrace.)* O how you eaſe me now of all my troubles!

V. 25. *Where are you?*] They were ſeparated by the cliffs, which hindered them from ſeeing one another, though they might both be viſible to the ſpectators.

PAL.

PAL. You are before-hand, have prevented me
In what I would have ſaid.—But let us go.
AMP. Go! whither, ſweet?
PAL. We'll keep along the ſhore.
AMP. I'll follow where you pleaſe.
PAL. And ſhall we roam
In theſe wet garments?
AMP. That which is befall'n us
We muſt perforce endure.—But prithee now
What's that? *(looking.)*
PAL. What?
AMP. Don't you ſee a temple yonder?
There, —don't you ſee it?
PAL. Where?
AMP. Upon the right.
PAL. It ſeems, 'tis deck'd unto ſome God.
AMP. Then men
Cannot be far off.—*(They advance towards it.)*
And the ſite ſo charming!—
I'll pray unto this God, whoe'er he be,
That he would ſuccour us poor, helpleſs wretches,
And free us from our ſorrows.
[*They kneel before the Temple.*

SCENE VII.

Enter PTOLEMOCRATIA, *Prieſteſs of* VENUS, *from the Temple.*

Who are theſe?
That lowly bending to my Patroneſs

Solicit

Solicit her protection? For the voice
Of ſome poor ſupplicants has drawn me hither.
Their ſuit is to a good and gracious Goddeſs,
A Patroneſs moſt gentle, and moſt kind.

PAL. Save you, good mother!

PTOL. Save you, my ſweet girls!
Whence do you come, ſo woefully array'd,
In theſe wet garments?

PAL. Laſtly, from a place
Not far from hence, but 'tis a great way off
Whence we were borne at firſt.

PTOL. Ye came forſooth
By ſea then.

PAL. You judge right.

PTOL. Ye ſhould have come
Cloathed in white, and bringing victims with you.—
'Tis not the practice to approach our temple

V. 3. *Solicit her Protection.*] The original, in the common editions, is *Quæ a patronâ* preces *meâ expetiſſunt*, but *Lambin* has altered it to *paces*, which correction Madam *Dacier* approves of, and obſerves, that *pax* is a religious term, ſignifying *favour* or *aſſiſtance*, in which ſenſe ſhe ſays it is uſed in a thouſand places in *Virgil*, *Livy*, and *Salluſt*. It may be ſo; but I very much queſtion, whether it can be found in that ſenſe in the plural number.

V. 11. *Ye came by ſea.*] The original is,

Nempe equo ligneo *per vias cæruleas*
Eſtis vectæ.

i. e. you were borne by a *wooden horſe*. Madam *Dacier* has no other foundation than her own opinion for conjecturing, that the original Author of this play in *Greek* borrowed this expreſſion from ſome *tragedy*, as it ſeems to be a *Græciſm*. But allowing it to be ſo, is it not rather of the *comic* than the *tragic* ſtamp, notwithſtanding (as ſhe obſerves) *Homer* calls ſhips αλος ιππους, *horſes of the ſea*?

In ſuch habiliments.

PAL. Ah! whence ſhould we,
We that were caſt away, have got us victims?
In need of ſuccour, deſtitute of hope,
In a ſtrange land, we now embrace your knees:
O let your roof receive and ſhelter us;
Have pity on two hapleſs wanderers,
Who have no place of refuge, no, nor hope,
Nor any thing indeed but what you ſee.

PTOL. Give me your hands: riſe both: no woman ever
Was more inclin'd to pity; but, alas!
My ſtate is poor and mean: hardly indeed
I get ſupport, and for a livelihood
I ſerve our *Venus*.

PAL. Is this *Venus*' temple?

PTOL. The ſame; and I'm her Prieſteſs.—Such as 'tis,
You ſhall find here a courteous entertainment,
As far as my ſcant means will give me power.—
Come then with me.

PAL. You tender us, good mother,
With a moſt kind affection.

PTOL. 'Tis my duty.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter FISHERMEN, *with their Lines, Nets, &c.*

A FISHERMAN.

WE poor folks lead a ſorry life, eſpecially
If we have learn'd no trade, no occupation;
So of neceſſity muſt be content
With what we have.—Gueſs ye, how rich we are
By this our tackle. Theſe poor hooks and rods
Are all we have to live by. From the city
We come here to the ſea in queſt of forage;
Our ſport and exerciſe is catching lobſters,
Crabs, oyſters, cockles, ev'ry kind of fiſh;
Some with our hooks, ſome get we from the rocks.
We draw all our proviſions from the ſea:

A FISHERMAN.] There is no direction in our Author to point out any individual ſpeaker, but this ſpeech is, in the manner of the antient *Chorus*, a joint-addreſs of the whole company.

V. 7. *Forage.*] The original word is *Pabulatum*, which properly ſignifies as I have expreſſed it.

V. 8. *Our ſport and exerciſe.*] *Pro exercitu gymnaſtico et palæſtrico.*

V. 9. *Ev'ry kind of fiſh.*] The original has it,

Echinos, lepadas, oſtreas, balanos captamus, conchas,
Marinam concham, muſculos, plaguſias, ſtriatas.

Theſe are names of fiſhes, to many of which we are at preſent ſtrangers; nor would it, we conceive, be any ſatisfaction to our readers to trace their etymologies.

If

If we catch nothing, then well ſous'd and pickled
We e'en ſneak home, and ſleep with empty bellies.—
The ſea is now ſo rough, we have no hope
Of ſport here; and except we get ſome ſhell-fiſh,
We muſt go ſupperleſs.—We will beſeech
Good *Venus* here to favour and befriend us.
[*They advance towards the Temple.*

SCENE II.

Enter TRACHALIO, *at a little diſtance.*

I've us'd my beſt endeavours not to ſlip
My maſter any where. When he went out,
He ſaid that he was going to the port,
And bade me meet him here at *Venus'* temple.—
But ſee, ſome people ſtand there opportunely,
Of whom I may enquire. I'll up to them.

V. 12. *Well ſous'd and pickled.*] *Salſi lautique purè.* Madam *Dacier* ſuppoſes, that a joke is intended here from the equivocal meaning of the words, which might ſignify, that they had been entertained with well-ſeaſoned cates, or, that they had been waſhed and cleanſed with ſalt water. *Salſi*, (ſays ſhe) becauſe ſea-water is ſalt. *Purè*, becauſe ſea-water waſhes away all impurities.

*** This Scene of the Fiſhermen, and their diſcourſe, is a good preparation for the ſecond Scene of the fourth Act; and *Plautus*'s lucky choice of a place, to bring them there with probability, is remarkable. The only fault is, their ſpeaking a little too directly to the audience, ſo mixing the *repreſentation* with the *theatral action*, but not in ſo open a manner as he does in ſome other of his plays. ECHARD.

Save

Save you, ye ſea-thieves, ye ſtarv'd generation!
How fares it with you?

FISHERMAN. As with Fiſhermen;
Dying with hunger, thirſt, and expectation.

TRACH. Have you ſeen come this way, ſince you've been here,
E'er a freſh-colour'd, ſtout, well-looking youth,
And three companions with him, dreſt like ſoldiers?

FISH. We have ſeen no one anſwering your deſcription.

TRACH. Or have you met an old bald-pated fellow,
Hook-nos'd, pot-bellied, beetle-brow'd, ſquint-ey'd,
A four-fac'd knave, the ſcorn of Gods and men,
Full of iniquity and vile diſhonour,
With two young likely damſels?

FISH. Such an one
In mind and deed is fitter for the gallows
Than *Venus'* temple.

TRACH. Tell me, have you ſeen him? 20

FISH. No,—no one has come hither.—Fare you well.

TRACH. Farewell. [*Exeunt Fiſhermen.*

V. 7. *Sea-thieves.*] *Fures maritimi.* There follow two words, *conchitæ atque hamiotæ*, which our Author has coined in alluſion to the fiſherman's profeſſion, and which could not be well expreſſed in the tranſlation.

V. 8. *How fares it with you?*] There is an humour in the original, which could not be preſerved in our language. Inſtead of aſking the fiſhermen, *ut valeti?* which was the common phraſe of ſalutation, *Trachalio* addreſſes them in the oppoſite term, *ut peritis?*

V. 12. *Dreſt like ſoldiers.*] *Chlamydatos cum machæriis.*

SCENE III.

TRACHALIO *alone.*

I thought ſo: 'tis as I ſuſpected:—
My maſter is deceiv'd; this curſt procurer
Is run away, has got on board a ſhip,
And carried off the damſels.—I'm a conjurer.—
My maſter was invited by the knave
To dinner here: I had beſt ſtay his coming:
And if I ſee the prieſteſs, I'll enquire,
If ſhe can give me further information:
She may perhaps know more.

SCENE IV.

Enter AMPELISCA *from the Temple.*

(To the Prieſteſs within.) I underſtand:
Your orders are, to knock here at this houſe
Next to the temple, and to aſk for water.

TRACH. Whoſe voice is that?

AMP. Bleſs me! who's that, that ſpeaks there?
Whom do I ſee?

TRACH. Is not that *Ampeliſca*
Comes from the temple?

AMP. Is not that *Trachalio*,
I ſee there, *Pleuſidippus'* rogue?

TRACH. 'Tis ſhe.

AMP. 'Tis he.—*Trachalio!* ſave you.

TRACH. *Ampeliſca!*
Save you.—How fares it?

AMP.

AMP. Very ill.

TRACH. Don't ſay ſo.

AMP. 'Tis right to ſpeak the truth.---But prithee now
Where is your maſter, *Pleuſidippus?*

TRACH. Pſha!
As though he weren't within there.

AMP. He is not,
Nor any other man.

TRACH. He is not come!

AMP. You ſay the truth.

TRACH. That's not my cuſtom. But
How near is dinner ready?

AMP. Pray, what dinner?

TRACH. You're ſacrificing here.

AMP. What are you dreaming?

TRACH. Why ſure your maſter *Labrax* did invite
My maſter *Pleuſidippus* here to dinner.

AMP. No wonder what you ſay.—If he deceives
Both Gods and men, he acts but like a pimp.

TRACH. Are you not ſacrificing? nor my maſter?

AMP. You've gueſs'd it.

TRACH. Prithee then what do you here?

AMP. From dire afflictions, from ſevereſt frights,
From hazard of our lives, in want of ſuccour,
The Prieſteſs took us in, me and *Palæſtra.*

TRACH. Ha! is *Palæſtra* here, my maſter's love?

AMP. Yes, verily.

TRACH. There's pleaſure in your news;
My *Ampeliſca.*—But I long to know
The perils you were in.

AMP. Our ſhip, *Trachalio,*

Laſt night was caſt away.

TRACH. Ship! caſt away!
What ſtory's this?

AMP. Have you not heard forſooth,
How that our maſter privately deſign'd
To carry us away to *Sicily*,
And put on ſhip-board all that he was worth?
Now all is loſt.

TRACH. Thanks, gentle *Neptune*: verily
Thou art a cunning gameſter: thou haſt giv'n him
A pleaſant caſt i'faith: the rogue is done for.—
But where's the villain now?

AMP. Dead drunk, I fancy;
For *Neptune* had invited him laſt night
To deep potations, and, as I ſuppoſe,
Gave him a finiſhing cup.

V. 37. *A cunning gameſter, &c.*] This is a joke in the original, depending on the double ſenſe of the phraſe, *jacere bolum*, as alſo of the word *perdere*.

O Neptune *lepide, ſalve!*
Nec te aleator *ullus eſt ſapientior: profectò*
Nimis lepidè jeciſti bolum; *perjurum* perdidiſti.

Jacere bolum ſignifies the caſting a net, as well as caſting of dice; and by *perdere* is underſtood, to *cauſe to periſh*, or to *ruin* any one in the gameſter's ſenſe.

V. 42. *Gave him a finiſhing cup.*] *Credo ego* anancæo *datum quod biberet.* This is an alluſion to the cuſtom in ſome of their great feaſts, of finiſhing all with a larger cup than ordinary, which every one was obliged to drink without loſing a drop; and this was called *Anancæum Poculum*, Αναγκαιον, a *Cup of Neceſſity*. So that in effect *Ampeliſca* ſaid, "that *Neptune* had invited the rogue "to a feaſt, and had killed him with a Cup of Neceſſity."

ECHARD *from* DACIER.

TRACH.

TRACH. O how I love thee,
My *Ampeliſca!* What a dear ſweet creature!
There's honey in thy words too!—But inform me,
How ſcap'd you and *Palæſtra?*

AMP. You ſhall hear.
Seeing the ſhip borne full upon a rock,
I haſten'd to untie the rope that held her;
And while the reſt were wrapt in wild diſmay,
Our boat was ſever'd from them by the ſtorm,
Which drove us to the right; and in this wiſe,
Poor helpleſs ſouls, toſt by the winds and waves,
We paſs'd the live-long night; till on the morn
The wind ſcarce bore us to the ſhore quite ſpent—

TRACH. I underſtand;—'tis ever *Neptune*'s way:—
He's a moſt dainty *Ædile*, and whenever
He finds commodities ſtark naught, the word
At once is, "over with them."

AMP. A plague on you!

V. 53. *Bore us to the ſhore quite ſpent.*] Here *Ampeliſca* finiſhes her narration, which is very ſhort and to the purpoſe. It is very remarkable how judiciouſly the poet leaves out all that latter part of the ſhipwreck, which the audience were already informed of by *Sceparnio* in the firſt Act. This is a thing that ought carefully to be obſerved by dramatick poets in all their narrations.
ECHARD.

V. 55. *He's a moſt dainty Ædile.*] The original is,
Novi; Neptunus *ita ſolet: quàm vis faſtidioſus*
Ædilis *eſt: ſi quæ improbæ ſunt merces, jactat omnes.*
It was the buſineſs of the *Ædile*, among the *Romans*, to inſpect and regulate the market. Among the *Greeks* there was an officer, whoſe province was the ſame, who was called *Agoranomus*, which appellation our Author himſelf introduces in his *Curculio*, Act. II. Scen. III. V. 6.

TRACH. On you, my *Ampeliſca.*—But I knew
The ſcurvy pimp would do what he has done;—
And I have often ſaid it:—I had beſt
Let my hair grow, and ſet up for a conjurer.

AMP. A pretty care you took, with all your foreſight,
You and your maſter, to prevent his going!

TRACH. What could he do?

AMP. A lover he, and aſk you,
What could he do? day, night he ſhould have kept
A conſtant watch, been always upon guard.
Yes truly,—'tis ſo like them,—his concern
And care about her tallied with his love.

TRACH. Do you not know, when a man goes to bathe,
Let him be e'er ſo mindful of his cloaths,
They yet are ſtolen: for he can't deviſe
Whom he ſhould have an eye to; but the thief
Holds eaſily his mark of obſervation
Point blank before him: all the while our ſpark
Kens not the lurking knave.--But bring me to her.

V. 61. *Let my hair grow, and ſet up for a conjurer.*]
Capillum promittam optimum eſt, occipiamque ariolari.
It was the cuſtom, it ſeems, for thoſe who were employed in *divining* to wear their hair very long.

V. 67. *Yes truly, 'tis ſo like them.*] The original is,
Ut multi fecit, ita probè curavit Pleuſidippus.
The commentators have put a various conſtruction on this paſſage, ſome underſtanding it in this ſenſe,—*ut multi* faciunt, *fecit*, he did as many do,—while others (and among them Madam *Dacier*) ſuppoſe it ſhould be one word, *multifecit*; and then the meaning is, that our lover's concern about her was no greater than his eſteem for her. I have comprehended both ſenſes in the tranſlation.

Where

Where is ſhe, pray?

AMP. Go ſtraight into the temple:
You'll find her ſitting there, all drown'd in tears.

TRACH. I'm ſorry for't!—but wherefore doth ſhe weep?

AMP. I'll tell you. She is vexed to the ſoul,
That the procurer ſhould have ta'en her caſket,
Where ſhe had lodg'd ſome trinkets, which ſhe hop'd
Might lead to a diſcovery of her parents;
And now ſhe fears 'tis loſt.

TRACH. Where was the caſket?

AMP. He lock'd it in his wallet, to prevent
Diſcovery of her parents.

TRACH. What a ſhame
To make a ſlave of one that ſhould be free!

AMP. She thinks it with the ſhip gone to the bottom.
All the old fellow's treaſure too was with it:
Some one, I hope, has div'd, and brought it up:
She is ſore grieved for the loſs of it.

TRACH. 'Tis fit that I ſhould go and comfort her,
But let her not deſpond; for true it is,
Good oft befalls us, when we leaſt expect it.

AMP. And true it is, that when we truſt in hope,
We're often diſappointed.

TRACH. Patience then

V. 80. *Her caſket.*] It ought to be obſerved, that this, and ſix or ſeven lines farther, were deſigned by the Poet to intereſt *Trachalio* more firmly in *Palæſtra*'s concerns, and to give a fair pretext for demanding the Caſket in the fourth Act, without which the main diſcovery could never have been brought about. So it is an excellent *Preperation* for that; but the Spectators could by no means foreſee it. ECHARD.

Is the beſt remedy againſt affliction.—
I'll in, except you want me further.

AMP. Go.

[*Exit* TRACHALIO.

SCENE V.

AMPELISCA *alone.*

I'll now do what the Prieſteſs order'd me;
I'll beg ſome water here at the next houſe.
She told me if I aſk'd it in her name,
They'd give it me forthwith. I never ſaw
A worthier old woman, more deſerving
Favour from Gods and men. How courteouſly,
And with what gentle breeding ſhe receiv'd us
Trembling in want, wet, caſt away, half-dead,—
And treated us as though we were her children!
How readily herſelf did warm us water
For us to waſh!—But I muſt mind her orders,
That I mayn't make her wait.

[*Knocking at* DÆMONES' *door.*

Ho! who's within here?
Open the door.—Will nobody come forth?

SCENE VI.

Enter SCEPARNIO.

Who's at the door there banging ſo unmercifully

AMP. 'Tis I.

SCEP. What good d'ye bring us?—By my troth
A likely

A likely wench!

AMP. Good day to you, young man.

SCEP. The ſame to you, young woman.

AMP. I am come to you—

SCEP. I'll entertain you, if you come anon,
As you could wiſh: at preſent I have nothing
To ſatisfy your wants.—Ah ha, my pretty one!
My ſmirking, ſmiling rogue! *(Offering to embrace her.*

AMP. Let me alone:—
Fye,—now you are too rude.

SCEP. By heav'ns, the very
Image of *Venus!* What a ſparkling eye
The jade has!—what a ſhape!—what a complexion!—
A *walnut*,—a *nut* brown I meant to ſay!—
What breaſts!—what pretty pouting lips!—
(Lays hold of her.

AMP. *(Struggling)* Be quiet!—
I am not for your turn:—d'ye think me common?

V. 12. *A* walnut, *a* nut *brown I meant to ſay.*] The original is,

eja, corpus cujuſmodi!
Subvolturium! *illud quidem,* ſubaquilum *volui dicere.*

As this could not be literally expreſſed in the tranſlation, I have made uſe of terms, that I hope in ſome ſort preſerve the ſentiment. *Sceparnio* meant to deſcribe *Ampeliſca* as being of a brown complexion reſembling an *eagle*, but by miſtake happens to mention *vulture*, and immediately corrects himſelf, as thinking it rather an ill compliment.

V. 14. *D'ye think me common?*] The original is, *Non ſum polluĉta pago*, which is thus explained by *Echard.* The word *polluĉta* is a term borrowed from the ſacrifices. When they offered to *Hercules*, that little part of the beaſt, which was burnt upon the altar, was called *porreĉtum*; and the reſt, which was expoſed to the people, was called *polluĉtum.*

What!

What!—can't you keep your hands off?—

SCEP. Prithee, ſweet,
May I not toy a little?

AMP. Bye and bye,—
When I'm at leiſure, I'll then triffe with you;—
Now let me have your anſwer, aye or no,
To that which I was ſent to aſk.

SCEP. What would you?

AMP. Can you not gueſs by this?
(Pointing to the pitcher.)

SCEP. And can't you gueſs
What I would have of you?

AMP. The Prieſteſs ſent me
To beg ſome water.

SCEP. I am proud and lordly:
Unleſs you ſue to me with low petition,
You will not get a drop.---Our well we dug,
At our own hazard, with our proper tools.---
Unleſs you wooe me with much blandiſhment,
You will not get a drop.

AMP. Why ſhould you grudge
To give me water, which an enemy
Will give an enemy?

SCEP. Why ſhould you grudge
To grant me that ſame favour, which a friend
Will give a friend?

AMP. Well, well, my ſweet, I'll do

V. 22. *I am proud and lordly.*] *Ego baſilicus ſum*, that is, I will give myſelf ſuch airs as perſons in high ſtations are wont to do, when their inferiors ſolicit a favour.

V. 29, 30. *Enemy—Friend.*] *Inimicus Inimico—Civis Civi.*

All you deſire.

SCEP. *(Aſide)* O charming!—I am bleſt!—
She calls me *ſweet*.—
(*To* AMP.) You ſhall have water;—No.
You ſhall not love in vain.—Give me the pitcher.

AMP. Here,—take it.—Prithee, love, make haſte,
and bring it me.

SCEP. Stay:---I'll be here this inſtant, my ſweet
charmer! [*Exit* SCEPARNIO.

SCENE VII.

AMPELISCA *alone.*

What ſhall I tell the Prieſteſs in excuſe
For tarrying here ſo long?---Oh, how I dread
Ev'n now to look upon the deep!---
(*Looking towards the Sea.*)
Ah me!
What do I ſee there on the ſhore?---my maſter
And his *Sicilian* gueſt, whom I believ'd
Both drown'd!---More evil ſtill ſurvives to plague us
Than we imagin'd.---Why do I not run
Into the temple to inform *Palæſtra*,
That we may fly to th' altar ere he come,
And ſeize us?---I'll be gone:---th'occaſion preſſes
And ſuddenly inſpires the thought.
[*Runs into the temple.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter SCEPARNIO.

Good heav'ns!
I ne'er believ'd ſuch pleaſure was in water;
I drew it with ſuch heartineſs!—The well
Methought too was leſs deep than heretofore;
With ſo much eaſe I drew it!—Verily
I am an oaf, that I ſhould fall in love now
For the firſt time.—Here, take your water, precious!

V. 2. *I ne'er believ'd ſuch pleaſure was in water, &c.*]
Prô di immortales! in aquâ nunquam credidi
Voluptatem eſſe tantam. Ut hanc traxi lubens!
Nimio minùs altus puteus viſus eſt, quàm priùs.
Ut ſine labore hanc extraxi!

The reflection of *Ferdinand*, at the beginning of the third Act of *Shakeſpeare's Tempeſt*, is very appoſite to this paſſage of our Author.

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a Log.*

There be ſome *ſports* are painful, but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone, and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends.—This my mean taſk would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures. - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - I muſt move
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction. - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - I forget;—
But theſe ſweet thoughts do e'en refreſh my labour,
Moſt buſie-leſs, when I do it.

V. 6. *I am an oaf, that I ſhould fall in love now*
For the firſt time.] Not ſo much, as *Echard* obſerves, for the pleaſure of the amour, as the eaſe of drawing water with half the pains.

I would that you might carry it with that pleaſure
Which I myſelf do; ſo ſhall I adore you.
Where are you, dainty dear?—Here, take your water—
Where are you?—Verily I think ſhe loves me:
The wanton plays at bo-peep.--Ho! where are you?--
A pleaſant joke i'faith:—but come, be ſerious.
Why won't you take it?--Where in the world are you?--
I ſee her nowhere:—ſhe's upon her fun.—
I'll leave it on the ground.—But ſoftly—What
If ſome one take the pitcher?—It belongs
To *Venus*; and 'twould bring me into trouble.
'Gad I'm afraid the jilt has ſome deſign
To trap me by its being found upon me:
The magiſtrate would have a fair pretence
To clap me into chains, if any one
Should chance to ſee me with it: for 'tis letter'd,—
Tells of itſelf whoſe property it is.
I'll call the Prieſteſs out, that ſhe may take it.
I'll to the door then of the temple. *(Calling.)* Ho there,
Ptolemocratia!—Come, and take your pitcher.—

V. 12. *The wanton plays at bo-peep.*] *Delituit mala.* So *Horace*, Book I. Ode IX.

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ riſus ab angulo.
The laugh, that from the corner flies,
The ſportive fair-one ſhall betray. FRANCIS.

And *Virgil*, in his third Eclogue.

Et fugit ad ſalices, et ſe cupit ante videri.
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies;
And wiſhes to be ſeen, before ſhe flies. DRYDEN.

V. 23. *'Tis letter'd.*] *Literata eſt*, that is, *literis inſcripta.*

I'll

I'll carry it in.—Troth I've enough to do,
If I'm to fetch them water, all that aſk for't.
[*Goes into the temple.*

SCENE IX.

Enter LABRAX, *followed by* CHARMIDES, *from among the Cliffs at the farther End of the Stage.*

LABRAX.

He that would be a beggar and a wretch,
Let him truſt *Neptune* with his life and fortune:
Whoe'er has any dealings with that God,
He'll ſend him home again in this ſweet trim.—
Ah, Liberty, 'twas wiſely done of you,
That thou would'ſt ne'er ſet foot on board a ſhip
With *Hercules*.—But where's this friend of mine,
Who has undone me? (*Looking back.*) Oh, ſee where he crawls.

SCENE IX.] *Labrax* and *Charmides* were both caſt away at the ſame time with *Palæſtra* and *Ampeliſca*, but yet 'tis a conſiderable while after, that they appear upon the ſtage, becauſe they were thrown aſhore on a diſtant place from them, ſome time after too, and were ſearching for what they had loſt. ECHARD.

V. 5. *Ah, Liberty, &c.*] The original is rather obſcure.

Ædepol, Libertas, lepida es, quæ nunquam pedem
Voluiſti in navem cum Hercule unà imponere.

This paſſage, ſays *Echard*, is founded upon the ſtory of *Hercules*'s voyages, which were undertaken againſt his will; from whence the people afterwards took occaſion to ſay, "Liberty never much "cared for an hero's company at ſea." But I am rather more inclined to think with *De L'Oeuvre*, that this alludes to ſome ſtory, which was very well known at the time, but is now loſt to us.

CHARM.

CHARM. What a plague, *Labrax*, whither in ſuch hurry?
I can't keep up with you, you walk ſo faſt.
LABR. Would thou hadſt died in *Sicily* on a gallows,
E'er I ſet eyes on thee, on whoſe account,
Ah me! this vile diſaſter has befall'n us.
CHARM. Would thou hadſt lain in priſon, on the day
Thou firſt admitted me within thy doors!
And I beſeech the Gods, that all thy life
Thou may'ſt for ever have ſuch gueſts as I.
LABR. When I let Thee in, I let in Misfortune.—
Why did I hearken to thee, thou vile rogue?
Why did I thence depart? why go on ſhipboard?
Where I have loſt e'en more than I was worth.
CHARM. I marvel not our ſhip was caſt away,
When it had ſuch a rogue as thee on board,
And thy ill-gotten pelf.
LABR. Thou haſt undone me
With thy cajoling ſpeeches.
CHARM. Thou haſt giv'n me
A more atrocious ſupper, than which erſt
Was ſet before or *Tereus* or *Thyeſtes*.
LABR. I die! I'm ſick at heart! pray, hold my head.
CHARM. Would thou couldſt bring thy lungs up, for my part.

V. 18. *When I let* Thee *in*, *I let in* Misfortune.] Malam Fortunam *in ædes* Te *adduxi meas*.

V. 21. *Loſt e'en more than I was worth.*] Meaning the advantage he ſhould have made by the ſale of the girls, who, he ſuppoſed, had periſhed.

V. 27. Tereus *or* Thyeſtes.] Both theſe, as the ſtory goes, had their own children ſerved up to them at ſupper.

LABR.

LABR. Alas! poor *Ampeliſca*, and *Palæſtra*,
Where are you?
CHARM. Food for fiſhes, I ſuppoſe;
Gone to the bottom.
LABR. Thou haſt brought upon me
Beggary and want, becauſe I gave an ear
To thy romancings.
CHARM. Nay, thou ow'ſt me thanks:
Before, thou waſt a dull inſipid fellow;
I've giv'n thee ſalt and ſeaſoning to thy wit.
LABR. Go, get thee hence, and hang thyſelf.
CHARM. Go thou.—
I did as bad, when I embark'd with thee.
LABR. Can there exiſt a wretch like me?
CHARM. Yes, I,
I am more wretched.
LABR. How?
CHARM. Becauſe I don't
Deſerve it, but thou doſt.
LABR. Ye bulruſhes!
I envy your condition, who preſerve
For evermore your dryneſs.

V. 35. *Inſipid fellow.*] The joke in the original cannot be exactly preſerved in our language.

Te ex inſulſo ſalſum *feci operâ meâ.*

The humour of this depends upon the double meaning of the word *ſalſus*, which ſignifies *ſalted*, and likewiſe, by way of metaphor, *ſharp*, *witty*, &c.

V. 37. *Go thou.*] The original is very obſcure.

Eas, eaſque res agebam commodùm.

The commentators tell us, that the humour of this paſſage conſiſts in the playing upon the word *Eas*, which is either a verb or a noun.

CHARM.

CHARM. By my troth
My words come from me broken, and as 'twere
By fits, like lightning, flaſh ſucceeding flaſh,
I tremble ſo.

LABR. *Neptune*, thy bath's a cold one:
Since I've come out on't in my cloaths, I freeze.
He deals in nothing warm to cheer our hearts,
But gives us only ſalt and cold potations.

CHARM. How happy are the blackſmiths, who are ever
Employ'd about a fire, are always warm!

LABR. O for the nature of a duck, that now
I might be dry, tho' come from out the water.

V. 44. *My words come from me broken*, &c.] The original is,

Equidem me ad velitationem exerceo:
Nam omnia coruſca præ timore fabulor.

This (ſays *Echard*) is a very difficult paſſage to underſtand, and more ſo to tranſlate. *Velitatio* ſignifies a *ſkirmiſh*, which was uſually made by the *Velites*, that is, the *light harneſſed ſoldiers*; and theſe men always made uſe of darts, whoſe points would glitter at a diſtance, ſometimes one way, and ſometimes another. Now *Charmides*, trembling with cold, compares himſelf to theſe *Velites*, or *Skirmiſhers*, who never keep their places; and his words, which came out broken, and by piece-meal, to the unequal glitterings or flaſhes of their darts.

V. 48. *He deals in nothing warm.*] The original is,

Ne thermopolium *quidem ullum inſtruit.*

The *thermopolia* were certain places, common in *Greece* and *Italy*, where they drank hot waters, ſometimes mingled with wine and honey. ECHARD *from* DACIER.

CHARM. What if I hire me for a bug-bear?

LABR. Why?

CHARM. Becauſe I chatter with my teeth ſo terribly.

Yes, yes, I own I have deſerv'd this ducking.

LABR. Why ſo?

CHARM. Becauſe I dar'd embark with Thee,
Whoſe crimes have ſtir'd up ocean from its bottom.

LABR. Fool! to have liſten'd to thy vain pretences,
That in thy country I from girls ſhould draw
Huge profit, and amaſs a world of riches!

CHARM. Why, thou unclean, unhallow'd beaſt, didſt think
To gobble up all *Sicily* at a mouthful?

LABR. I wonder what ſea-beaſt has gobbled up
My wallet, with the treaſure pack'd within it.

CHARM. The ſame, I fancy, that has got my pouch,
With all its ſilver, which was in the wallet.

LABR. Alas! I am reduc'd to this one waiſtcoat,
And this poor ſhabby cloak.—Undone for ever!

CHARM. We may ſet up in partnerſhip together; our means are equal.

LABR. Were the damſels ſav'd,
Some hope were left me.—Now, if *Pleuſidippus*,
Who gave me earneſt for *Palæſtra*, ſee me,

V. 54. *Hire me for a bug-bear.*] The original is, *pro manduco loctem. Manducus* (as we learn from *Feſtus*) was the name given to a ſtrange figure, dreſt up frightfully, with wide jaws and great ſcranching teeth, which was carried about at their publick-ſhews.

'Twill

'Twill cauſe me much vexation. (*He cries.*

CHARM. Prithee, oaf,
Why doſt thou blubber thus?--Thou'lt never want,
While thou canſt wag a tongue; thy perjury
Will quit all payments.

SCENE X.

Enter SCEPARNIO, *from the Temple.*

What can be the matter,
That theſe two damſels here in *Venus'* Temple
Should ſo bewail them, and embrace her image?
They have I know not what ſtrange fears:—they talk
Of having been laſt night toſt on the ſea,
And caſt on ſhore this morning.

LABR. *(overhearing)* Prithee, youth,
Where are the damſels, whom you mention?

SCEP. Here
In *Venus'* Temple.

LABR. And how many are they?

V. 6. *Caſt on ſhore this morning.*] By theſe words of *Sceparnio's*, *Labrax* finds out his girls, whom he ſuppoſed to have been drowned, which moſt naturally clears the ſtage, and finiſhes the act. The poet's conduct in bringing about this material diſcovery is excellent. *Ampeliſca* is ſent out in the fourth ſcene for water to *Dæmones's* houſe, and upon that depends the greateſt part of the act. The time *Sceparnio* is gone in to draw water, ſhe is frighted off the ſtage, which occaſions him to follow her to the Temple, and in his return he drops theſe words accidentally:—ſo that nothing could have been brought about more naturally. ECHARD.

SCEP. As many as you and I make, put together.

LABR. Undoubtedly they're mine.

SCEP. Undoubtedly I know not that.

LABR. Of what appearance are they?

SCEP. Good likely wenches.—Were I in my cups, I could make ſhift to toy with either of them.

LABR. And young forſooth?

SCEP. Forſooth you're plaguy troubleſome. Go, if you will, and ſee.

LABR. Dear *Charmides*, Sure they muſt be my wenches.

CHARM. *Jove* confound thee, Whether they are or not.

LABR. I'll go directly Into the Temple.

CHARM. Go into a dungeon, I care not. [*Exit* LABRAX.

SCENE XI.

CHARMIDES *and* SCEPARNIO.

CHARM. Prithee now ſhew me ſome place, Where I may ſleep, good friend.

SCEP. Sleep where you will; There's no one hinders; the highway is common.

CHARM. D'ye ſee? my cloaths here are wet thro': then take me Into thy houſe, lend me ſome freſh apparel, While mine is drying: thou ſhalt have my thanks.

SCEP.

SCEP. Here, you may take this coarſe frock, if you will,
It's all that I have dry: it ſerves to ſhelter me
In rainy weather. Come, give me your cloaths;
I'll get them dry'd.

CHARM. So! Is it not enough
The ſea has made a broken merchant of me,
But thou would'ſt take me in too on the land?

SCEP. Broken or whole, I value not a ſtraw:
I ſhall not truſt a rag without a pawn.
Whether you ſweat or freeze, are ſick or well,
I will not let a ſtranger in the houſe:
No, no, I've had enough of rogues already.

[*Exit* SCEPARNIO.

V. 7. *Coarſe frock.*] *Tegillum.* A kind of garment, which countrymen wore in wet weather.

V. 11. *A broken merchant,* &c.] I have been obliged to give a different turn to the original, as it was impoſſible to expreſs it literally.

CHARM. *Eho! an te pœnitet*
In mari quod elavi, *ni hîc in terrâ iterum* eluam?
SCEP. Eluas *an* exungare *ciccum non interduim.*

The joke here, ſuch as it is, turns on the equivocal meaning of the word *eluo,* which ſignifies both to *bathe,* and to be *ruined* in one's fortunes. On this depends the wit of *Sceparnio*'s anſwer,—*Eluas* an *exungare,*—I care not whether you have ruined yourſelf in *bathing* or *anointing.*

Ciccum non interduim. I value not a ſtraw. *Ciccum* properly ſignifies the thin ſkin in a pomegranate that parts the kernels.

SCENE XII.

CHARMIDES *alone.*

What! is he gone?—Why ſure this fellow deals,
Whoe'er he is, in girl's fleſh, he's ſo mercileſs.
Wet as I am, why ſtand I here? 'twere beſt
To go into the Temple, and ſleep off
Laſt night's debauch, which went againſt my ſtomach.
Old *Neptune* drench'd us with his damn'd ſea-water
As though 't had been *Greek* wine, and ſo he hop'd
To burſt our bellies with his briny draughts.
Troth, had he ply'd us but a little longer,
We had been faſt aſleep, and now indeed
He has ſent us home half dead.—Well, I'll go in,
And ſee what's doing by my pot-companion.

[*Goes into the Temple.*

V. 2. *Deals in girl's fleſh*] *Venales ductitavit*, that is, follows the occupation of a girl-merchant or procurer.

V. 6. *Old* Neptune *drench'd us with his damn'd ſea-water, As though 't had been* Greek *wine.*]

The original is,

Quaſi vinis Græcis Neptunus nobis ſuffudit mare.

Literally,—*Neptune* has mixed us with ſea-water, as though we had been *Greek* wine.—The ancients uſed to mix ſea-water with all *Greek* wines, when they tranſported them, except that of *Chio*, whence *Horace* calls it, *Chium maris expers.*

ECHARD *from* DACIER.

V. 12. *Pot-companion.*] *Convivam*; meaning *Labrax*, who had been caſt away with him.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter DÆMONES.

HOW many ways the Gods make ſport of men!
How ſtrangely do they fool us in our dreams!
Even in ſleep they will not let us reſt.
As for example, I myſelf laſt night
Dreamt a moſt ſtrange and an unheard of dream.
Methought an ape made an attempt to climb
Up to a ſwallow's neſt, nor could he take
The young ones out; on which he came to me,
And aſk'd me for a ladder: I replied,
That ſwallows ſprang from *Philomel* and *Progne*,
And charg'd him not to hurt my country folks,

V. 1. *How many ways*, &c.] It is remarkable, that the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act of our author's *Mercator*, or *The Merchant*, begins with nearly the ſame three lines, and an old man relates a dream about an ape as in this place. *Echard* pretends, that the dream here is "an ingenious preparative for ſome things that follow;" but it might well be ſpared, though perhaps the ſuperſtition of the ancients, with reſpect to dreams, might render it more intereſting than it can appear to the modern reader.

V. 6. *Ape.*] The original is *Simia*. But it ſeems neceſſary to underſtand it in the maſculine gender.

V. 10. Philomel *and* Progne.] Theſe were both daughters of *Pandion* king of *Athens*, and (according to the fable) one was

At this the ape grew much enrag'd, and ſeem'd
To threaten me with vengeance, ſummon'd me
Before a judge: at laſt, I know not how,
Highly provok'd, I caught him by the middle,
And clapt the miſchievous vile beaſt in chains.
I have in vain endeavour'd to find out
The meaning of this dream.—But hark! what noiſe
Is that I hear in the adjoining Temple?
I am amaz'd, and marvel what it means.

SCENE II.

Enter TRACHALIO *from the Temple, haſtily.*

Help, help, *Cyrenians*, I implore your help,
Good countrymen, friends, neighbours; lend your aid
To impotent diſtreſs, and cruſh at once
This worſt of villainies; let not the power
Of wicked men oppreſs the innocent,
Who glory not in crimes: let puniſhment
Wait on bold vice, reward on modeſt virtue:
O let us live by law, and not oppreſſion!
Run, run into the temple: I again
Implore your help, all that are near me, all
That hear my cry! O haſte to bring them ſuccour,
Who (as allow'd by cuſtom) have here fled

[changed into a nightingale, and the other into a ſwallow; though our author ſeems to ſay, they were both changed into ſwallows. *Dæmones* calls them his country folks, as they were *Athenians*.

To *Venus* and her Prieſteſs for protection.—
Break, break the neck of this vile injury,
Ere it may reach yourſelves.

DÆM. Now what's the matter?

TRACH. O good old gentleman, whoe'er you are,
I do beſeech you by theſe knees,—

DÆM. Nay prithee
Let go my knees, and tell me, what's the matter?
What mean you by this uproar?

TRACH. I beſeech you,
As you would hope a fair and proſperous vintage,
As you would make your exportations ſafe
To *Capua*, as you wiſh to keep your eye-ſight
Clear and exempt from running,—

DÆM. Are you mad?

TRACH. As you expect, I ſay, a plenteous crop,
Be not averſe to hear what I requeſt.

V. 14. *Break the neck.*] Prætorquete *injuriæ* collum.

V. 20. *Vintage.*] The original is,

——*Si ſperas tibi*
Hoc anno multum futurum ſirpe *et* laſerpitium.

Sirpe is a plant which they tell us is a ſpecies of *Benzoin* or *Benjamin*, from whence the ancients uſed to extract an odoriferous juice, which was called *Laſerpitium*, that is, *Lac Serpitium*. This was very common in *Cyrene*. Hence *Catullus* ſays, *Laſerpitiferæ Cyrenæ*.

V. 24. *Crop.*] In the original, *Magudarim*. This is the ſame with *ſirpe*, being either the ſeed, or root, or juice of that plant.

DÆM.

DÆM. And I beſeech you by your legs and back,
As you would hope a fair and proſperous whipping,
As you expect a plenteous crop of laſhes,
Inform me, what's the matter? whence this uproar?

TRACH. Why do you ſpeak me ill? I wiſh'd you good.

DÆM. I do not ſpeak you ill in wiſhing you
What you deſerve.

TRACH. Pray mind me.

DÆM. What's the matter?

TRACH. Two innocent young damſels in the Temple
Need your aſſiſtance: they are baſely us'd
'Gainſt law and juſtice; the poor Prieſteſs too
Is treated moſt unworthily.

DÆM. Who dares
Do violence to the prieſteſs?—But theſe girls,
Who are they? how are they abus'd?

TRACH. I'll tell you,
If you'll attend.—They now embrace the ſtatue,
Which a vile rogue would drag them from by force,
Though they are both born free.

DÆM. What is the fellow,
That pays ſo little reverence to the Gods?

V. 26. *And I beſeech you*, &c.] This is a very humourous retorting of *Trachalio*'s addreſs, in alluſion to the puniſhments inflicted upon ſlaves. We find a ſimilar ſpecies of humour in the fourth ſcene of the third act of *Terence's Adelphi*, or *The Brothers*, where *Syrus* turns what *Demea* had ſaid very ſeriouſly into ridicule.

V. 27. *Whipping.*] The word in the original is *Vergidamiam*, that is, *Virgarum vindemiam.*

TRACH. A cheat, a profligate, a parricide,
A perjur'd, lawleſs villain: in one word,
He's a Procurer: I need ſay no more.
DÆM. You ſaid enough to prove he merits hanging.
TRACH. A raſcal!—had the inſolence to take
The Prieſteſs by the throat.
DÆM. And he ſhall pay for't.
Turbalio! Sparax! ho, come forth! where are you?
TRACH. Pray, ſir, go in, and take their part.
DÆM. I warrant you.
I need not call twice: they'll be here directly.
[TURBALIO *and* SPARAX *enter.*]
Come, follow me.
[*Goes with his ſervants into the Temple.*
TRACH. Bid them to tear his eyes out.
DÆM. *(within)* Seize him, drag him along with his feet foremoſt,
Like a ſtuck pig.
TRACH. *(liſtening)* I hear a rout within.
They're currying him, I fancy, with their fiſts,
I wiſh they'd knock his teeth out, a vile raſcal!
But ſee, here come the damſels ſadly frighten'd.

V. 52. *Tear his eyes out.*] In the original is added, *itidem ut ſepiis faciunt coqui*; but this being a practice in ancient cookery unknown to us, I have omitted it in the tranſlation.

V. 54. *Like a ſtuck pig.*] *Quaſi* occiſam *ſuem.*

V. 55. *Currying him.*] *Pugnis* pectitur.

SCENE

SCENE III.

PALÆSTRA *and* AMPELISCA *appear in the Temple Court.*

PALÆSTRA.

Now are we deſtitute of ev'ry power,
Of ev'ry ſuccour and defence, no hope
Of ſafety left us, neither do we know
Which way to turn, or whither to betake us.
Dire apprehenſions compaſs us around,
Such outrage have we ſuffer'd here within
From the baſe rogue our maſter, who moſt rudely
Puſh'd down the good old Prieſteſs, treated her
With the moſt vile indignities, and drag'd us
With violence from the ſtatue.—Seeing then
Our ſtate is deſperate, it were beſt to die.
Death is the only refuge in affliction.

TRACH. What do I hear, what ſad complaints are theſe?
Why don't I go and comfort them?—*Palæſtra!*

PAL. Who calls there?

SCENE III.] The beginning of this ſcene in the original is imperfect, ſome words being loſt, which have been judiciouſly ſupplied by *Camerarius*, whoſe text we have followed in this as well as other imperfect places. Commentators have taken notice, that the opening of this ſcene is not unlike that of the third ſcene, act the third, of *Captivi*, or *The Captives*.

TRACH.

TRACH. *Ampeliſca!*

AMP. Ha! who's that?

PAL. Who is it calls us?

TRACH. Turn, and you will know

PAL. *(turning)* O my beſt hopes of ſafety!

TRACH. No more wailings:
Be of good heart: have faith in me.

PAL. If poſſible,
O ſave and ſhelter us from impious violence,
Leſt it ſhould force me to do violence
To my own ſelf.

TRACH. No more:—you are a fool.

AMP. Seek not to comfort us with words alone.

PAL. Except you find a real ſafe-guard for us,
We are undone; and I'm reſolv'd to die
Sooner than fall into this villain's power.
Yet have I but a woman's heart; for when
I think on death, I tremble.

TRACH. Though your caſe
Is hard, have a good heart.

PAL. Where ſhall I find it?

TRACH. Don't be diſmay'd, ſit down here by this altar.

PAL. What can this altar now avail us more
Than did the ſtatue, which we late embrac'd,
'Till drag'd from it by force?

TRACH. Do but ſit down,

V. 18. *Have faith in me.*] *Me vide.* This was a common expreſſion, ſignifying, *take my word,* or *rely upon me.*

I'll

I'll guard you: let this altar be your fortreſs,
I will defend the works: with *Venus'* help
I'll ſtand againſt the attacks of this Procurer.
PAL. We'll follow your inſtructions.—
(The Women advance towards the Altar, and kneel.)
——Gentle *Venus!*
Thus lowly on our knees, and bath'd in tears,
Embracing this your altar, we beſeech you,
Guard and receive us into your protection:
Avenge you on thoſe miſcreants, who dare ſlight
Your Temple, and permit us to approach
Your altar, who laſt night by *Neptune's* power
Were caſt away: O hold us not in ſcorn,
Nor think it done amiſs, that thus we come
Leſs ſeemingly accoutred than we ought.
TRACH. They aſk but what is right, and you ſhould grant it:

V. 33. *Let this altar be your fortreſs*, &c.] This is metaphorically expreſſed.

Aram habete hanc
Vobis pro caſtris: mœnia hinc ego defenſabo:
Præſidio Veneris malitiæ lenonis contrà incedam.

Madam *Dacier* is pleaſed to fancy ſomething more is deſigned. "The commentators (ſays ſhe) have not underſtood this paſſage. "The altar was in the Temple Court, which was cloſed in with "walls breaſt high, or even lower: for which reaſon *Trachalio* "adviſes the women to place themſelves by the Altar, as in a "camp, the entrenchments or walls of which he undertook to "defend."

V. 45. *Leſs ſeemingly accoutred.*] The original is, *minus quod bene eſſe* lautum *arbitrare.* The play upon the double meaning of the word *lautum* could not be preſerved. The ſenſe is agreeably to what the Prieſteſs ſays at the end of the Firſt Act.

Æquius

You muſt forgive them: their ſad apprehenſions
Force them to what they do. Yourſelf, they ſay,
Sprung from the ocean, ſlight not then theſe outcaſts.
But the old gentleman, our common friend,
Comes opportunely here from out the Temple.

SCENE IV.

Enter DÆMONES *dragging* LABRAX.

Come forth, thou worſt of ſacrilegious villains.
(To the women) You, ſeat you by the altar there.—
Where are they?
Where are my ſlaves?

TRACH. Look, here they are.

DÆM. That's well;

Æquius vos erat
Candidatas venire, &c.
You ſhould have come
Cloathed in white, *&c.*

V. 48. ——— *Yourſelf, they ſay,*
Sprung from the ocean, ſlight not then theſe outcaſts.]

Venus, it is well known, is fabled to have ſprung from the ſea. I have taken the liberty to give this paſſage a different turn from the original, which is not very clear.

Te ex conchâ natam eſſe autumant;
Cave tu harum conchas ſpernas.

V. 2. *Where are they?*] *Ubi ſunt?* Commentators are divided about the meaning of theſe words, ſome imagining that *Dæmones* is enquiring about the women, and others, that he is aſking for his ſervants.

A SER-

A SERVANT. We'd fain be at him: bid him but come near.

DÆM. (*To* LABRAX, *who is going towards the Altar.*) How, raſcal! wou'd you ſacrifice with us? (*To the Servants.*) Lay your fiſts on him. (*They beat him.*)

LAB. I muſt bear your wrongs,
But you ſhall pay for't.

TRACH. Does he dare to threaten?

LAB. You rob me of my right; you take away
My girls in ſpite of me.

DÆM. Make your appeal
To any of the great ones of the ſenate;
And let them try the cauſe, whether they're yours,
Or elſe born free; and whether too your knaveſhip
Should not be clapt in priſon, there to lye
Till you have worn it out.

LAB. I have no buſineſs
To talk with this hang-gallows ſlave.—
(*Speaking to* DÆMONES.) 'Tis you,
That I muſt try the cauſe with.

DÆM. Firſt of all
Try it with him, who is no ſtranger to you.

LAB. My ſuit's with you.

TRACH. Your ſuit muſt be with me.
Are theſe your property?

V. 14. *Till you have worn it out.*] *Donec totum carcerem contriverit.* He talks of the priſon as of a garment; like as the cant-word is with us,—a *Stone-doublet.*

LAB.

LAB. They are.

TRACH. Come on then,
Do but touch either with your little finger.
LAB. What if I do?
TRACH. I'll make a foot-ball of you,
Swing you about in air, and with my fiſts
Bandy you to and fro, you perjur'd villain!
LAB. May I not take my own girls from the altar?
DÆM. You may not; that's our law.
LAB. I've no concern,
Nothing to do, no buſineſs with your laws:
I'll take them both away.—Lookye, old gentleman,
If you've a liking to them, you muſt down
With the hard money.
DÆM. *Venus* does approve them.

V. 21. *Foot ball.*] *Follem pugillatorium.* Properly, a ball, blown up, like our foot-balls, which the ancients uſed to ſtrike with their hands, and the ſport was, not to let it come to the ground.

V. 27. *I'll take them both away.*] The original is, *Iſtas jam ambas educam foras.* "The commentators (ſays Madam *Dacier*) "find a manifeſt contradiction in this paſſage. For, ſay they, "ſince all this paſſes out of the temple, near the altar, which was "at the entrance of it, how could *Labrax* ſay, that he would drag "the girls *out*, (*foras*)? They therefore read, *educam* uvidas,— "I'll take them away *wet*. But the difficulty and the correction "are equally ill founded; and they would have made neither one "or the other, if they had recollected, that the Altar was in the "Temple Court, in the encloſure before the Temple; ſo that "*Labrax* might ſay with propriety, he would drag them *out*." See the note on V. 33. of this Scene.

V. 29. *Hard money.*] The original is, Arido *argento*. The commentators have given us ſeveral curious interpretations of the

LAB. And ſhe may have them, if ſhe'll pay the money.

DÆM. I'll pay the money! Now then know my mind:
If you dare offer them the ſmalleſt violence,
Though but in jeſt, I'll give you ſuch a dreſſing,
You will not know yourſelf.—
(To his Servants) And you, ye raſcals,
If, when I give the ſignal, you don't tear
His eyes out of his head, I'll have you bound
With rods laſh'd round you, like thoſe ſprigs of myrtle.

LAB. Nay, this is violence.

word *arido*. One ſays, that *Silver* (or money) is called *dry*, in oppoſition to *Quickſilver*, which is *moiſt* or *liquid*. Another thinks it is called ſo in oppoſition to the girls, who were *wet*, on account of their having been caſt away. Madam *Dacier* proves with wonderful erudition, that the *Greeks* and the *Romans* uſed the words ξηρὸς, and *aridus* or *ſiccus*, to ſignify *only* or *alone*: ſo that ſhe interprets the paſſage, "there is no need of talking, but money "*only*." After all, is it not moſt probable, that by *arido argento* is meant nothing more than a familiar expreſſion, ſuch as I have made uſe of,—*hard money?*

V. 33. ——— *Such a dreſſing,*
You will not know yourſelf.]

——— *Ego te* ornatum *amittam, tu ipſus te ut non noveris.*

V. 37. *Like thoſe ſprigs of myrtle.*] It is not an improbable ſuppoſition, that, as myrtle was ſacred to *Venus*, *Dæmones* here points to the very ſprigs, which it may be imagined were ſtuck about the Temple.

TRACH.

TRACH. You burning ſhame!
What, do you talk of violence?
LAB. You knave,
You gallows rogue, how dare you to abuſe me?
TRACH. Well, let me be a rogue, and you forſooth
A man of ſtricteſt honeſty,—theſe girls,
Are they a whit leſs free?
LAB. Free, ſay you?
TRACH. Yes,
And are your miſtreſſes; both born in *Greece*;
One an *Athenian*, ſprung from gentle parents.
DÆM. What do I hear you ſay?

V. 38. *Burning-ſhame.*] The expreſſion in the original is, *Flagitii flagrantia*; that is to ſay, *Qui flagitio flagras*, who *burn* (as it were) with villainy.

V. 44. *Your miſtreſſes.*] Madam *Dacier* is of opinion, (as the Commentators are ſilent upon the point,) that *Trachalio* means to reproach *Labrax* with having been a ſlave to the father of theſe poor damſels, and of having run away with them. But this is a mere idle conjecture, and (as *M. Gueudeville* has obſerved) this learned lady never conſidered, that *Palæſtra* and *Ampeliſca* were not ſiſters.

V. 45. *One an Athenian.*] This paſſage does not only help to intereſt *Dæmones* in the girls affairs, but is alſo a further *preparation* for the main *diſcovery* in the fourth act, though this does not appear ſo to the audience, the concealment of which makes the great cunning of the Poet. ECHARD.

This *Diſcovery* is, however, too much foreſtall'd by the account given in the Prologue, that *Palæſtra* was the old gentleman's daughter. The pathetick reflection that follows, in V. 51. (*O my dear daughter*, &c.) loſes alſo almoſt all it's effect for the ſame reaſon.

TRACH. That ſhe is free;
Was born at *Athens.*
DÆM. How! my countrywoman?
TRACH. What! are not you, ſir, a *Cyrenian?*
DÆM. No:
In *Greece*, at *Athens*, I was born and bred.
TRACH. I pray you then, defend your country-women.
DÆM. *(Aſide)* O my dear daughter!—when I look on Her,
The want of you reminds me of my troubles.—
I loſt her when but three years old, and now,
If ſhe yet live, her ſize muſt be the ſame.
LAB. I bought them both, paid down the money for them,
To him, that own'd them.—What is it to me,
If they were born at *Athens* or at *Thebes*,
So they are properly my ſlaves?
TRACH. Thou impudence,
Thou cat o'mountain, thou vile girl-catcher,
Would'ſt kidnap free-born children from their parents,
And then employ them in thy filthy trade?—
This other here, what country ſhe is of
I know not, but I know ſhe's worthier
Than you, you filthy knave!
LAB. Do you ſay true?

V. 49. *In* Greece, *at* Athens.] *Athenis Atticis.* There were cities called *Athens* in other countries as well as *Greece.*

V. 59. *Cat o'mountain,- Girl-catcher.*] The original is, *Felis Virginalis.*

TRACH. Nay, let our backs be vouchers for our truth,
And if you have not offerings on your back
More than a firſt-rate ſhip has nails, I'm then
The verieſt lyar upon earth. When your's
I have inſpected, look at mine; you'll find it
Tight and without a crack in't, that there's never
A leathern-bottle-maker but will ſay,
My hide is whole, and fitting for his purpoſe.
Why don't I give the rogue his belly-full
Of ſtripes?—Why ſtare ſo at them?—If you touch them,
I'll tear your eyes out.

LABR. Now, becauſe you'd hinder me,
I'll take them both away.

DÆM. What will you do?

LAB. Fetch *Vulcan*; he's an enemy to *Venus*.
(Goes towards DÆMONES'*s door.)*

DÆM. Where is he going?

LAB. *(Calling at* DÆMONES'*s door)*
Hola! who's within here?

V. 66. *Offerings.*] *Offerumentas. Offerumenta*, according to *Feſtus*, ſignifies an *Offering to the Gods*, and as theſe were fixed to the walls of Temples, *Trachalio* pleaſantly calls the laſhes or ſtreaks of the ſcourge, which were fixed to the backs of delinquent ſlaves, by the ſame term.

V. 71. *Leathern-bottle-maker.*] *Ampullarius.* It is well known, that the ancients uſed to put their wine in ſkins.

V. 77. *Vulcan—enemy to Venus.*] The ſtory is well known of his having ſurpriſed *Venus* with *Mars*.

DÆM. If you but touch the threſhold of that door,
A plenteous crop of blows ſhall be your portion.
A SERVANT. We have no fire; we live upon dried figs.
DÆM. I'll give you fire, provided I may kindle it
Upon your head.
LAB. Faith, I'll procure it ſomewhere.
DÆM. What will you do then?
LAB. Kindle a large fire.
DÆM. To burn yourſelf.
LAB. To burn them both alive
Here at the altar.
DÆM. I would fain ſee that.—
By heav'ns I'll catch you by the beard, and throw you
Into the fire, then hang you up half-roaſted
For birds to peck at.—*(Aſide)* Now I think on't, this
Muſt be the ape I dreamt of, who would needs
Have taken theſe young ſwallows from their neſts
Spite of my teeth.
TRACH. I do beſeech you, ſir,

V. 80. *Crop of blows.*] The original is, *tibi meſſis in ore fiet mergis pugneis.* *Merga*, according to *Feſtus*, ſignifies a prong or pitchfork, to caſt up ſheaves of corn with; ſo that the meaning of this paſſage is,—as *Echard* (from the Commentators) explains it,—"As they lift up their pitchforks to heap corn, ſo will "I lift up my fiſts, and heap a whole harveſt of cuffs on your "face." This could not be expreſſed in the tranſlation.

V. 85. *To burn yourſelf.*] The original is, *Ut humanum exuras tibi*, that is, *to offer up a mortuary ſacrifice to yourſelf*, meaning, as I have rendered it. *Humanum*, according to *Feſtus*, ſignifies a ſacrifice made for the dead.

Defend

Defend theſe maidens, while I fetch my maſter.

DÆM. Go then.

TRACH. And let him not—

DÆM. 'Tis at his peril,

If he dare touch them once, or e'en attempt it.

TRACH. You will take care.

DÆM. I will take care.—Be gone.

TRACH. And guard Him too; ſee that he don't get off;

For we have promis'd to deliver him

Up to the hangman's hands, or pay a talent.

[*Exit* TRACHALIO.

SCENE V.

DÆMONES, LABRAX, PALÆSTRA, AMPELISCA, *and* SERVANTS.

DÆMONES, *(to* LABRAX.*)*

Which do you chuſe? to ſtay here quietly
Without a drubbing, or be forc'd to't with one?

LAB. Your words I value not a fig, old gentleman.
I'll drag them from the altar by the hair
In ſpite of You, of *Venus*, or of *Jove*.

DÆM. Do, touch them.

LAB. *(Going towards them.)* That I will, by heav'ns.

DÆM. Come on then.
Do but ſtep hither.

LAB. Bid thoſe fellows then

Move off.

DÆM. Nay, nay, they ſhall move up towards you.

LAB. I would not have them.

DÆM. Why? What will you do?
If they advance ſtill nearer?

LAB. I'll retire.
But hearkye me, old grey-beard;—if I ever
Should chance to light upon you in the city,
Let me forſwear the name of pimp for aye,
But I will make moſt precious ſport with you.

DÆM. Do what you menace when you pleaſe: mean time
If now you touch them, you ſhall pay for't hugely.

LAB. How! hugely?

DÆM. Aye, as ſuch a pimp deſerves.

LAB. I value not your threats, but I will ſeize them
Spite of your teeth.

DÆM. Do, touch them, if you dare.

LAB. Faith, that I will.

DÆM. Do then, you know the conſequence.
Turbalio, run with all your ſpeed, and bring
Two cudgels.

LABR. Cudgels?

DÆM. Stout ones let them be;
Make haſte.

[TURBALIO *goes in.*]

(*To* LABRAX) I'll give you a reception, ſuch
As you deſerve, you raſcal!

LABR. (*Aſide*) Woe is me!

That

That I have left my head-piece in the ſhip!
Now, if I had it, it would be of ſervice.—
(*To* DÆM.) May I not ſpeak to them at leaſt?

DÆM. You may not.

[TURBALIO *enters, bearing two cudgels.*]

Oh, here he comes, the fellow with his cudgels.

LAB. Theſe are deſign'd for muſick, and they cauſe
A moſt melodious tinkling in the ears.

DÆM. Here, *Labrax*, do you take that other cudgel:
One of you ſtand on this ſide, and the other
On that ſide of the altar.—Mind me now.—
If he but lay a finger on theſe girls
Againſt their inclination, woe be to you,
If you don't briſkly ply him with your cudgels,
'Till, like a drunkard, he ſhall ſcarce be able
To find his way home.—If he ſpeaks to any one,
You anſwer in their ſtead; and if he offers
To run away, ſtraight hamper him, by making

V. 26. *Speak to them.*] *Iſtas* appellare. This may likewiſe ſignify,—May I not cite them before a magiſtrate? may I not try my right to them by law?

V. 28. *Deſign'd for muſick*, &c.] This is agreeable to the ſenſe of the original, though expreſſed more at large.

Illud quidem edepol tinnimentum eſt auribus.

V. 35. *Ply him with your cudgels.*] *Ni iſtunc iſtis* invitaſſitis. The word, *Invito*, is a term appropriated to feaſts and meetings, where there is hard drinking. It is here metaphorically applied to blows.

V. 39. ——————*Hamper him, by making*
Your cudgels ſerve as fetters for his legs.]

This is the meaning of the original. *Extemplò* ampleCtitote *crura fuſtibus.*

Your

Your cudgels ſerve as fetters for his legs.

LAB. What! won't they let me go about my buſineſs?

DÆM. I've ſaid enough.—When that the ſervant comes,
Who went to fetch his maſter, then go home.—
See that you carefully obſerve my orders.

[*Exit* DÆMONES.

SCENE VI.

LABRAX, *and* SERVANTS. *The two Women as before.*

LABRAX, *walking on one Side.*

Hey-day! the Temple's on a ſudden chang'd
From *Venus*'s to that of *Hercules*:
For the old gentleman has planted here
Two figures with their clubs.—Now for my life
I know not where to take me;—ſea and land
Are both conſpir'd againſt me.—O *Palæſtra!*

SERV. What would you?

LAB. Hold! we're at croſs purpoſes:
This is not my *Palæſtra*, that has anſwer'd.

V. 1. ——— *The Temple's on a ſudden chang'd From* Venus's *to that of* Hercules.]

Labrax ſays this on account of *Dæmones* having placed his two Servants before it bearing clubs in the manner of *Hercules*. *Hercules* was called by the poets *Claviger*, the *Club-bearer*.

V. 8. *This is not My* Palæſtra.] *Palæſtra* was a place of publick exerciſing, over the gate of which was a ſtatue of *Hercules*, with

Ho *Ampeliſca!*

SERV. 'Ware thee of miſhap.

LAB. Theſe fellows give me good advice, however.

But tell me, ho! will there be any harm,
If I come nearer them?

SERV. No harm to us.

LAB. Will there be any harm to me?

SERV. No, none,
If you beware.

LAB. Of what muſt I beware?

SERV. An hearty drubbing.

LAB. I beſeech you now,
Permit me to depart.

SERV. Go, if you will.

LAB. Very obliging this: I give you thanks;
No, I'll draw nearer rather to my girls.

SERV. Stay where you are.

LAB. 'Fore heaven my affairs

an inſcription, PALÆSTRA. Now, *Labrax*, finding this ſtout fellow with his club, whom before he had compared to *Hercules*, anſwering inſtead of *Palæſtra*, he wittily alludes to that ſtatue, and ſays, THAT Palæſtra *was none of his*.

ECHARD *from* DACIER.

Madam *Dacier* is ſo fond of this explanation, that ſhe calls this paſſage one of the cleverest in *Plautus*, though no body (ſhe ſays) had the ſagacity to find out the wit of it before herſelf. With ſubmiſſion I cannot ſee any reaſon for this refinement. *Labrax* calls *Palæſtra*, and one of the ſervants anſwering in her ſtead, he ſimply obſerves, *This is not my* Palæſtra, *that anſwers*.

Are

Are in a piteous plight.—But I'm reſolv'd
To lay cloſe ſiege, and force them to ſurrender.

SCENE VII.

Enter PLEUSIDIPPUS *and* TRACHALIO, *talking, at a Diſtance.*

What! would the raſcal drag her off perforce,
By violence from the altar?

TRACH. Even ſo.

PLEU. Did you not kill the villain on the ſpot?

TRACH. There was no ſword at hand.

PLEU. You ſhould have taken
A club or ſtone.

TRACH. Shou'd I have ſton'd the fellow?
Have ſton'd him like a dog?

PLEU. Yes, ſuch a villain.

LAB. *(ſeeing them)* Now I'm undone indeed.—
Here's *Pleuſidippus:*
He'll bruſh my jacket for me;—aye, he'll give me
A thorough duſting.

V. 5. ——— *Shou'd I have ſton'd the fellow?*
Have ſton'd him like a dog?]

PLEU. Yes, ſuch a villain.

This is agreeable to the original text as corrected by Madam *Dacier*, whereas the common Editions give the whole to *Trachalio*.

TRACH. *Quid ego, quaſi canem,*
Hominem inſectarer ladipibus?

PLEU. *Nequiſſimum?*

V. 8. *Bruſh my jacket*, &c.]
Converret jam hic me totum cum pulviſculo.

PLEU.

PLEU. Were the damſels ſitting
Then by the altar, when you went for me?
TRACH. Yes, and are ſitting now there.
PLEU. Who protects them?
TRACH. A good old gentleman, I know not who,
Who lives cloſe by the temple: he has been
Of ſpecial uſe, and of moſt rare aſſiſtance.
He and his ſervants now protect and guard them:
I gave them to their charge.
PLEU. Conduct me ſtraight
To the Procurer: ſhew me, where's the villain?
[*They advance.*]
LAB. (*to* PLEUS.) Good-morrow.
PLEU. Hang good-morrow: take your choice
This inſtant, whether you'd be carried gently
Before a judge, or drag'd there by the throat.
Chuſe which you will, while 'tis allow'd you.
LAB. Neither.
PLEU. *Trachalio*, run with ſpeed to the ſea-ſide,
And bid the friends I brought along with me
To meet me forthwith at the city-gate,
That they may help to drag this knave to priſon:
That done, come back again, and guard theſe damſels.
[*Exit* TRACHALIO.

20. *Drag'd there by the throat.*] The original is, *Rapi obtorto collo.* When any perſon was brought before the *Prætor*, they always threw his gown or cloak about his neck, and led him that way; and this was called, *Rapi obtorto collo.*
ECHARD *from* DACIER.

V. 24. *City-gate.*] *Ad* Portam. This is a correction of Madam *Dacier*. The common Editions have it, *ad* portum, which cannot be the meaning.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

PLEUSIDIPPUS, LABRAX, SERVANTS, *and the* WOMEN *as before.*

PLEUSIDIPPUS.

Yes, I will bear this raſcal run-away
Before a judge.—Come, come before the judge.
LAB. What is my crime?
PLEU. Crime, aſk you?—Did you not
Take earneſt of me for this damſel here,
Then bore her off?
LAB. I did not bear her off.
PLEU. Will you deny it?
LAB. Yes, becauſe I only
Bore her on board; I could not bear her off,
The more is my miſhap.—Did I not ſay,
That you ſhould find me here at *Venus'* temple?
Wherein then have I falſified my word?
Am I not here?
PLEU. Nay, you ſhall plead your cauſe
Before the magiſtrate: I'll hear no more.—
Come, come along. *(Lays hold of him.)*
LAB. *(calling)* Help! help!—Dear *Charmides!*
I am laid hold of, drag'd here by the throat.

V. 5. *Bore her off,* &c.] This, and what follows, is a quibble upon the words *avehere* and *provehere,* which I have preſerved in the beſt manner I could think of.

V. 14. *Drag'd by the throat.*] *Rapior obtorto collo.* See the note on V. 20. of the preceding Scene.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter CHARMIDES *from the Temple.*

Who calls me by my name?

LAB. Doſt thou not ſee
How I am drag'd?

CHARM. I ſee it, and look on
With pleaſure.

LAB. Wilt not come to my aſſiſtance?

CHARM. Who has got hold of thee?

LAB. Young *Pleuſidippus.*

CHARM. Bear thy miſhap with patience: thou hadſt better
Slink quietly to jail: why thou haſt got
What moſt men wiſh for.

LAB. What is that?

CHARM. To find
What they are ſeeking.

LAB. Prithee bear me company.

CHARM. Troth thy requeſt is like thee: thou art drag'd
To jail, and thou would'ſt have me bear thee company.
What! hanging back?

LAB. O I'm undone for ever!

PLEU. Would it were true!—Do you, my dear *Palæſtra,*
And *Ampeliſca,* tarry here the while
Till my return.

SERV. I would adviſe them rather

To

To go to our houſe, and there wait your coming.

PLEU. I like it: you oblige me.

LAB. Ye are thieves.

SERV. How! thieves?

PLEU. Drag him along.

LAB. Help! help! *Palæſtra!*

PLEU. On, raſcal!

LAB. Gueſt!

CHARM. No gueſt of thine: I ſcorn To be thy meſs-mate.

LAB. Wilt thou ſlight me thus?

CHARM. I do: I've taſted of thy cheer already.

LAB. Plague light upon thy head!

CHARM. On thine, ſay rather.

[PLEUSIDIPPUS *drags* CHARMIDES *off.* *The* WOMEN *and* SERVANTS *go into* DÆMONES's *Houſe.*

SCENE X.

CHARMIDES *alone.*

I do believe, that men are metamorphos'd;
Some into one brute, ſome into another.
This raſcal pimp here on my faith I think

V. 20. *I've taſted of thy cheer already.*] *Semel bibo.* *Charmides* alludes to his having been caſt away with *Labrax*, and ſufficiently drench'd with ſalt water.

*** There is nothing in our Author, that preciſely marks the time of the damſels quitting the ſtage. It may be either at this place, or when the *Servant* has ſaid to *Pleuſidippus*,

——————— I would adviſe them rather
To go to our houſe, and there wait your coming.

It is plain, from the opening of the fourth Act, that they go into *Dæmones*'s houſe.

Is

Is chang'd into a ſtock-dove, for ere long
They'll have him in the ſtocks, and in the cage
For jail-birds like himſelf, he'll make his neſt.
However, I will go, and be his advocate,
If by my help he may be ſooner caſt. [*Exit.*

V. 4. *A Stock-dove.*] There is a pun in the original, ſuch as it is.

Illic in columbum, *credo, leno vortitur;*
Nam in columbari *collum haud multo poſt erit.*

This anſwers pretty well in the *Engliſh*, which is *Echard's*. I have been inclined to take a little liberty with the next line, to make it read tolerably in our language.

Madam *Dacier*, in her examen of this play, has taken notice, that *Pleuſidippus's* going off in the ſecond act to look for *Labrax*, and not returning till the third act, and that too only on *Trachalio's* coming for him, is out of character for a young lover. She blames him ſtill further for not giving any reaſon, when he appears, for his not coming ſooner. "I know not, ſays ſhe, whether *Plautus* found the fault ready to his hands [in his original] "*Diphilus*: I could hope ſo, (*pour l'amour de lui,*) from the eſteem "I have for him."——In anſwer to this, (*Echard* ſays) "it may "eaſily be ſuppoſed, that the rocks and cliffs, and the diſtance "of the ſhore, might make him miſs of *Labrax* and his compa- "nion *Charmides*, and come too late, for they were landed im- "mediately after his leaving the ſtage. If it be aſked, (ſays he) "why he did not give this, or ſome other reaſon for it, when he "came next on the ſtage, it may be replied, that neither his haſte, "buſineſs, nor the ſubject, would admit of ſuch a narration at "that time."

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter DÆMONES.

'TWAS a right deed: and 'tis a pleaſure to me,
That I could ſerve theſe damſels.—I am now
Their patron and protector. They are both
Of a rare age and beauty; but the jade,
My wife, ſtill watches me on ev'ry ſide,
Leſt I ſhould ſhew a liking to the damſels.—
I marvel what my ſlave *Gripus* is doing,
Who went laſt night a fiſhing on the ſea:
He had been wiſer, had he ſlept at home,
Such weather, ſuch a night: what he has caught,
I'll dreſs within the hollow of my hand,

V. 5. *My wife ſtill watches me*, &c.] This ſeems to have been ſpoken with no other deſign than *Dæmones*'s complaining of his wife, but in reality it is an ingenious *preparation* of the poet, for *Dæmones* to have a good pretext for bringing out the two young women in the fourth ſcene of this act, when there was a neceſſity for their coming upon the ſtage. ECHARD.

V. 7. *I marvel what my ſlave* Gripus *is doing.*] *Echard* obſerves, that this is a *preparation* for *Gripus*'s appearing in the next ſcene. He further remarks, that the looking for *Gripus* may be ſuppoſed to be one reaſon of *Dæmones*'s coming upon the ſtage.

V. 11. *I'll dreſs within the hollow of my hand.*] The original is, *In* digitis *hodie percoquam quod ceperit.*

The

The ſea was ſo tempeſtuous. But my wife
Calls me to dinner; I muſt home again;
Though ſhe will ſtun my ears with her vile prattle.

SCENE II.

Enter GRIPUS.

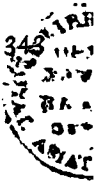
Thanks to my patron *Neptune*, whoſe abode
Is in the briny regions ſtor'd with fiſhes,
Since he has ſent me from his watry realms
Full fraught, and laden with the choiceſt booty;
My boat too ſafe, which in the ſtormy ſea
Has bleſt me with a new and plenteous fiſhing.
'Twas a rare chance this kind of fiſhery,
How very wondrous and incredible!
I have not caught me an ounce weight of fiſh,
Save what I have here in my net. I roſe
At midnight all alert, preferring gain
To reſt and ſleep; and though the tempeſt roar'd,
I labour'd to relieve my maſter's wants,
And help me in my ſtate of ſervitude.
I never have been ſparing of my pains.
The ſluggard's good for nothing: I deteſt
Such kind of fellows. He, who in good time
Would do his duty, ſhould be vigilant,
Not wait, 'till he is rous'd to't by his maſter.
Thoſe who love ſleep, indulge it to their coſt;
They get no profit, and are ſure to ſuffer.
I, who was ever diligent, have found

That which will keep me lazy, if I will.
I found it in the ſea, whatever's in it.
Whatever's in it, by my faith 'tis heavy:
I think there's gold in't. Not a ſoul beſides
Is privy to the chance. Now, *Gripus*, now
Thou haſt a fair occaſion to procure
Thy freedom of the *Prætor*. This I'll do,
This I'm determin'd, I'll addreſs my maſter
With art and cunning, proffer him a ſum
By little and by little for my freedom:
When I am free, I'll purchaſe houſe and lands,
And ſlaves, and fit out veſſels, and engage
In traffick; among kings I'll be a king.
And then for my amuſement I will build
A pleaſure-barge, and copy *Stratonicus*:
I'll ſail about from place to place: and when
My greatneſs is notorious, I will found
A mighty city, and will call it *Gripus*
After my own name, as a monument
Of my exploits and fame: there I'll erect
A potent monarchy.—My mind's reſolv'd
On high and mighty manners.—But 'twere beſt
To hide this wallet; and this king muſt dine
On ſalt and vinegar, no better chear. (*Going.*)

V. 37. *Stratonicus.*] He was treaſurer to *Philip* of *Macedon*, and afterwards to *Alexander* the Great. He is here mentioned on account of his wealth.

V. 46. *Salt* and *vinegar.*] *Cum* aceto *pranſurus eſt et* ſale; the common diet of ſlaves.

SCENE



SCENE III.

Enter TRACHALIO.

Ho! ſtay there—

GRIP. Stay! for what?

TRACH. Till I roll up
This rope here, which you're dragging after you.

GRIP. Let it alone pray.

TRACH. But I muſt aſſiſt you.
Kindneſs on good men is not thrown away.

GRIP. The weather yeſterday was very boiſterous;
I have no fiſh, young man; don't think I have.
And don't you ſee, I bring my net home wet,
With nothing in't?

TRACH. It is not fiſh I want,
But only to diſcourſe with you.

GRIP. You kill me *(Going)*.
With your impertinence, whoe'er you are.

TRACH. *(Holding him.)* I will not let you go.—
Stay.

GRIP. See that you
Repent not.—What a plague d'ye pull me back
for?

TRACH. Hear me.

GRIP. I will not hear.

TRACH. Nay but you ſhall,

V. 2. *This rope.*] *Rudentem.* Hence the name of the play in the original.

GRIP. Another time ſay what you will.

TRACH. But good now,
What I've to tell you is of moment.

GRIP. Speak,
What is it?

TRACH. See, if no one is behind us.

GRIP. And how am I concern'd in't?

TRACH. Very much.
But can you give me good advice?

GRIP. What is it?
Tell me.

TRACH. I'll tell you,—hiſt!—If you will promiſe
Not to betray me.

GRIP. Well then, I do promiſe
Not to betray you, whoſoe'er you are.

TRACH. Liſt then. I ſaw a man commit a theft,
And knew the owner, whom the goods belong'd to.
Straight comes I to the thief, and offers him
This fair propoſal. Of your theft, quoth I
I'm witneſs, and I know the owner: now
If you will give me half, I'll not diſcover it.
The fellow makes me no reply. What think you
It were but juſt that he ſhould give me? Half,
I hope you'll ſay.

GRIP. Ay truly that, and more:
If he don't give it, you ſhould tell the owner.

TRACH. I'll do as you adviſe me.—Mind me now:
For this is your concern.

GRIP. How my concern?

TRACH. That wallet. I have known the owner long.

GRIP. What's that?

TRACH.

TRACH. And how 'twas loſt.

GRIP. And how 'twas found
I know, and who 'twas found it: and I know
Who is the owner now: but what is that
To you or me? I know whoſe it is now,
You whoſe it was. No one ſhall have it from me:
Think not to get it.

TRACH. If the owner comes,
Shall he not have it?

GRIP. No one is the owner,—
Don't be miſtaken,—no one but myſelf,
Who caught it when a fiſhing.

TRACH. Did you ſo?

GRIP. What fiſh are in the ſea, are none of mine;
When caught, they then become my property.
I hold them for my own, at my diſpoſal;
And no one claims a part: I ſell them all
As my own property in open market.
The ſea is common unto all.

TRACH. Agreed:
This wallet then, why ſhould it not be common
'Twixt you and me? you found it in the ſea,
'Tis common then.

GRIP. Was ever ſuch aſſurance?

V. 47. *No one claims a part.*] The original is, *Nec manu aſſeruntur.*

Aſſerere manu properly ſignifies *giving freedom to a ſlave*, which *Gripus* comically applies to fiſhes, and immediately after ſays, *vendo pro meis* venalibus; for *ſlaves* were called *venales*.

ECHARD *from* DACIER.

If this were law you talk of, we poor fiſhermen
Would be undone; for ſoon as e'er our fiſh
Were brought to market, and expos'd to ſale,
No one would buy; but ev'ry one would claim
A portion of the fiſh; crying forſooth,
That we had caught them in the ſea that's common.

TRACH. How ſay you, ſauce-box? Will you dare to place
A wallet in compariſon with fiſh?
Think you, they are the ſame?

GRIP. When I have thrown
My net in, 'tis no longer in my power:
Whatever ſticks to it, I haul it up,
And what my net has got, is mine alone.

TRACH. Nay but it is not, if you catch a wallet.

GRIP. O rare philoſopher!

TRACH. Good conjurer!
Did you e'er know a fiſherman, that caught
A wallet-fiſh, or carried one to market?
Would you be jack of all trades as you like?
Would you, you raſcal, deal in wallets too
As well as be a fiſherman? But now
Shew me what kind of fiſh a wallet is,

V. 66. *O rare philoſopher!*] *Philoſopher!* ſpoken ironically.

V. 69. *Jack of all trades.*] The original is,

Non tu occupabis omnes quæſtus quos voles.

V. 70. *Deal in wallets,* &c.]

Et victorem *et* piſcatorem *te eſſe poſtulas.*

Victor ſignifies a maker of ſuch kind of baſkets, as are here underſtood by *vidulus*. Theſe, we are told, were made of oſier,

Or you ſhall carry nothing off, that was not
Bred in the ſea, and has not ſcales.
GRIP. What! never
Heard of a wallet-fiſh before?
TRACH. You villain!
There's no ſuch fiſh.
GRIP. Nay verily there is;
And I, who am a fiſherman, muſt know:
But it is rarely caught: no fiſh ſo ſeldom
Comes to our coaſt.
TRACH. That will avail you nought,
You gallows knave; d'ye think you can deceive me?
What colour is it of?
GRIP. There are but few
Caught of this colour: ſome are red, ſome black,
And ſome are very large.
TRACH. I underſtand you.
You will be chang'd into a wallet-fiſh,
Unleſs you have a care: firſt you'll be red,
Then black.
GRIP. What raſcal have I ſtumbled on?
TRACH. This is mere talking, and we waſte the day.
Whoſe arbitration, ſay, ſhall we abide by?

and covered with leather. As there is no word in our language that exactly correſponds with the *Latin*, I have made uſe of the word *wallet*, which is deſigned for the ſame purpoſes.

V. 85. *You'll be red,—Then black.*]

Fiet tibi puniceum *corium, poſteà* atrum *denuò.*

Meaning, that he ſhould be heartily ſcourged.

GRIP.

GRIP. The wallet's.

TRACH. Ay indeed!—You are a fool.

GRIP. Fare you well, *Thales!* *(Going)*

TRACH. *(Holding him)* Nay you ſhall not have it,
Unleſs you place it in ſome perſon's hands,
And chuſe an umpire to decide betwixt us.

GRIP. What, are you mad?

TRACH. I'm drunk with hellebore.

GRIP. I'm *Ceres*-ſtruck: yet I'll not part with this.

TRACH. Speak but another word, I'll knock your brains out;
If you don't let it go, like a new ſpunge,
I'll ſuck up ev'ry drop of moiſture in you.

GRIP. Touch me, and I will daſh you to the ground
Flat as a flounder.—Will you fight?

TRACH. What need
Of fighting? rather let us ſhare the booty.

GRIP. You will get nothing but your own miſhap.

V. 90. *Fare you well,* Thales!] *Thales,* it is well known, was one of the ſeven wiſe men of *Greece*; and *Gripus* calls *Trachalio* ironically by that name, in reply to the other's having called him *Fool.* So in V. 66 of this ſcene he calls him *Philoſopher.*

V. 94. Ceres-*ſtruck.*] *Cerritus.* Mad people were called *cerriti,* becauſe it was imagined they had incurred the diſpleaſure of *Ceres.*

V. 98. *Touch me, and I will daſh you to the ground,*
Flat as a flounder.] The original is,

Tange: affligam ad terram te itidem ut piſcem *ſoleo* polypum.

Polypus, we are told, ſignifies a tough kind of fiſh, which they uſed to knock againſt the ground to make it tender.

So don't expect it. I'll be gone. *(Going.)*

TRACH. But I
Will make your veſſel tack about to ſtop you.

GRIP. If you are at the poop, I'll keep at ſtern.
Let go the rope, you raſcal.

TRACH. Let it go?
Do you let go the wallet.

GRIP. You'll not be
A fig the better now for all that's in it.

TRACH. Your bare denial is no proof to me,
But you muſt either let me have a ſhare on't,
Or you muſt place it in ſome perſon's hands,
And chuſe an umpire to decide betwixt us.

GRIP. How? what I caught at ſea?—

TRACH. I ſaw from ſhore.

GRIP. With my own pains, my own net, my own boat?

TRACH. What if the owner come, whoſe property
It is, ſhall I, who ſaw you from afar
Take it, be counted leſs a thief than you?

GRIP. No, certainly. *(Offers to go.)*

TRACH. Stay, raſcal. By what argument
Am I to be a thief, and not a ſharer?
Give me to know.

GRIP. I can't, nor do I know
Your city laws; but this is mine, I'll ſtand to it.

V. 107. *A fig the better.*] Ramentâ *fortunatior. Ramenta*, or *Ramentum*, is the duſt ariſing from the ſcraping or filing of any metal or hard ſubſtance.

TRACH.

TRACH. I ſay 'tis mine too.

GRIP. Hold—I've found a method,
How you may neither be the thief nor ſharer.

TRACH. Well! how is that?

GRIP. Let me depart in peace,
Do you go your own way, and hold your tongue:
You ſhall tell no one, and I'll give you nothing:
You ſhall be ſilent, I'll be ſilent too.
This is the beſt, the faireſt thing that can be.

TRACH. What! will you make me no propoſal?

GRIP. Yes;
I have already.—"That you ſhould be gone,
"Let go the rope, and trouble me no longer."

TRACH. Stay; will you *take* my offer?

GRIP. Prithee *take*
Yourſelf away.

TRACH. Do you know any one
Lives hereabouts?

GRIP. Sure I muſt know my neighbours.

TRACH. Where do you live?

GRIP. Far off in yonder fields.

TRACH. Say, will you leave it to his arbitration?
Who lives here at this houſe? (*Pointing to* DÆMONES's *houſe.*)

V. 131. Take *my offer*—take *yourſelf away.*] A joke is intended in the original, from the meaning of the words *refero* and *aufero.*

TRACH. *Mane, dum* refero *conditionem.*

GRIP. *Te obſecro hercle,* aufer *te modò.*

V. 135. *Say, will you leave it to his arbitration,*
Who lives here at this houſe?]

Trachalio had all the reaſon that could be, to get the buſineſs referr'd

GRIP. Let go the rope
A little, while I ſtep apart, and think on't.—
(Aſide) Bravo! all's ſafe: the prize is all my own.
The fellow ſummons me on my own dunghill,
Chuſes my maſter for an arbitrator!
I dare be ſworn, he will not give a doit
Away from his own ſervant. Sure the fool
Is not aware of what he has propoſed.—
(To TRACH.) Well, I'll attend you to the arbitrator.
TRACH. What ſhould you do elſe?
GRIP. Though I know for certain
This is my lawful right, I'll do ſo rather
Than go to boxing with you.
TRACH. Now you pleaſe me.
GRIP. Though I am call'd before an arbitrator,
Who is a ſtranger, and unknown to me,
If he but do me juſtice, though unknown,
It is the ſame as though we were acquainted.
If not, though known, he's as an utter ſtranger.
(They advance towards DÆMONES's *houſe.)*

referr'd to *Dæmones*, he being the only man he knew thereabouts; and *Gripus* had as much reaſon to allow of that perſon, (ſince he was forced to admit of a reference,) becauſe he was his own maſter. Theſe two things ought to be obſerved. Now *Trachalio*'s deſign was only to aſſiſt the poor girl, whoſe intereſts he had moſt juſtly eſpouſed; but the Poet's deſign was greater, to wit, *Palæſtra*'s diſcovery, which would not ſo eaſily be foreſeen by the ſpectators. This is one great piece of art in *Dramatick* poetry. ECHARD.

V. 139. *On my own dunghill.*] The original is, *intrà præſepis meas*, which bears the ſame import.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter DÆMONES, *with* PALÆSTRA *and* AMPELISCA; *the two* SERVANTS *behind.*

DÆMONES.

Faith! ſeriouſly, my girls, I wiſh to do
What you yourſelves wiſh, but I fear, my wife
On your account would thruſt me out of doors,
Pretending that I brought my miſſes home
Under her noſe, before her eyes.—Do you then,
Rather than I, take refuge at the altar.

PAL. *and* AMP. We are undone!

DÆM. Fear nothing: I'll protect you.
(To the Servants.) What brought you out of doors?
Why do you follow me?
While I am preſent, no one ſhall moleſt them.
Go, get ye in, I ſay, and there ſtand centinel.

GRIP. Save you, good maſter.

DÆM. How now, *Gripus?* Save you.

TRACH. Is this your ſervant?

GRIP. Yes, and no diſgrace to him.

TRACH. I've nothing to do with you.

GRIP. Get you gone then.

TRACH. I pray you, tell me, Sir; is this your ſervant?

DÆM. He is.

TRACH. So,—beſt of all then, if he is.

V. 6. *Take refuge at the altar.*] *Dæmones* means, that if the damſels did not quit his houſe, and retreat to the altar, he himſelf ſhould be obliged to do it on account of his wife's reſentment.

Once

Once more I kiſs your hands, Sir.

DÆM. I am your's,
You are the fellow, are you not, that went
A little while ago to call your maſter?

TRACH. The ſame.

DÆM. What would you now?

TRACH. Is this your ſervant?

DÆM. He is.

TRACH. So,—beſt of all then, if he is.

DÆM. What is the matter?

TRACH. He's an arrant raſcal.
What has this arrant raſcal done to you?

TRACH. I would his legs were broke.

DÆM. Why, what's the matter?
What is your conteſt now about?

TRACH. I'll tell you.

GRIP. Nay, *I* will tell you.

TRACH. *I* will; 'tis my buſineſs
To *move* the court.

GRIP. If you had any ſhame,
You would *move* off.

DÆM. Peace, *Gripus*, and attend.

GRIP. What! ſhall he ſpeak the firſt?

DÆM. Attend, I ſay.
(*To* TRACH.) Speak you.

V. 26. Move *the court*—Move *off*.] This is a joke in the original, which I have endeavoured to preſerve in the beſt manner I could think of. Says *Trachalio*,—*rem faceſſo*,—meaning, that he was the accuſer, and therefore ought to ſpeak firſt; upon which *Gripus* ſays,—*hinc faceſſas*,—*take yourſelf away*.

GRIP.

GRIP. And will you let a ſtranger ſpeak
'Fore your own ſervant?

TRACH. How impoſſible
To curb his tongue!—As I was telling you,
That curſt Procurer's wallet, whom you drove
Juſt now from *Venus'* Temple,—lo! he has it.

GRIP. I have it not.

TRACH. And will you dare deny
What I beheld myſelf, with my own eyes?

GRIP. Would you were blind, I ſay!—Suppoſe I have it,
Or have it not, why d'ye concern yourſelf
With my affairs?

TRACH. It does concern me, whether
You have poſſeſſion juſtly or unjuſtly.

GRIP. I caught it, or I'd give you leave to hang me.
Since in the ſea I caught it with my net,
How is't more your's than mine?

TRACH. He wou'd deceive you:
He has it, as I told you.

GRIP. What d'ye ſay?

TRACH. If he's your ſervant, prithee keep him under,
That I, whoſe right it is, may ſpeak the firſt.

V. 44. *Keep him under.*] *Comprime.* The learned reader need not be told, that there is a double ſenſe in the word *comprimo.*

V. 45. *That I, whoſe right it is, may ſpeak the firſt.*] The original is, *quoad* primarius vir *dicat*; meaning, that as *Trachalio* was the accuſer, he had a right to ſpeak the firſt.

GRIP.

GRIP. How! would you have my maſter deal with me,
As your's with you? Though he may keep you under,
Our maſter is not us'd to ſerve us ſo.

DÆM. Faith he has match'd you there.—What wou'd you? tell me.

TRACH. I aſk no ſhare, no portion of the wallet,
Nor did I ſay 'twas mine: but there is in it
A little caſket of that damſel's, who
I told you was free-born.

DÆM. What her you mean,
My countrywoman, as you ſaid?

TRACH. The ſame.
And in that caſket, which is in the wallet,
There are ſome toys of her's, which when a child
She had: to him they're of no uſe or ſervice,
But if he give them her, may be the means
For her to find her parents.

DÆM. Say no more,
I'll make him give them.

GRIP. Troth I'll give her nothing.

TRACH. I aſk but for the caſket and thoſe toys.

GRIP. But what if they be gold?

TRACH. Suppoſe they are,
You ſhall have gold for gold, of equal value.
Silver for ſilver.

V. 56. *Toys.*] *Crepundia.* It was a cuſtom with the antients to give trinkets to their children, which were carefully preſerved, that, in caſe of any accident, they might be the means of diſcovering their parents. On this circumſtance depends the *Diſcovery*, that is to follow.

GRIP. Let me ſee your gold,
And you ſhall ſee the caſket.
DÆM. Hold your tongue;
Beware thee of a drubbing:—(*To* TRACH.) You go on.
TRACH. I pray you, have compaſſion of this damſel,
If it indeed be the Procurer's wallet,
As I ſuppoſe it is; I do not ſay
'Tis his for certain; but 'tis my opinion.
GRIP. (*Aſide*) See how the raſcal tries to catch his favour!
TRACH. Let me proceed: If 'tis the raſcal's wallet,
Theſe girls will ſurely know it:—order him
To ſhew it them.
GRIP. How! ſhew it them?
DÆM. He aſks
Nothing but what is reaſonable, *Gripus*.
GRIP. 'Tis moſt unreaſonable.
DÆM. Why?
GRIP. Becauſe,
If I produce it, they will cry at once
They know it truly.
TRACH. Raſcal! do you think
That ev'ry body's like yourſelf?—falſe varlet!
GRIP. I bear all this with patience, while my maſter
Is on my ſide.
TRACH. But now he is againſt you,
And that the caſket will bear teſtimony.

V. 71. *Tries to catch his favour!*] *Ut aucupatur!* metaphorically uſed.

DÆM.

DÆM. *Gripus*, be ſilent and attend! (*To* TRACH.)
Do you
Tell me in few, what is it you would have?
TRACH. I've told you, and I'll tell it you again,
If yet ſufficiently you underſtand not.
Theſe damſels, I inform'd you, are free-born;
And one was ſtol'n from *Athens* when a child.
GRIP. But what is this pray to the wallet, whether
They're ſlaves or free?
TRACH. You'd have me ſpend the day
In telling the whole o'er again, you villain!
DÆM. Spare your abuſes, and inform me clearly
In what I aſk.
TRACH. There ſhould be in the wallet
A wicker caſket, that contains ſome tokens,
Which the poor girl may find her parents by,
And which ſhe had, when ſtol'n a little child
From *Athens*, as I told you.
GRIP. *Jupiter*,
And all the Gods confound you! Don't you ſee
The damſels are both dumb? why cannot they
Speak for themſelves?
TRACH. Becauſe it more becomes
A woman to be ſilent than to talk.

V. 94. *A wicker caſket.*] *Ciſtella caudea.* This, according to *Feſtus*, is a ſmall caſket made of wicker, and was called *caudea*, from its being ſhaped like a horſe's tail.

V. 101. *A woman to be ſilent*, &c.] This, as the commentators take notice, is very appoſite to a ſentiment in *Sophocles*:

Γυναιξι κοσμον η σιγη φερει.
Silence is an ornament to woman.

GRIP. Then by your talk you're neither man nor woman.

TRACH. Why?

GRIP. Talk or not talk, you are good for nothing.

(*To* DÆM.) Pray, may I never be allow'd to ſpeak?

DÆM. Speak but another word, I'll break your head.

TRACH. Pray, Sir, command him to deliver up
That caſket to the girls, and what reward
He aſks for finding it, it ſhall be given:
What elſe is in the wallet, let him have.

GRIP. Ah, ſo you ſay at laſt, now you're convinc'd
I have a right to't, though e'en now you wanted
To go ſnacks with me.

TRACH. And I want it ſtill.

GRIP. So have I ſeen a kite ſtoop at its prey,
And yet get nothing.

DÆM. Can't I ſtop your mouth
Without a drubbing?

GRIP. If he's ſilent, I'll
Be ſilent too; but if he ſpeak, let me too
Speak in my turn.

DÆM. Give me the wallet, *Gripus*.

GRIP. I'll truſt it to you on condition you'll
Return it, if there's nothing in't of theirs.

DÆM. I will.

GRIP. There—take it. (*Giving him the wallet.*)

DÆM. Hearkye me, *Palæſtra*,

And

And *Ampeliſca*, attend to what I ſay.—
Is this the wallet, that contains your caſket?

PAL. The ſame.

GRIP. So,—I'm undone, I find.—Before
She could well ſee it, ſhe cries out,—"The ſame."

PAL. I'll make this matter plain, and clear up all.
There is a wicker caſket in that wallet;
And each particular that it contains
I'll reckon one by one: you ſhall not ſhew me:
If wrong, my word will ſerve me in no ſtead,
And all that's in the caſket ſhall be your's;
If right, I pray you let me have my own.

DÆM. Agreed: ſhe only aſks for common juſtice,
In my opinion.

TRACH. And in mine.

GRIP. But what
If ſhe's a witch, and by that means ſhould tell
What's in the caſket? ſhall a witch then carry it?

DÆM. No, not unleſs ſhe gives a juſt account;
Her witchcraft ſhall not ſerve her.—Open then
The wallet; I wou'd know the truth directly.

GRIP. *(Opening it)* The deed is done!—'tis open'd,
—Ah! I'm ruin'd!

V. 134. *A witch.*] The original is, *Aut* ſuperſtitioſa, *aut* ariola.

V. 139. The deed is done!—*'tis open'd.*] Hoc habet! *ſolutum eſt.* "The commentators (ſays Madam *Dacier)* have not underſtood this paſſage. *Dæmones* orders *Gripus* to open the wallet, who falling to work upon it tooth and nail, at length forces it open, and cries out, *Hoc habet.* This expreſſion is

I ſee a caſket.

DÆM. Is this it?

PAL. The ſame.

In this, my parents, are you lock'd; in this
My hopes of finding you, and means are lodg'd.

GRIP. Verily you deſerve the Gods diſpleaſure,
To cram your parents in ſo cloſe a compaſs.

DÆM. Come hither, *Gripus*:—'tis your cauſe is trying.

(*To* PAL.) Hearkye me, girl; at diſtance where you are
Tell the contents, and give a juſt deſcription
Of each particular within the caſket.
If in the ſmalleſt tittle you miſtake,
Though afterwards you'd wiſh to ſpeak the truth,
I'd hold it nothing but egregious trifling.

GRIP. You talk what's fair, and juſtice.

TRACH. Then of you
He talks not: you and juſtice are quite oppoſite.

" borrowed from the Gladiators, who upon wounding their " antagoniſts were uſed to cry, *Hoc habet*,—*he has it*, that is, he " is wounded " This remark is further confirmed by a paſſage in the *Moſtellaria*, or *Apparition*, of our Author, Act III. Scene II. V. 26. where a ſervant uſes this very expreſſion, (*Hoc habet*,) ſpeaking of his old maſter's being about to be impoſed upon by him. Indeed, it was probably a familiar alluſion in common uſe, as we find it in *Terence* as well as our author. The *Captus eſt, habet*, in the *Andrian* is well known.

V. 153. *You and juſtice are quite oppoſite.*] This is but an indifferent witticiſm in the original.

GRIP. *Jus bonum oras.*
TRACH. *Edepol haud te orat; nam tu* injurius.

DÆM. Speak, girl.—*Gripus*, give ear, and hold your tongue.

PAL. There are ſome toys.

DÆM. I ſee them.

GRIP. I am ſlain

At the firſt onſet.—Hold, Sir,—don't produce them.

DÆM. Deſcribe them,—and recount them all in order.

PAL. Firſt, there's a little ſword with an inſcription.

DÆM. What's the inſcription?

PAL. 'Tis my father's name.

Then, there's a little two-edg'd axe, of gold too,

Bearing th' inſcription of my mother's name.

DÆM. Hold,—what's your father's name upon the ſword?

PAL. 'Tis—*Dæmones.*

DÆM. O ye immortal Gods!

Where are my hopes?

GRIP. Nay truly, where are mine?

DÆM. Proceed, I do beſeech you, quickly.

GRIP. Gently.—

(*Aſide.*) Wou'd you were hang'd!

DÆM. Tell me your mother's name

Upon the axe.

PAL. 'Tis—*Dædalis.*

DÆM. The Gods

Are anxious for my welfare.

V. 155. *Slain at the firſt onſet.*] *Perii in primo prælio.*

V. 158. *With an inſcription.*] *Literatus.* So in this play, *Sceparnio*, ſpeaking of the pitcher belonging to the Temple of *Venus*, ſays, *Literata eſt: ab ſe cantat cuja ſit.*

GRIP. And my ruin.

DÆM. Why, *Gripus*, ſhe muſt ſurely be my daughter.

GRIP. She may be ſo for me.—(*To* TRACH.) May all the Gods

Confound you, that you chanc'd to ſpy me out;
And me too, that I did not look about me
An hundred times to watch if no one ſaw me,
Before I drew my net out of the water.

PAL. Then there's a ſmall two-handed ſilver knife,

A little ſow too.

GRIP. Would that you were hang'd,
You and your ſow too, pigs and all together!

PAL. There is beſides a little heart of gold,
Given me by my father on my birth-day.

DÆM. 'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe!—I can refrain no longer,
I muſt embrace her. (*They embrace.*)
Save you, my dear daughter!
I, I am *Dæmones*, and *Dædalis*
Your mother is within here.

PAL. Bleſſings on you,
My unexpected, my unhop'd-for father!

DÆM. Heav'ns bleſs you!—With what joy do I embrace you!

V. 176. *A little ſow.*] *Sucula.* Whether or no this ſignifies ſome part of a child's cloathing, according to ſome commentators, or any kind of trinket, which we are not at preſent acquainted with, it is plain that in *Gripus*'s anſwer a joke is intended on account of the double meaning of the word, *ſucula* likewiſe ſignifying a *little ſow*. It is not much to be regretted perhaps, that this pun could not be preſerved in our language.

TRACH.

TRACH. To me too 'tis a pleaſure, ſince your piety
Has wrought this happy chance.

DÆM. Come, take the wallet,
And bear it in, *Trachalio*, if you can.

TRACH. (*Taking the wallet.*) Behold the roguery
of *Gripus—Gripus*,
I give you joy upon your ill ſucceſs.

DÆM. Come, daughter, let us in now to your mother,
For ſhe can queſtion you of further proofs,
Who has been more accuſtom'd to you, more
Acquainted with your tokens.

TRACH. We'll all in,
Since we are all concern'd in this event.

PAL. Follow me, *Ampeliſca*.

AMP. I'm rejoic'd
To find the Gods ſo favourable to you.

[*Exeunt all but* GRIPUS.

End of Scene IV.] Here at length the *Diſcovery* is made, the *Preparations* for which have been contrived with much art; and yet, though we cannot but applaud the conduct of our author in the management of his plot, the effect is in a manner almoſt totally deſtroyed, by it's having been previouſly hinted in the Prologue, that this very *Palæſtra* was old *Dæmones*'s daughter; conſequently we may gueſs before hand, how every incident will turn out.

With reſpect to this particular ſcene *Echard* ſays, that "perhaps ſome may think there is too much *trifling* in it." The tranſlator muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, that he experienced the juſtneſs of this opinion to his mortification, not only in this, but in too many other ſcenes throughout the play; and he wiſhes his reader may not be of the ſame opinion. Perhaps of all our Author's plays there is no one, that abounds with ſo many ridiculous jeſts,

SCENE V.

GRIPUS *alone.*

Well—what an aſs am I, t'have found this wallet,
And not have hid it in ſome ſecret place!
I thought that I ſhould have a plaguy job on't,
Becauſe I found it in ſuch plaguy weather.
Troth I believe there is a deal of gold
And ſilver in it. I had beſt go home,
And hang myſelf in private,—for a while
At leaſt, till I am rid of this vexation.

[*Exit.*

jeſts, quaint conceits, and low witticiſms; which, however they may pleaſe in the original, can have but little grace in the tranſlation. The jeſtings and ſcurrilities between ſlaves and other low characters, ſeem to have been a favourite amuſement of the ſtage in our author's days, as we may judge from his conſtant introduction of them. The refined taſte of *Terence*'s age almoſt wholly exploded them.

V. 1. *An aſs.*] The word in the original is *ſceleſtus*, which is frequently uſed by our author in a milder ſenſe than that of wickedneſs or villainy.

V. 3. *I thought that I ſhould have a* plaguy *job on't,*
Becauſe I found it in ſuch plaguy *weather.*]

The original is,

Credebam edepol turbulentam *prædam eventuram mihi,*
Quia illa mihi tam turbulentâ *tempeſtate evenerat.*

Turbulentam,—that is, ſays *Lambin, non* liquidam *neque certam.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter DÆMONES.

Good heav'ns! 'was ever man more bleſt than I,
So unexpectedly to find my daughter!
Is it not plain, that when the Gods would ſhew
Favour to men, they ſhew it to the virtuous?
Thus I, beyond my hope, beyond belief,
Moſt unexpectedly have found my daughter:
And I'll beſtow her on a noble youth,
My kinſman, an *Athenian.* I would have him
Fetch'd here directly; and I bade his ſervant
Come forth, that I might ſend him to the Forum.
I marvel why he is not come.—'Twere beſt
Go to the door.—*(He looks in.)* What do I ſee?—My wife
Hugging and hanging on her daughter's neck.—
This fondling is abſurd, 'tis all too idle.
(Calling at the door.)
Nay prithee, wife, a truce with your careſſes;
See all things ready for the ſacrifice,
Which we muſt offer to our houſhold Gods,
Who have increas'd our family.—We have lambs
And hogs nurtur'd for ſacred uſe.—But why
Do ye detain *Trachalio?*—Oh, he comes.

V. 14. *This fondling is too idle.*] *Nimis otioſa ejus amatio eſt.* This is the correction of *Heinſius*, and is explained by what *Dæmones* ſays directly after. Others read *odioſa.*

V. 18. *Lambs and hogs nurtur'd for ſacred uſe.*] *Agni et porci ſacres*, that is, *deſtinati ſacris.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter TRACHALIO.

Truſt me, I'll find him out, where'er he is,
And bring him with me.

DÆM. Tell him what has happen'd
Concerning of my daughter, and beſeech him
To leave all other matters, and come hither.

TRACH. Well.

DÆM. Tell him he ſhall have my daughter.

TRACH. Well.

DÆM. And that I knew his father, and that he
Is my relation.

TRACH. Well.

DÆM. But make haſte.

TRACH. Well.

DÆM. Beſure you bring him here to ſupper.

TRACH. Well.

DÆM. How! *Well* to every thing?

TRACH. Well.—But d'ye know
I've a requeſt to make?—that you'd remember
What you have promis'd,—to procure my freedom.

DÆM. Well.

V. 4. *Well.*] The original is *Licet*. *Trachalio* jocularly makes uſe of this word in reply to every thing that *Dæmones* ſays; after which *Dæmones* takes it up, and anſwers *Trachalio* in the ſame manner. *Moliere*, who was a cloſe imitator of our Author, has the ſame kind of humour in many of his comic ſcenes.

TRACH.

TRACH. Then perſuade my maſter *Pleuſidippus*
To give it me.

DÆM. Well.

TRACH. Let your daughter join
In the requeſt: ſhe'll eaſily prevail.

DÆM. Well.

TRACH. Farther, let me marry *Ampeliſca*,
When I've my freedom.

DÆM. Well.

TRACH. And let me find
My ſervices indeed rewarded.

DÆM. Well.

TRACH. How! *Well* to ev'ry thing?

DÆM. Well.--So, methinks
I'm even with you.—Prithee now run quickly
Into the city, and come back with ſpeed.

TRACH. Well.—I'll be here this inſtant.—In the interim
Get all things ready for the ſacrifice.

DÆM. Well.

[*Exit* TRACHALIO.

—*Ill* betide him with his *Wells*, ſay I!
He has ſo ſtuff'd my ears with nothing elſe,
Let me ſay what I wou'd, but Well, Well, Well.

V. 23. Ill *betide him with his* Wells!]
Herculeſ iſtum infelicitet *cum ſuâ* Licentia!

Alluding to his frequent repetition of the word *Licet*. Madam *Dacier*, I think, rightly gives this ſpeech to *Dæmones*, whereas the common editions give it to *Trachalio*: though, as both make uſe of the word *Licet*, it may with propriety belong to either.

SCENE VIII.

Enter GRIPUS.

When may I have a word with you, good maſter?
DÆM. The matter, *Gripus?*
GRIP. Touching this ſame wallet:
If you are wiſe, *be* wiſe: keep what the Gods
Have graciouſly beſtow'd.
DÆM. D'ye think it juſt,
That I ſhould claim for mine what is another's?
GRIP. And why not, when I found it in the ſea?
DÆM. So much the better luck for him, who loſt it:
But that don't make it the more your's a whit.
GRIP. 'Tis by your over-righteouſneſs you're poor.
DÆM. O *Gripus*, *Gripus*, there are many traps
Laid to enſnare mankind; and whoſoever
Snaps at the bait, is caught by his own greedineſs:
But he, who acts with caution and with care,
May long enjoy what honeſtly he owns.
We ſhall get more by parting with this booty
Than we were better'd by its acquiſition.—
What! when I know another's property
Is fall'n into my hands, ſhall I conceal it?—

V. 3. *If you are wiſe*, be *wiſe.*] *Si ſapias, ſapias.*

V. 15. *We ſhall get more*, &c.] The original is rather obſcure.

Mihi iſtæc vedetur præda prædatum irier,
Ut cum majore dote abeat quàm advenerit.

This is variouſly explained by the commentators.

No,

No, *Dæmones* will never do't.—The wife
Can never be too cautious in this point,
Leſt they become partakers of ill deeds
With their own ſervants. 'Tis enough for me
The pleaſure of the game, and I'm indifferent
About the winning.

GRIP. So I've often heard
The players talking in the ſame wiſe manner,
And much applauded, while they pointed out
Sound morals to the people; but when each
Went his way home, not one of all the audience
Became ſuch as they bade him be.

DÆM. Go in;

V. 1. *No*, Dæmones *will never do't.*] *Dæmones*, in the original, thus ſpeaks of himſelf in the third perſon:

Minimè iſtuc faciet noſter *Dæmones.*

Noſter (which has puzzled the commentators to explain it, and induced ſome of them to prefer *Voſter*, i. e. for *Veſter*) is perhaps emphatical, and *Noſter* Dæmones, in the third perſon, is of the ſame import as if the old gentleman had ſaid *Ego Dæmones*, in the firſt. Madam *Dacier* explains it as ſignifying *our Dæmones*, the *Dæmones of our family.*

V. 23. *The pleaſure of the game*, &c.] The original is obſcure, and has perplexed the commentators to find out the meaning.

Ego mihi cùm luſi, nihil moror illum lucrum.

I have followed Madam *Dacier*'s interpretation of it. "This, "ſhe tells us, is a metaphor taken from Players, who are no "farther intereſted in the game than in the pleaſure they take "in playing, and are indifferent about getting by it. Our good "old gentleman means by this, that he was ſatisfied with the "pleaſure he had received in recovering his daughter by means "of the wallet, without wiſhing to reap any further advantage "from it."

Don't

Don't be impertinent, but ceaſe your chattering.
I'll give you nothing; don't deceive yourſelf.

GRIP. Pray heav'n, whatever's in the wallet, gold
Or ſilver, all may be reduc'd to aſhes!

[*Exit* GRIPUS.

SCENE IX.

DÆMONES *alone.*

Th' encouraging of ſervants in their crimes
Is one main reaſon, why we have ſuch bad ones.
This fellow here of mine, had he combin'd
With any other raſcal of a ſervant,
He would have made himſelf and his accomplice
Both guilty of a theft, and when he thought
That he had got a prize, himſelf the while
Had been a prize: one prize had caught another.—
Now will I in and ſacrifice, and then
Give order for the ſupper to be dreſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.] This, as well as the preceding ſcene, is in many parts very obſcure in the original; and various have been the explanations of the commentators. I have endeavoured to render them as intelligible as the difficulty of affixing the true meaning would admit.

All the Editions concur in not concluding this Act till a Scene further: but the very little ſpace of time, which the dialogue of *Gripus* with his maſter takes up, is hardly ſufficient (even according to *theatrical* meaſurement) for *Trachalio*, who had juſt before left the ſtage, to have found out and returned with *Pleuſidippus*, as he does in the beginning of the next Act, as it now ſtands. For this alteration we are indebted to Madam *Dacier*.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter PLEUSIDIPPUS *and* TRACHALIO.

PLEUSIDIPPUS.

TELL it me o'er and o'er, repeat it all
Again, *Trachalio*, and again;—my life!
My friend! my patron! nay, my father rather!—
Tell me, oh tell me,—has *Palæstra* found
Her parents?

TRACH. She has found them.

PLEU. And is ſhe
My countrywoman?

SCENE I.] Madam *Dacier*, as has been already obſerved, very properly takes notice, that this Scene ought to begin the fifth Act, for the reaſon given in the note at the end of the fourth Act; though all the editions make it the laſt of that Act. *Echard* obſerves the ſame, but does not acknowledge to whom he is indebted for it.

V. 1. *Tell it me o'er and o'er.*] The original is, *iterum itera*, a pleonaſm (ſays *Lambin*) to expreſs the diſpoſition of his mind more ſtrongly.

V. 3. *My friend.*] In the original, *liberte*, freedman. Slaves, who were made free, were very often remarkable for their attachment to their former maſters, who uſually placed great confidence in them, as having experienced their fidelity and goodwill. Such a character is *Soſia* in the *Andrian* of *Terence*.

TRACH. I think ſo.

PLEU. And am I
To marry her?

TRACH. I ſuſpect ſo.

PLEU. And d'ye think,
That he'll betroth her to me?

TRACH. So I reckon.

PLEU. And ſhall I then congratulate her father,
That ſhe is found?

TRACH. I count ſo.

PLEU. And her mother?

TRACH. I reckon ſo.

PLEU. You reckon? what's your reckoning?

TRACH. I reckon, 'tis exactly as you ſay.

PLEU. Then tell me what's th' amount?

TRACH. Th' amount? I reckon—

PLEU. Don't be for ever reckoning: what's the total?

TRACH. I reckon—

V. 8. *So I reckon.*] *Cenſeo.* *Trachalio* jokes with his maſter by conſtantly repeating the word *Cenſeo* in reply to all his queſtions, in the ſame manner as he repeated the word *Licet* in his converſation with *Dæmones* in the eighth ſcene of the fourth Act.

V. 11. *What's your reckoning?*] *Quanti cenſes?* It is plain, that the humour of this, and what follows, conſiſts in the double meaning of the word *cenſeo*, which bears another import beſides the ſimple acceptation of, *I think* or *imagine*; but the commentators are divided about the explanation of it. Some imagine, it alludes to the office of *Cenſor* among the *Romans*; others, to the value or eſtimation of things; but I have followed the opinion of *Gronovius*, who ſuppoſes it alludes to the *reckoning* of accounts: and as the words *count* and *reckon* are uſed in our language to ſignify *belief* or *opinion*, the double meaning of the original is in ſome meaſure preſerved in the tranſlation.

PLEU.

PLEU. Should I not walk faſt?

TRACH. I count ſo.

PLEU. Or rather gently in this pace?

TRACH. I count ſo.

PLEU. Should I addreſs her, when I come?

TRACH. I count ſo.

PLEU. Her father too?

TRACH. I count ſo.

PLEU. Then her mother?

TRACH. I count ſo.

PLEU. What beſides? Should I embrace
Her father, on my coming?

TRACH. I count *not*.

PLEU. Her mother?—

TRACH. I count *not*.

PLEU. The maid herſelf?

TRACH. I count *not*.

PLEU. Woe is me! his 'count is clos'd:
He counts *not*, when I'd have him *count*.

TRACH. You're mad:
Follow me.

PLEU. Lead, my patron, where you will.

[*They go into* DÆMONES's *houſe*.

V. 22. *His 'count is cloſed.*] *Delectum dimiſit.* This is explained by the commentators as alluding to the *enliſting* of ſoldiers, which is another meaning of the word *Cenſeo*, but which could not be expreſſed in the tranſlation.

*** Madam *Dacier* remarks, that our author in this ſcene draws the portrait of a fooliſh lover: and ſhe imagines, that this paſſage gave M. *Moliere* ſome idea of one of the characters in his *Malade Imaginaire*. The character alluded to is that of *Thomas Diafurius*, but I cannot perceive, that it at all agrees with this of *Pleuſidippus*, who does not ſeem to be drawn more fooliſh than any

SCENE II.

Enter LABRAX *at a Diſtance.*

Was ever man ſo wretched? *Pleuſidippus*
Has caſt me 'fore the judges, and *Palæſtra*
Is taken from me by award.—I'm ruin'd!—
Sure men of my profeſſion are created
For ſport alone, ſince all men are rejoic'd
When any evil does betide a pimp.—
Well,—to the Temple I'll now go, and find
That other damſel, which is mine:—at leaſt
I'll bear off *Ampeliſca*:—ſhe is all
That's left me of my property.

SCENE III.

Enter GRIPUS *with a Spit, from* DÆMONES's *Houſe.*

(Entering.) By heav'ns
Ye ſhall not ſee *Gripus* alive to-night,
Unleſs the wallet be reſtor'd to me.

LAB. *(Overbearing)* Oh! at the very mention of a wallet

young fellow deeply in love might be repreſented on the occaſion, allowing for the extravagant colouring of our author.

V. 2. *Judges.*] *Recuperatores.* Three perſons, appointed by the *Prætor*, to decide private cauſes.

I'm

I'm ready to drop down, juſt as if ſomebody
Had ſtruck me with a large ſtake o'er the breaſt.

GRIP. That raſcal there has got his freedom by it;
But *I*, who caught this wallet with my net,
I,—ye refuſe to give *him* any thing.

LAB. O ye immortal Gods! this fellow makes me
Prick up my ears at what he ſays.

GRIP. 'Fore heav'n
I'll have it poſted up all round about
In letters a yard long, "If any one
"Has loſt a wallet full of gold and ſilver,
"Let him repair to *Gripus*."—Ye ſha'n't carry it,
As ye imagine.

LAB. Verily this fellow
Knows who has got my wallet.—I'll accoſt him.
(DÆMONES, *or ſome one elſe, calls* GRIPUS *from within.*)

GRIP. Why do you call me in again? I'd ſcour
This ſpit without doors where I am.--(*Scouring the ſpit.*)
In troth
'Tis made of ruſt, not iron; and the more
I rub it, ſtill more red it grows, and ſlenderer.

V. 6. *That raſcal there.*] Meaning *Trachalio.*

V. 7. *But* I, *who caught this wallet with my net,*
I,—*ye refuſe to give* him *any thing.*]
This is agreeable to the conſtruction of the original, which is
Ego, *qui in mari prehendi*
Rete atque excepi vidulum,—dare ei *negatis quicquam.*

V. 12. *Letters a yard long.*] The original is, Cubitum *longis literis.* A cubit is ſuppoſed to be about a foot and half of our meaſure.

This *ſpit* has *ſpit* itſelf in a conſumption,
It falls away, it waſtes ſo in my hands.

LAB. (*Advancing.*) Save you, young man.

GRIP. Heav'ns bleſs you, Goodman Baldpate.

LAB. What are you at?

GRIP. Scouring this ſpit.

LAB. How do you?

GRIP. Why do you aſk? Are you a doctor pray,
A *medicant?*

LAB. I'm more, more by one letter.

GRIP. I underſtand you; you're a *mendicant,*
A beggar?

LAB. You have hit it.

GRIP. So I thought
By your appearance.—What's the matter with you?

LAB. I was involv'd o'er head and ears, deep in for't

V. 21. *This* ſpit *has* ſpit *itſelf in a conſumption.*] As the *pun* in the original could not be expreſſed in our language, I have taken the liberty of ſubſtituting another in it's ſtead.

Hoc Vere *natum eſt* Veru, *ita in manibus conſeneſcit.*

V. 23. *Goodman Baldpate.*] The original is, *cum irraſo capite.* Madam *Dacier* tells us, that thoſe who had eſcaped from ſhipwreck uſed to cut off their hair, and that they did it often during the ſtorm, as alſo cut their nails, and threw the parings into the ſea together with their hair.

V. 27. *A* medicant—*A* mendicant.]

GRIP. *Quid tu? Num* medicus *quæſo es?*

LAB. *Imò edepol unâ literâ plus ſum, quàm* medicus.

GRIP. *Tum tu* mendicus *es?*

V. 30. *Involv'd o'er head and ears.*] I have endeavoured in ſome ſort to preſerve the idea of the original, in which a joke is intended from the double meaning of the word *clavi*, which ſignifies I have *waſhed* or *bathed*, and I have *run out* or *ſpent all.*

Laſt

Laſt night at ſea; my ſhip was caſt away,
And I loſt all that I was worth.

GRIP. What loſt you?

LAB. I loſt a wallet full of gold and ſilver.

GRIP. Do you remember what was in the wallet?

LAB. What ſignifies it, when 'tis loſt?

GRIP. Well, well then—
If not of this, let's talk of ſomething elſe.—
What if I know who found it?—Prithee now
Tell me the marks, inform me what was in it.

LAB. There were eight hundred pieces in a bag,
All gold, beſides an hundred *Philippeans*
In a ſmall ſcrip of leather by itſelf.

GRIP. (*Aſide.*) 'Fore heav'n a noble prize, and I ſhall get
A large reward for finding it.—The Gods
Reſpect poor mortals.—I ſhall go from hence
Laden with ſpoil.—'Tis certainly his wallet.—
(*To* LAB.) Proceed.

LAB. A ſilver talent in a purſe.
A bowl, a boat, an ewer, and a goblet.

GRIP. Moſt wonderful!—You had a world of riches.

LAB. O 'tis a ſad word and a vile one, *Had*,—
T'have *had* and not to *have*.

GRIP. What will you give

V. 40. *Philippeans.*] *Denaria Philippea.* Pieces of money ſo called, becauſe they were coined by *Philip* king of *Macedon*. *Horace* calls them *Philippi*.

Rettulit acceptos, regale nomiſma, Philippos.

The party that ſhall find and tell you of it?
Speak quick.

LAB. Three hundred pieces.

GRIP. A mere feather.

LAB. Four hundred.

GRIP. Rotten thread.

LAB. Five hundred

GRIP. Nutſhells.

LAB. Six hundred.

GRIP. Mites.

LAB. I'll give ſev'n hundred.

GRIP. Why
D'ye keep your mouth ſo cloſe? are you afraid
To open it for fear of catching cold?

LAB. I'll give a thouſand pieces.

GRIP. You are dreaming.

LAB. I'll give no more; begone.

GRIP. But hearkye me,
If I once go, I come not here again.

LAB. What if I add an hundred to the thouſand.

GRIP. Poh! you're aſleep.

V. 55. *D'ye keep your mouth ſo cloſe?* &c.] The original is read variouſly in the different editions. Some have it,

Os calet tibi! nunc id frigidefactas?

This, we are told, alludes to the mouth being half cloſed, when one draws in one's breath to cool it. Others again read,

Os calet tibi! num git *frigidefactas?*

Git is a ſeed hot and pungent like pepper, which, on being ate, cauſes a perſon to draw in the air in the ſame manner. Whichever reading we prefer, the alluſion is palpably to *Labrax*'s being loth to ſpeak out; I have therefore made uſe of a common *Engliſh* expreſſion to the ſame purport.

LAB.

LAB. Speak, how much would you have?

GRIP. Well then,—to make but one word,--a great talent;
That is the price; I will not bate a doit:
Therefore ſay ay or no.

LAB. (*Aſide.*) I ſee I'm forc'd to't.—
(*To* GRIPUS.) A talent ſhall be giv'n.

GRIP. (*Going to the altar.*) Come hither then. *Venus* ſhall be a party to th' agreement.

LAB. Command me what you will.

GRIP. Here,—touch the altar.

LAB. I touch it.

GRIP. By this Goddeſs you muſt ſwear—

LAB. What muſt I ſwear?

GRIP. What I ſhall order you.

LAB. Well—dictate what you will. (*Aſide.*) I need not borrow
Of any one what I've at home in plenty.

GRIP. Take hold here of the altar.

LAB. I have hold on't.

GRIP. Swear, you will pay me what we have agreed on,
As ſoon as you've poſſeſſion of the wallet.

V. 62. *A great talent.*] Among the *Attic* coins, there was the greater and the leſſer talent, both of gold and ſilver.

V. 63. *A doit.*] The original is, *Triobolum.*

V. 70. *I need not borrow*, &c.] *Id quod domi eſt, nunquam ulli ſupplicabo. Labrax* means, that he is not to ſeek for perjury, having a ſufficient ſtock of it within himſelf. This is a common expreſſion often uſed by our Author. See the note, Act II. Scene II. V. 57, of the *Braggard Captain.*

LAB.

LAB. I will.

GRIPUS *ſpeaks, and* LABRAX *repeats after him.*

Cyrenian Venus, bear me witneſs,
If I ſhall find this wallet, which I loſt,
With all the gold and ſilver, and it come
Safe into my poſſeſſion,—

GRIP. "Then, I promiſe
"This preſent *Gripus*,"—(*To* LAB.) Say ſo after me,
And lay your hand upon me.

LAB. Then I promiſe
This preſent *Gripus*,—

GRIP. *and* LAB. *Venus* be my witneſs,—
That I will give him a great ſilver talent.

GRIP. Say,—If you cozen me, let *Venus* then
Deſtroy you root and branch in your profeſſion.
(*Aſide.*) And be it ſo, the moment you have ſworn!

LAB. O *Venus*, if I falſify my oath,
May curſes light on me and all Procurers.

GRIP. (*Aſide.*) And ſo they will, though you ſhould keep your oath.—
(*To* LABRAX.) Stay here:—I'll bring the old man out:—Be ſure
You challenge him directly with the wallet.

[GRIPUS *goes in.*

LAB. So—though he help me to my wallet, yet
I owe him not a doit. Myſelf am judge
Of what my tongue does ſwear.—Huſh,—here he comes,
And the old gentleman along with him.

V. 84. *Deſtroy you root and branch.*] *Eradicet.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter GRIPUS, *and* DÆMONES, *with the Wallet.*

GRIPUS, *to* DÆMONES *in entering.*

Follow me this way—Where is this Procurer?—
(*Calling.*) Ho!—Hearkye!—Ho there!—
(*To* LABRAX.) He has got your wallet.

DÆM. I have it; I confeſs, that I have got it:
If it be your's, e'en take it.—All that's in it
Shall be return'd you ſafe and whole.—Then take it,
If it be your's.

LAB. O ye immortal Powers!
'Tis mine.—Welcome, dear wallet!

DÆM. Is it your's?

LAB. Mine, do you aſk?—By heav'ns, if *Jove* himſelf
Had got it, it were mine.

DÆM. There's nothing touch'd,
Except one little caſket, that contain'd
Some trinkets, which I found my daughter by.

LAB. Daughter? what daughter?

DÆM. She that was your property, *Palæſtra*;—ſhe is found to be my daughter.

LAB. 'Tis a rare chance by heav'ns; and I am glad,
That things have happen'd to your wiſh ſo luckily.

DÆM. I hardly can believe you.

LAB. To convince you
That I am glad, you ſhall not pay one doit;

I'll give her to you.

DÆM. You oblige me.

LAB. Nay,
The obligation's on my ſide, good Sir. *(Takes the wallet.)*

GRIP. Hearkye! you've got the wallet now.

LAB. I have it.

GRIP. Come, quick then.

LAB. Quick then? what?

GRIP. Give me the money.

LAB. I'll neither give, nor do I owe you aught.

GRIP. What dealing's this? Not owe me?

LAB. No indeed.

GRIP. Did you not ſwear?

LAB. I ſwore; and I will ſwear
Whate'er I pleaſe. Oaths were contriv'd to guard,
Not to deſtroy our property.

GRIP. Come pay me
The ſilver talent, thou moſt perjur'd knave!

DÆM. *Gripus*, what talent?

GRIP. Which he ſwore to give me.

LAB. I choſe to ſwear: what then?—Are you a Pontiff,
That you can fine me for my perjury?

DÆM. On what occaſion promis'd he this money?

GRIP. He ſwore, if I would help him to his wallet,
That he would give me a great ſilver talent.

V. 29. *Pontiff.*] *Pontifex.* It was the Pontiff's office to puniſh thoſe, who were guilty of perjury.

LAB.

LAB. Get one to go with me before a judge,
Where I will prove you trick'd me in the bargain: 35
Beſides, I'm under age.

GRIP. Here,—go with Him.
(*Pointing to* DÆMONES.)

LAB. No, I muſt have ſome other: he's your maſter.

DÆM. You ſhall not carry off this wallet from him,
Till I have found him guilty.—Did you promiſe him
The money?

LAB. I confeſs it.

DÆM. What you promis'd 40
My ſervant, of a right belongs to me.—
Don't think your pimp's tricks will avail you here:
They will not do.

GRIP. You thought, that you had got
A fool to deal with, one that you could cozen.
Come, pay the money down: and I will give it 45
Directly to my maſter for my freedom.

DÆM. Since I have been ſo courteous, and through me

V. 34. *Get one to go with me before a judge.*] *Cedo quicum habeam judicem.* This, and what follows, is agreeable to the forms antiently obſerved in judicial proceedings.

V. 36. *I'm under age.*] The original is,

nive etiam dum ſiem
Quinque et viginti natus annos.

By the *Lætorian* law, all perſons under the age of five-and-twenty were deemed Minors, and free from all pecuniary obligations. Madam *Dacier* remarks, that it is pleaſant enough in *Labrax* to call himſelf under five-and-twenty, when he is deſcribed, by *Pleuſidippus*, in the ſecond ſcene of the firſt act, as having grey hairs,—*incanum.*

Theſe

Theſe things were ſav'd,—

GRIP. Through me, ſay not through you.

DÆM. (*To* GRIP.) Don't be a fool, but hold your tongue: (*To* LABRAX.) You ought
On your part to return the obligation.

LAB. Yes truly! you defend my right ſo well.

DÆM. 'Twere ſtrange indeed, ſhould I defend your right
To my own diſadvantage.

GRIP. So,—all's well:
The pimp grows ſofter: I foreſee my freedom.

DÆM. This fellow found your wallet, he's my ſlave,
And I have ſav'd it for you with it's treaſure.

LAB. I thank you for't; and now I ſee no reaſon
But you ſhould have the talent which I promis'd.

GRIP. Hearkye me! come then,—if you're wiſe, come give it me.

DÆM. Won't you be quiet?

GRIP. You pretend forſooth
You're taking of *my* part, when all the while
'Tis for yourſelf you're acting.—Though I've loſt.
One prize, you ſhall not chouſe me out of this.

DÆM. Speak but another word, I'll have you drub'd.

GRIP. Nay, you may even kill me, but I'll not
Be ſilent, till my mouth's ſtopt with a talent.

LAB. 'Tis for your intereſt he's concern'd; be quiet.

DÆM. (*To* LABRAX.) Come hither, ſtep aſide here.

LAB. If you pleaſe.

(DÆMONES *and* LABRAX *walk on one ſide.*)

V. 62. *Though I have loſt one prize.*] He means, the wallet.

GRIP.

GRIP. Do all above board; I will have no whiſperings.

DÆM. What was the price you gave for *Ampeliſca*, That other girl?

LAB. I paid a thouſand pieces.

DÆM. Say, ſhall I make a fair and good propoſal?

LAB. I am content, Sir.

DÆM. I'll divide the talent.

LAB. 'Tis well.

DÆM. Yourſelf take one half for her freedom; The other give to *Gripus*.

LAB. Very well.

DÆM. And for that half I'll ſet the fellow free, Through whom you found your wallet, I my daughter.

LAB. I thank you heartily: 'tis rightly done.

GRIP. Well, ſhall I have the money out of hand?

DÆM. Th' affair is ſettled, *Gripus:* I have got it.

GRIP. Faith I had rather though, that *I* had got it.

DÆM. There's nothing for you, therefore don't expect it.—
You muſt releaſe him of his oath.

GRIP. I'm ruin'd!
I ſhall be dead, if I don't hang myſelf.—
You ſhall not cozen me a ſecond time.

DÆM. *Labrax*, you'll ſup with me.

LAB. Agreed, with pleaſure.

V. 84. *I ſhall be dead, if I don't hang myſelf.*] *Niſi me ſuſpendo, occidi.* I fancy this will appear but a ſorry witticiſm, though Madam *Dacier*, and other commentators, affect to diſcover great humour in it.

DÆM.

DÆM. Come with me in now both of you.—
(He addreſſes himſelf to the Spectators.)
——Spectators,
I would invite You too, but I have nought
To give you; I have no good chear within;
Beſides, I fancy you're bid forth to ſupper.
If it ſhall pleaſe you to applaud our play,
I do invite you all to a collation
Sixteen years hence.—
(To LABRAX *and* GRIPUS.) You two will ſup with me
To-night.

LAB. With pleaſure.

DÆM. *(To the Spectators.)* Give us your applauſe.
[*Exeunt.*

*** This act is wholly taken up in the reſtoration of the wallet to *Labrax*, and the rewarding *Gripus* with his freedom for having found it. As the main buſineſs of the Play, the *Diſcovery* of the old man's daughter, had been effected in the fourth act, what follows is far from intereſting; and it may admit of a doubt, perhaps, whether ſuch a character as *Labrax* is ſufficiently puniſhed, or whether he ought to have been received into the good graces of *Dæmones*, and invited home to ſupper with him. However, upon the whole, notwithſtanding there are ſome trifling and unintereſting ſcenes in it, this Play has had the general voice of the commentators in pronouncing it one of the very beſt of our Author's.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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